

THE

RÁMÁYAN OF VÁLMIKI

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

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THE HONOURABLE

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THIS TRANSLATION

OF

THE GREAT EPIC POEM OF THE HINDUS

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

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NOTES

a	is pronounced like	u	in	fun
ι	like	a	in	father
e	like	α	in	fate
ι	like	i	in	fill
ι	like	ee	in	feel
u	like	u	in	tull
u	like	u	in	flute
α	like	i	in	fire
α	like	ou	in	foul
γ	is a consonant only			
ξ	is pronounced nearly as sh			

CORRIGENDA

<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>read</i>
5	5	Ikshvaku	Ikshváku.
28	21	Ravan	Rávan
41	28	Vahlí	Váhlí
	Note 3	Vahlíka	Váhlíka
71	6	Suráshtia	Suráshtia
44	9	Arthasádak	Arthasádhak
159,170	4,2,13	Śona	Śona
188	12	being	bing
217,220,221	22,3,9,18	Satánanda	Śatánanda
287	15	Jáválí	Jáváli
293	11	Śaśivindhus	Śaśivindus
300	11	Phálguní	Phálguni
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INTRODUCTION

The subject of the *Rāmāyaṇ* the great national epic of the Hindus their one common and everlasting possession is as the name implies ' the life and adventures of Rāma. These adventures are briefly summarized in the introductory cantos of the poem and do not require to be dwelt upon here. The great exploit and main subject of the epic is the war which Rāma waged with the giant Rāvan the fierce and mighty King of Lanka or Ceylon and the dread oppressor of Gods and nymphs and saints and men. The army to borrow the words of Corneille which Rāma led on this expedition was as appears from the poem gathered in great part from the region of the Vindhyan hills but the races which he assembled are represented in the poem as monkeys either out of contempt for their barbarism or because at that time they were little known to the Sanskrit speaking Hindus. The people against whom Rāma waged war are as the poem indicates in many places different in origin in civilization and in worship from the Sanskrit Indians, but the poet of the *Rāmāyaṇ* in this respect like Homer who assigns to Troy customs creeds and worship similar to those of Greece places in Ceylon the seat of this alien and hostile people names

¹ From *P ma* and *ayana* Rāma's Adventures. Schlegel Latinizes the Sanskrit title into *Rameis*. In conformity with Indian custom I write *Ramayan* with the dental or undotted 'n' and without the final 'a' as we speak of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* and not of the *Ilias* and *Æneis*.

habits, and worship similar to those of Sanskrit India. The poet calls the people whom Rāma attacked Rākshasas Rākshasas, according to the popular Indian belief, are malignant beings, demons of many shapes, terrible and cruel, who disturb the sacrifices and the religious rites of the Brāhmans. It appears indubitable that the poet of the Rāmāyan applied the hated name of Rākshasas to an abhorred and hostile people, and that this denomination is here rather an expression of hatred and horror than a real historical name.

Such, reduced to its bare simplicity, is the fundamental idea of the Rāmāyan, a war of two hostile races differing in origin, civilization, and worship. But, as is the case in all primitive epopeas, around this idea as a nucleus have gathered elements of every kind drawn from the very vitals of Indian tradition, and worked up by the ancient poet to embody his lofty epic conception. The epopea received and incorporated the traditions, the ideas, the beliefs, the myths, the symbols of that civilization in the midst of which it arose, and by the weaving in and arranging of all these vast elements it became the complete and faithful expression of a whole ancient period, and in fact the epopea is nothing but a system which represents poetically those ideas of a people which the philosophical systems expound theoretically.¹

Other scholars will not concede even this historical basis to the exploits celebrated in the poem. Professor Weber is of opinion (Hist. of Ind. Lit. p. 181) that the

¹ GORRESIO, *Ramāyan*. Vol. II. Preface.

principal characters who figure in the Ramayan are not historical personages at all but mere personifications of certain events and circumstances. Sita (the furrow) her remarks occurs both in the Rigveda [R V IV 576] and in the Grihya sutra as an object of worship and represents the Aryan agriculture while he regards Rama as the ploughman personified. The Ramayan is but only he thinks a historical character in so far as it refers to an actual occurrence the diffusion of Aryan civilization towards the south of the peninsula.¹ To attempt to ascertain the date of the events real or imaginary related in the Ramayan would be a mere waste of time. I will only mention that Sir William Jones places Rama in the year 2029 B.C. 1000 and Bentley in 950. Cornesio would place him about the thirteenth century before the Christian era.

The introductory Cantos of the Ramayan and general tradition ascribe the authorship of the poem to the inspired Saint Valmiki, one of the holy company of those whose eye could pierce the present and the past and the to come, who attained the science of secret things by

¹ Mupiasankat Text Vol II, 439

[illegible]

‘Dreadful abstinence

And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,

Deep contemplation, and unweaned study,

In years outstretched beyond the date of man”¹

The same authority makes Válmíki contemporary with Ráma, and assigns the composition of the poem to the age which saw the accomplishment of the great enterprise which forms its subject ‘Critical inquiry,’ says Lassen, ‘will not allow the actual authorship of Válmíki and the handing down of the poem unchanged from the beginning to pass current,’² while Gossio maintains that ‘the popular tradition which makes Válmíki contemporary with Ráma and relates all the particulars of the first propagation of the Rámáyan appears as probable and as worthy of credit as any other ancient fact historically related’ The internal evidence offered by the poem is sufficiently strong confirmation of its remote antiquity, although it is impossible to fix even approximately the date of its composition³ Portions of this

¹ Shelley’s *Hellas*

² *Indische Alterthumskunde*, I 484

³ ‘The Greeks did not acquire any intimate knowledge of India They applied themselves chiefly to describe the regions, situations, the climate, the natural productions of the Indian soil, the dress, the arms, and the customs of the inhabitants No aid, then, can be hoped for from the Greeks to discover the age of the Rámáyan, as nothing can be concluded against its antiquity from our finding no mention of it in the works of those writers Nor can precise data be obtained even from Indian writers, data impressed with a certain stamp of historical truth, sufficient by themselves to establish the indubitable age of the poem Indian minds were always more inclined to meditate than to narrate, to launch themselves boldly into the regions of the ideal and the infinite rather than to consign to memory in their reality events circumscribed within narrow limits in one word, history was checked by contemplation and poetry’ GORRESIO

and other evidence I will now lay before the reader gathered chiefly from Gorresio's Introduction to his magnificent edition of the Rāmāyaṇ.

What I have said observes Gorresio with regard to the antiquity of Rāmāyaṇ may be applied to Valmiki the author of the Rāmāyaṇ whose synchronism with Rāma is indicated as I have pointed out in the introduction to the poem and confirmed by two passages of the poem itself. In such a case the question would be ended and the antiquity of the poem proved although without determining its age with absolute precision a difficult question not in the case of the Rāmāyaṇ only but in the poems of Homer themselves. But because there will be found some people to whom the testimony of the introduction to the poem will appear suspicious and the authority of the two passages (not found in the Bengāl recension) doubtful I will here condense the indications and arguments which appear to me to confirm the antiquity of the Rāmāyaṇ. Passing over the Pūrāṇa period I come to the era of Vālmikī (57 B. C). Here I find a poem which celebrates in a compendious form the exploits sung in the Rāmāyaṇ. I mean the Rāghuvamśa of Kālidāsa.¹ The poet himself in his introduction gives direct testimony that preceding poets have opened the way for him in this same subject. It is hardly necessary to say that amongst these poets Valmiki certainly comprised the copious and original source of all the poems which celebrate the deeds of Rāma. As I proceed beyond the age

¹ Aliter dicitur in textibus aliis non in hoc poemate.

of Kálidása these appears before me a great epic monument to which Indian tradition ascribes a most remote antiquity so far as to make Vyasa the compiler of the Vedas its author. This monument is the Mahábhárata. I bow before this colossal epic but without wishing to detract from its antiquity, I do not hesitate to declare it less ancient than the Rámáyan. And here I must observe that when we speak of the antiquity of a literary monument, especially an epic one, we must distinguish the elements of which it is composed from the arranging hand which collected and put them together. These elements may be most ancient; and so are in fact the elements of the Mahábhárata the work of arranging and uniting them may be more or less ancient. And it is precisely this work of union and arrangement in the Mahábhárata which I affirm to be later than that in the Rámáyan. If this posteriority were not declared in the Mahábhárata itself which says that the exploits of Ráma had already been sung by Válmíki inspired by Náada, it would be sufficiently proved by the fact that there is embodied in the Mahábhárata a summary of the Rámáyan of Válmíki in the same order and very often in the same words. Besides, the life and worship of Kúshna celebrated in the Mahábhárata indicate an age later than the Rámáyan in which there is no mention of Kúshna or KúshnasimThe invention of the *śloka* attributed to Válmíki in the introduction to the Rámáyan appears to confirm the antiquity of the poem. It should be observed that the *śloka* is not only mentioned in the

Rig vedā but the very metre is used. How can these apparent contradictions be reconciled? Tradition says that Vālmiki was the inventor of the *śloka* and that he first made use of it in the Rāmāyan but in the Rāmāyan the Vedas are very frequently spoken of in which the *śloka* is both mentioned and employed. It may be that the hymns referred to are later than the Rāmāyan, but at present we must be content to leave the difficulty unsolved.

The Rāmāyan is mentioned in the Rājataranginī (Rājataranginī Histoire des Rois du Kachmir par M. A. Troyer, LIB I SL 166). Dāmodara second of that name among the kings of Kāshmir was cursed by certain Brāhmans and the malediction was to cease on the day on which he should hear the entire Rāmāyan recited. Now Dāmodara the Second in the series of the kings of Kāshmir precedes by five kings Gonarda the Third who according to the computation of M. Troyer the sagacious and learned translator and commentator of the History of Kāshmir is to be placed in the year 1182 before Christ (Rājataranginī Tom II p 375). Reckoning backward from this point to Dāmodara the Second through an interval of five reigns the average duration of each of which is about twenty four years we arrive at the beginning of the fourteenth century before the Christian era. I am far from wishing to attribute any great precision to these chronological computations nor do I pretend to determine exactly the age of the Rāmāyan but I maintain that from the passage of the Rājataranginī cited the remote antiquity

of the poem may with all confidence be inferred. This antiquity is confirmed by the various popular traditions diffused through the whole of India upon the epopee of Válmíki, upon the exploits which are celebrated in it, upon the principal actors in that great epic drama, since traditions and popular legends gather round ancient monuments as ivy and parasitical plants cling only to the trunks of aged oaks. The whole of India is full of such legends originated by the celebrity of the epic of Válmíki. The fame of Ráma and of Hanumán his mighty ally, accompanied with popular legends, has penetrated into the most remote parts of the southern regions of India and even into Tibet. A proof of the antiquity of the Rámáyan is the fact that many poets both dramatic and epic have had recourse to the great fountain of his poem as the Grecian poets have drawn their materials from the epics of Homer. The antiquity of the Rámáyan is proved by the numerous various readings which are found in it and which can have arisen only from its antiquity and its diffusion by many mouths through distant regions. And as an epic poem is the faithful image of the creeds, the cult, the customs of the age in which it arose, so finding no mention of a creed, a cult, a custom, or a region in an epic is a very probable indication that it did not exist when the poem was composed. It is worthy of being remarked that in the Rámáyan no trace is found of that mystic devotion which absorbs all the faculties of man, of that passionate, ardent worship called *bhakti* which is not of the greatest antiquity but still must have sprung up before

our era & it is mentioned in the Mahabharata. There are indeed in the Ramayan examples of prodigious austerities but these have nothing to do with the religion called *bhikkhu* and spring from another even a principle more profound. They appear to have been originated by an inner feeling deeply rooted and of great antiquity in India that is to say that expiation was to overcome fall in human nature. Nor is there found in the Ramayan any mention of Buddha or Buddhism although other historical records speak of. Nor the island of Ceylon against which the expedition of Rama was directed called *Lopkhine* or *Lamaparni* or *Palemundu* or *Palisimanta* names anterior by some centuries to the Christian era. Nor is it even called by the name of *Sinhala* (Seat of Lions) which name is connected with the occupation of the island by Vijaya several centuries before our era. The name which Ceylon bears in the Ramayan is always the primitive the most ancient *Tanka*. I could adduce many other conjectural proofs of the antiquity of the Ramayan such for instance as the nature of the style and its qualifying as Homeric does with such epithets as venerable being divine the night the day the world the mountain and the rivers.

Colonel Sykes in his dissertation inserted in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society (Vol. VII pp. 248 ff.) finding that the celebrated Chinese Buddhist Fa Hien who visited India at the end of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century after Christ makes no mention when in Ayodhya the capital of Kansa Kingdom either

of Ráma or the Rámáyan, thinks it may be doubted whether the poem existed at that time. If there is no more reason than this to doubt the antiquity of the Rámáyan we need not be alarmed. In fact what did the Chinese Buddhist see in his long journey through India, what has he observed or described, except Buddhist monasteries, Buddhist temples, Buddhist priests, Buddhist traditions, Buddhist doctrines, Buddhist heterodoxies? Everything that had no connection with Buddhism either of agreement or opposition was neglected by him as out of the line of his object.

One apparent difficulty seems to result from the mention of the Yavanas which is found in the first Book of the Rámáyan. The name of Yavanas, used in India to indicate the Greeks after the time of Alexander, may in this place appear subject to suspicion. With regard to this see the excellent remarks of von Schlegel (Rámáyan, Vol I Part II p 168). The name of Yavanas may have been anciently used by the Indians to denote the nations situated to the west of India, more recently, that is after the time of Alexander, it was applied principally to the Greeks.¹

It is not to be expected that every one will admit the cogency of all the arguments in favour of the great antiquity of the Rámáyan adduced by the ingenious and enthusiastic scholar from whom I have quoted. but few who have read the poem will refuse to concur at least in the sober judgment of the writer of an excellent article on the Rámáyan in Vol L of the West-

¹ GORRESIO, *Rámáyan*, Vol. I *Introduction*

munster Review 'We are ignorant of the date of the poem or rather of the era to which its older parts belong. Probably Válmiki and Homer were contemporaries, perhaps the Hindu was the earlier of the two and sang his song while that Ilion was a reality which to Homer rose in the back ground of two or three generations. Our limits forbid us to enter into any detailed proof nor indeed could any be quite satisfactory, the best arguments for its age are found in the poem itself and the habits and manners which it describes. Thus the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands which the Greeks describe as an old custom when Alexander invaded India B C 327 is utterly unknown in the Rámáyana and one fact like this speaks volumes. In such poems as the Rámáyana and the Iliad we instinctively feel that they belong to the earlier world we enter them as we enter a house in Pompeii—the colours may still seem fresh and no mark of decay remind us of their age but we feel that they belong not to us or ours and a gulf of ages lies between us and our objects.

The Rámayan is divided into seven Books but the action of the poem ends with the sixth and there is every reason to believe that the seventh Book is a later addition. This last Book or Uttara Kanda contains various stories legends and traditions which still have some connection of affinity with the principal poem. The mythical origin of the Rákshasas is there related with the banishment of Sitá and her giving birth in the hermitage of Válmiki to twin sons Kuśa

and Lava, who were the first rhapsodists or 'singers' of the Rāmāyan, and other traditions and legends only distantly connected with the Rāmāyan properly so called'.¹ The whole contains about 24,000 verses, chiefly slokes or heroic d'stichs of thirty-two syllables each, with verses of a different metre occasionally introduced or interpolated, especially at the end of a canto.

'The poem has evidently undergone considerable alteration since the time of its first composition, but still underneath all the subsequent additions the original elements are preserved, and careful criticism might perhaps separate the interpolations and present the more genuine parts as a whole by themselves. The task however, would be difficult, and perhaps as impracticable as it has proved in the Homeric poems. For many ages it is certain that the work existed only by oral tradition, and each rhapsodist added or altered at his pleasure, or to suit the taste or vanity of the princely families whom he served. The measure of the poem, moreover, is of a somewhat fatal facility, and many rhapsodists would naturally be ambitious of mingling their own songs with those of their bards, and the habit of repetition would at once supply them with a vocabulary of epic phrases to suit their purpose. Whole chapters thus betray their origin by their barrenness of thought and labourous mimicry of the epic spirit, which in the case of the old poets had spontaneously burst out of the heart's fulness like the free song of a child. But when the Indian Pisistratus arose who collected these separate

¹ GORRESIO.

songs and reduced them to their present shape the genuine and spurious were alike included and no Hindu critic ever appears to have attempted to discriminate between them. With regard to the Ramayana it appears to have undergone two distinct revisions one in Benares and the other in Bengal and as the two were accomplished without any reference or relation to each other they naturally present many varieties in their texts. The same thoughts and events are generally preserved in both but the words and order of the verses continually differ as would naturally be the case when the revisions were made from the oral traditions of two different schools of rhapsodists from each of which the poem had been undergoing a long series of alterations such as those we have suggested above.

Notwithstanding Gores' able and enthusiastic advocacy of what he considers the superior claims of the Bengal recension of the Ramayana it is generally allowed by European scholars that the Benares or North West recension is the more genuine. Of the former there is a magnificent edition by Gorresio published at the expense of Charles Albert late King of Sardinia. The text is printed in a style that cannot be surpassed in any country and an Italian prose translation of the whole accompanies it which may be equaled but not surpassed in any other of the languages of Europe. In his translation he has carefully preserved a Dantesque idiom and form of expression free from all local patois his rendering is most faithful and his

language elegant and spirited'' The Benares recension has been less fortunate In the years 1805-1810 Carey and Marshman, the venerable Missionaries of Serampore, published the text and English translation of two Books and a half or about one third of the entire poem,² but these volumes have long been out of print and unprocuible, and they 'are very inferior as productions of literary art, though no blame attaches to the excellent men who published them work in the very dawn of oriental studies''³ In the year 1846 the great William von Schlegel published the text of the first two Books with a Latin translation of the first and part of the second This edition is to some extent an eclectic one, it is founded on the North-West recension but sometimes admits passages from the Bengal recension when they are recommended by any special excellence This work, as Gorgesio justly says, 'bears the impress of that critical acumen, of that profound judgment, of that artistic sense, for which he is so renowned' An admirable edition of the North-West recension with a

¹ *Calcutta Review*, Vol XXIII *The Ramayana*

² 'The gentlemen who compose the Committee (of the Asiatic Society of Bengal) have made choice of the *Ramāyan* of Valmiki to be the first in the series of translations from the Sanskrit The reverence in which it is held, the extent of country through which it is circulated, and the interesting view which it exhibits of the religion, the doctrines, the mythology, the current ideas, and the manners and customs of the Hindus, combine to justify their election' *Advertisement to Carey and Marshman's edition of the Rāmāyan*

³ Gorgesio says 'With regard to the merits of this work I will add nothing to the severe but just judgment passed upon it by the illustrious William von Schlegel who found it a work without skill or critical discernment, abounding in faults and worthless in every part'

commentary has lately been lithographed at Bombay and a rather inferior printed edition has been published in Calcutta. The late M. Hippolyte Fauche the most intrepid and indefatigable of translators from the Sanskrit has given to the world a French version of Goresios edition¹. Thus the Bengal recension has been translated into Italian and French, but there is no English version of either recension and only a small portion of the North West recension has been translated into any European tongue. This fact alone will I trust be regarded as a sufficient reason or excuse for the present attempt to reproduce the Ramayan in an English dress. The poem can hardly be denied a high place among the great epics of the world and it is surely desirable that Englishmen—especially those who are more immediately connected with India—should at least be enabled if they choose to become acquainted with it².

My first object has been to reproduce the original poem as faithfully as circumstances permit me to do. For this purpose I have preferred verse to prose. The translations of the *Iliad* by Chapman and Worsley—and even by translators of far inferior poetical powers—are I think much more Homeric than any literal prose rendering can possibly be. In the latter we may find the *disjecta membra poetæ* but all the form and the life are gone for the interpenetration of matter and manner constitute the very soul of poetry. I have but seldom

¹ One Canto in the four versions will be found in Appendix B.

² The *Rāmāyana* and *Mahābhārat* unlike the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are closely connected with the present religious faith of millions.

allowed myself to amplify or to condense, or omit apparently needless repetitions, but have attempted rather to give the poet as he is than to represent him as European taste might prefer him to be. Comparisons, therefore, which to English readers will appear vulgar or ridiculous have been left unaltered, and long passages of unutterable tediousness re-appear in my version with, probably, then tediousness enhanced. I may observe, with all respect for Válmíki, that the Rámáyan, even in the sonorous and dignified Sanskrit, will hardly bear reading through, and I am sure that the translation will not. Válmíki's work is not much read even in India, although the Hindí *infaccimento* by the poet Tulsidás is more popular and more honoured by the people of the North-Western Provinces than the Bible is by the corresponding classes in England. The poem, it should be remembered, was in ancient times recited and not read,

and these millions, be it remembered, acknowledge British sway, and have a right to expect the British public to take an interest in works which are the time honoured repository of their legendary history and mythology, of their ancient customs and observances, as well as of their most cherished gems of poetry. It needs no argument to show that some knowledge of the two great Indian Epics ought to be required of all who hold office in India, whether in the Civil Service, or in any other capacity. Nor is it right, or even possible, for Englishmen generally to remain any longer wholly ignorant of the nature and contents of these poems. British India is now brought so close to us by steam and electricity, and the present condition of the Hindu community, social, political, and religious, forces itself so peremptorily on our attention, that the duty of studying the past history of our Eastern empire, so far as it can be collected from ancient Sanskrit literature, can no longer be evaded by educated men. Hitherto the Indian Epics, which, in the absence of all real history, are the only guides to the early condition of our Hindu fellow subjects, have been sealed books to the majority of Englishmen.

Indian Epic Poetry By MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A., *Preface, III, IV.*

the audience that gathered round the rhapsodist might be continually changing and each hearer would probably listen to a few consecutive cantos only. It is true that one unfortunate king in northern India the Pāyatarangini was condemned to remain under the malediction of the Brāhmins until he should have heard the whole Rāmāyaṇ recited at one sitting.¹ But it may be doubted which alternative he preferred and this is quite an exceptional case.

The metre I have adopted has been chosen after long consideration and many experiments. It is not I know the exact equivalent of Vālmiki's *śloka* or heroic distich with which it cannot compare in gravity or grandeur. I would generally prefer other metres for free translations of short extracts or scenes from the poem but for a translation of the entire work I am inclined to think that the octosyllabic metre fully represents the original and at the same time I find that it suits me best. The *śloka* as I have already said consists of two lines of sixteen syllables or rather four lines of eight syllables each only four of which are fixed in quantity the others being optionally long or short.² It corresponds then roughly

¹ This reminds one of Macaulay's story of the Italian criminal who was suffered to choose between Gucciardina and the galley. He chose the History. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went to the oar.

This verse is a stanza or *Śloka* which with some exceptions consists of two lines or hemistichs each of these is again subdivided into two parts so that the entire stanza is for the most part a tetrastich composed of four Pādas or Charanās literally feet or in our understanding of the term lines or semi-hemistichs the intervals between the first and second and a third and fourth of which are not always so distinctly marked as the two first and third.

to four lines of the octosyllabic metre which will generally be found to reproduce it without, as a rule, either condensation or amplification. Blank verse, even if the translator could write it, would never represent the *śloka*, a verse generally commensurate with the sentence, and a Sanskrit distich must either be condensed into one heroic couplet or expanded to fill two.

For the first two Books I translate from Schlegel's edition, and from the Bombay edition for the remaining portion of the poem.

The notes, necessarily brief and simple, I owe chiefly to Schlegel and Goussio. I have also borrowed freely from Wilson, Lassen, Muir, Max Muller, Goldstucker,

This is by far the most frequent and useful form of Sanskrit verse. It is that in which the great body of metrical composition, whether narrative or didactic, exists. All works of considerable extent are written in it, relieved by the occasional introduction of other metres. It is the prevailing form of metre in the laws of Manu, the Mahābhārata, the Rāmāyana, and the Puranas.

Another rule given for the formation of the Anushtup verse is, that the fifth syllable of each line shall be short, the sixth long and the seventh alternately long and short, whilst the first four syllables and the eighth are arbitrary. This will be found to be usually the form adopted, with occasional exceptions. The following are examples —

— — — — —
 āsīdīdam tamobhūtamaprájñátamalakṣhaṇam
 — — — — —
 apītaikyamavijñeyam prasuptamīyasavvatah

‘This universe had become darkness, undiscerned, uncharacterised, indescribable, incomprehensible, as if everywhere in a deep sleep’
 Manu

— — — — —
 mā nishāda pratishtāṁ twamagamah śāsvatī samāh
 — — — — —
 yat kraunchamithunādekamabadhīh kāmamohitam

‘Never, barbarian, mayest thou acquire fame for endless years, since thou hast slain one of these birds, heedless through passion’ Rāmāyana. Tradition affirms of this that it is the first Śloka or anushtup verse ever composed.

and Professor Monier Williams English readers will—I trust remember that I write partly for Indians and Indians that the notes which they may think superfluous are necessary to enable Europeans to understand the poem

There are many archaisms in the original and I have not entirely excluded them from my translation My verses I know are frequently rough prosaic and dull but I believe that any elaborate polish or the studied use of more modern poetical phraseology would only impair still further their likeness to the simple distichs of Valmiki

Judged by a European standard there is but little true poetry in the first Book of the Rāmāyan and much of the aroma of that little has probably evaporated in the process of translation Still though fully aware of its many shortcomings and only trusting that longer study greater practice and the lessons of intelligent criticism may make each succeeding volume less imperfect I submit this first volume to the public with some confidence as I am fully persuaded that the work when completed will supply a want which has long been felt in India if not in England

I beg to offer my sincere thanks to the Governments of Bengal the Punjab Bombay Mysore the Central Provinces and Oudh for the liberal aid which at the recommendation of the several Directors of Public Instruction they have given to my undertaking and more especially am I bound to render my best thanks to the

very distinguished oriental scholar at the head of the Government of the North-Western Provinces those Provinces in which Válmíki composed his immortal poem, and in which this first metrical translation of it has been begun and will, I hope, be completed

THE RĀMĀYAN

INVOCATION¹

Praise to Vālmīki bird of charming song²
Who mounts on Poesy's sublimest spray
And sweetly sings with accent clear and strong
Pūma nje Rāma in his deathless lay

¹ The MSS vary very considerably in these stanzas of invocation many lines are generally prefixed in which not only the poet but those who play the chief parts in the poem are panegyricized. It is self apparent that they are not by the author of the Rāmāyan himself.

² Vālmīki was the son of Vāruna the regent of the waters one of whose names is Praclēta. According to the *Adhyatma Pūrajana* the sage although a Brahman by birth associated with fire-brothers and robbers. Attacked on one occasion the seven Rishis they expostulated with him successfully and taught him the *mantra* of Rāma reversed or *Maru Maru* in the invariable repetition of which he remained immovable for thousands of years so that when the sage returned to the same spot they found him still there converted into a *śilā* or fant-hill by the nests of the termites whence his name of Vālmīki.

WILSON *Specimens of the Hindu Literature* Vol. I p. 313

Vālmīki is said to have lived a solitary life in the woods. He is called *bhṭāma* *śānta* *śāli*. The former word properly signifies an anchorite or hermit the latter has reference chiefly to wisdom. The two words are frequently used promiscuously and may both be rendered by the Latin *rates* in its earliest meaning of *seer*. Vālmīki was both poet and seer as he is said to have sung the exploits of Rāma by the aid of divining insight rather than of knowledge naturally acquired.

SCHLEGEL

³ It really *Kokila* the Indian Cuckoo. Schlegel translates *hinnium*.

Where breathes the man can listen to the strain
 That flows in music from Vālmīki's tongue,
 Nor feel his feet the path of bliss attain
 When Rāma's glory by the saint is sung?

The stream Rāmāyan leaves its sacred fount
 The whole wide world from sin and stain to free;¹
 The Prince of Hermits is the parent mount,
 The lordly Rāma is the darling sea

Glorious to him whose fame is ever bright!
 Glorious to him, Prometheus'² holy son!
 Whose pure lips quaff with ever new delight
 The nectar-sea of deeds by Rāma done

Hail, arch-ascetic, pious, good, and kind!
 Hail, Saint Vālmīki, lord of every lore!
 Hail, holy Hermit, calm and pure of mind!
 Hail, First of Bards, Vālmīki, hail once more!

¹ Comparison with the Ganges is implied, that river being called the purifier of the world

² 'This name may have been given to the father of Vālmīki allegorically. If we look at the derivation of the word (*pro*, before, and *che'ar*, mind) it is as if the poet were called the son of Prometheus, the Fore-thinker.' SCHLEGEL

BOOK I ¹

CANTO I

NARAD

OM ³

To sainted Narad prince of those
Whose lore in words of wisdom flows
Whose constant care and chief delight
Were Scripture and ascetic rite
The good Valmī¹ first and best
Of hermit saints these words addressed ⁴

In all this world I pray thee who
Is virtuous heroic true?
Firm in his vows of grateful mind
To every creature good and kind?
Bounteous and holy just and wise
Alone most fair to all men's eyes?

¹ Called in Sanskrit also *Bala Kanda* and in Hindi *Bāl Kanda* i. e. the Book describing Rama's childhood *balā* meaning a boy up to his sixteenth year

² A divine saint son of Brahmā or Kasyapa. He is the eloquent messenger of the Gods a musician of exquisite skill and the inventor of the *veena* or Indian lute. He bears a strong resemblance to Hermes or Mercury.

³ This mystic syllable said to typify the supreme Deity the Gods collectively the *Veila* the three spheres of the world the three holy fires the three steps of *Vishnu* etc. prefaces the prayers and most venerated writings of the Hindus.

⁴ This colloquy is supposed to have taken place about sixteen years after Rama's return from his wanderings and occupation of his ancestral throne.

Devoid of envy, firm, and sage,
 Whose tranquil soul ne'er yields to rage,¹
 Whom, when his warrior wrath is high,
 Do Gods embattled fear and fly?
 Whose noble might and gentle skill
 The triple world can guard from ill?
 Who is the best of princes, he
 Who loves his people's good to see?
 The store of bliss, the living mine
 Where brightest joys and virtues shine?
 Queen Fortune's¹ best and dearest friend,
 Whose steps her choicest gifts attend?
 Who may with Sun and Moon compare,
 With India,² Vishnu³ Fine, and An?⁴
 Giant, Saint divine,⁴ the boon I ask,
 For thee, I ween, an easy task,
 To whom the power is given to know
 If such a man breathe here below.

Then Nárad, clear before whose eye
 The present, past, and future lie,

¹ Called also *Srî* and *Lalshmi*, the consort of Vishnu the Queen of Beauty as well as the Dear Fortune. Her birth 'from the milk sea' is described in Canto XLV of this Book.

² One of the most prominent objects of worship in the East. India was superseded in later times by the more popular deity Vishnu and *Siva*. He is the God of the firmament, and in astronomical respects to the Jupiter Pluvius of the Romans. See *Additional Notes*.

³ The second God of the Trimûti or Indian Trinity. Derived from the root *vis* to penetrate, the meaning of the name appears to be *he who penetrates or persuades all things*. An embodiment of the preserving power of nature, he is worshipped as a Saviour who has nine times been incarnate for the good of the world and will descend on earth once more. See *Additional Notes* and *Manu's Sacred Texts* passim.

⁴ In Sanskrit *devârshi*. *Rishi* is the general appellation of sages and another word is frequently prefixed to distinguish the degree. A *Brahmârshi* is a theologian or Brahmanical sage, a *Rajârshi* is a royal sage or sainted king, a *Devârshi* is a divine or deified sage or saint.

⁵ *Trikâlayâ*. Literally *knower of the three times*. Both Schlegel

Made ready answer Hermit where
 Are graces found so high and rare?
 Yet listen and my tongue shall tell
 In whom alone the virtues dwell
 From old Ilshvāṇas¹ line he came
 Known to the world by Rama's name
 With soul subdued a chief of might
 In Scripture versed in glory bright
 His steps in virtue's paths are bent
 Obedient pure and eloquent
 In each empire he wins success
 And dymṇas his power confers
 Tall and broad shouldered strong of limb
 Fortune has set her mark on him
 Craced with a conch shells triple line
 His throat displays the auspicious sign²

and Gorre io qu te H mers

Ος ὑδὴ τα τ τοι-α τα τ εσσομεθα προ τ εντα

That sacred ser whose empire view
 The present and the future knew

The Bombay edition reads *trishajā* who knows the three worlds (earth air and heaven). It is by *taras* (astriferous) that riches of soul and abiding on roots fruits and air obtain a vision of the three worlds with all things moving and stationary. M 80 XI 236

¹ Son of Manu the first King of India and founder of the solar dynasty or family of the Children of the Sun the God of that luminary being the father of Manu

² The Indians paid great attention to the art of physiognomy and believed that character and fortune could be foretold not from the face only but from marks upon the neck and hands. Three lines under the chin like those at the mouth of a conch (*śailā*) were regarded as especially auspicious indicating as did also the mark of Vishnu's discus on the hand one born to be a chattravartī or universal emperor. In the palmistry of Europe the line of fortune as well as the line of life is in the hand. C. rdansys that mark on the nails and teeth also show what is to happen to us. Sint etiam in nobis vetigia quædam futurorum eventuum in unguibus atque etiam

High destiny is clear impressed
 On massive jaw and ample chest.
 His mighty shafts he truly aims,
 And foemen in the battle tames
 Deep in the muscle, scarcely shown,
 Embedded lies his collar-bone
 His lordly steps are firm and free,
 His strong arms reach below his knee,³
 All fairest graces join to deck
 His head, his brow, his stately neck,
 And limbs in fair proportion set
 The manliest form e'er fashioned yet
 Graced with each high imperial mark,
 His skin is soft and lustrous dark
 Large are his eyes that sweetly shine
 With majesty almost divine
 His plighted word he ne'er forgets,
 On every sense a watch he sets
 By nature wise, his teacher's skill
 Has trained him to subdue his will
 Good, resolute and pure, and strong,
 He guards mankind from scathe and wrong,
 And lends his aid, and ne'er in vain,
 The cause of justice to maintain
 Well has he studied o'er and o'er
 The Vedas⁴ and then kindred lore

in dentibus' Though the palmy days of Indian chivalry have passed away, the art is still to some extent studied and believed in

³ Long arms were regarded as a sign of heroic strength

⁴ 'Veda means originally knowing or knowledge, and this name is given by the Brahmins not to one work, but to the whole body of their most ancient sacred literature Veda is the same word which appears in the Greek *oîda*, I know, and in the English wise, wisdom, to wit The name of Veda is commonly given to four collections of hymns, which are respectively known by the names of Rig veda, Yajur-veda, Sâma veda, and Atharva veda.'

Well skilled is he the bow to draw ¹
 Well trained in arts and versed in law
 High souled and meet for happy fate
 Most tender and compassionate
 The noblest of all lordly givers
 Whom good men follow as the rivers
 Follow the King of Floods the sea
 So liberal so just is he
 The joy of Queen Kausaly's heart
 In every virtue he has part
 Firm as Himálaya's ² snowy steep
 Unfathomed like the mighty deep
 The peer of Vishnu's power and might
 And lovely as the Lord of Night
 Patient as Earth but roused to ire

As the influence of the Veda the Sanskrit is the most ancient type of the English of the present day (Sanskrit and English are but varieties of one and the same language) its thoughts and feelings contain in reality the first roots and germs of that intellectual growth which by an unbroken chain connects our own generation with the ancestors of the Aryan race — with those very people who at the rising and setting of the sun listened with trembling hearts to the songs of the Ved that told them of bright powers above and of a life to come after the sun of the morning lives hidden in the cloud of the evening. These men are the true ancestors of our race and the Veda is the oldest book we have in which to study the first beginnings of our language and of all that is embodied in language. We are by nature Aryan Indo-European not Semitic — our spiritual birth and kinship to be found in India Persia Greece Italy Germany not in Mesopotamia Egypt or Palestine.

Chips from a German Workshop Vol. I pp. 84

¹ As with the ancient Persians and Scythians Indian princes were carefully instructed in archery which stands for military science in general of which among Hindu heroes it was the most important branch.

² Chief of the three queens of Dasaratha and mother of Rama.

³ *Grimala* snow (Greek *χρυσον* Latin *hyems*) and *alaya* abode the Mountain of Snow.

⁴ The moon (*Soma* *Indra* *Chandra* etc.) is masculine with the Indians as with the Germans.

Fierce as the world-destroying fire,
In bounty like the Lord of Gold,¹
And Justice' self in human mould

With him, his best and eldest son,
By all his princely virtues won
King Daśaratha² willed to share
His kingdom as the Regent Hen
But when Kaikeyí, youngest queen,
With eyes of envious hate had seen
The solemn pomp and regal state
Prepared the prince to consecrate,
She bade the hapless king bestow
Two gifts he promised long ago,
That Ráma to the woods should flee,
And that her child the hen should be

By chains of duty firmly tied,
The wretched king perforce complied
Ráma, to please Kaikeyí went
Obedient forth to banishment
Then Lakshman's truth was nobly shown,
Then were his love and courage known,
When for his brother's sake he dared
All perils, and his exile shared
And Sítá, Ráma's darling wife,
Loved even as he loved his life,
Whom happy marks combined to bless,
A miracle of loveliness,
Of Janak's royal lineage sprung,
Most excellent of women, clung

¹ Kúvera, the Indian Plutus, or God of Wealth

² The events here briefly mentioned will be related fully in the course of the poem. The first four cantos are introductory, and are evidently the work of a later hand than Valmiki's

To her dear lord like Rohini
 Pejoicing with the Moon to be¹
 The king and people sad of mood
 The hero's car awhile pursued
 But when Prince Rāma lighted down
 At Srīngavera's pleasant town
 Where Gāngā's holy waters flow
 He bade his driver turn and go
 Guhā Nishādas king he met
 And on the farther bank was set
 Then on from wood to wood they strayed
 O'er many a stream through constant shade
 As Bhāradvāja bade them till
 They came to Chitrakūt's hill
 And Rāma there with Lāshmaṇ's aid
 A pleasant little cottage made
 And spent his days with Sītā dressed

¹ Chandra o the Moon is fabled to have been married to the
 twenty-seven daughters of the patriarch Dakṣa the Ṛṣi and the
 rest who are in fact personifications of the Luna Deities. His
 favourite amongst them was Ilini to whom he so wholly devoted
 himself as to neglect the rest. They complained to their father
 and Dakṣa repeatedly interposed till finding his emontrances vain
 he denounced a curse upon him on which in consequence of which he
 remained childless and became afflicted by consumption. The wife
 of Chandra having interceded in his behalf with the father Dakṣa
 imposed an imprecation which he could not recall and pronounced
 that the day should be peculiar only not permanent and that it
 should alternate with periods of recovery. Hence the successive waxing
 and waning of the Moon. *Paṭa Paṭā Swargāhānā Se* II
Poṭa in Astronomy is the fourth lunar mansion containing five stars
 the principal of which is Aldebaran.

The Benal recension has a different reading

Shone with her husband like the light
 Attendant on the Lord of Night

In coat of bark and deer-skin vest¹
 And Chitrakūṭa grew to be
 As bright with those illustrious three
 As Meru's² sacred peaks that shine
 With glory, when the Gods recline
 Beneath them Śiva's³ self between
 The Lord of Gold and Beauty's Queen

The aged king for Rāma pined,
 And for the skies the earth resigned
 Bharat, his son, refused to reign,
 Though urged by all the twice-born⁴ train
 Forth to the woods he fared to meet
 His brother, fell before his feet,
 And cried, 'Thy claim all men allow
 O come, our lord and king be thou'
 But Rāma nobly chose to be
 Observant of his sire's decree
 He placed his sandals⁵ in his hand,
 A pledge that he would rule the land

¹ The garb prescribed for ascetics by Manu

² 'Mount Meru, situated like Kailāsa in the lofty regions to the north of the Himālayas, is celebrated in the traditions and myths of India. Meru and Kailāsa are the two Indian Olympi. Perhaps they were held in such veneration because the Sanskrit-speaking Indians remembered the ancient home where they dwelt with the other primitive peoples of their family before they descended to occupy the vast plains which extend between the Indus and the Ganges.' GOULD 1510

³ The third God of the Indian Triad, the God of destruction and reproduction. See *Additional Notes*

⁴ The epithet *dwija*, or *twice born*, is usually appropriated to Brahmans, but is applicable to the three higher castes. Investiture with the sacred thread and initiation of the neophyte into certain religious mysteries are regarded as his regeneration or second birth.

⁵ His shoes, to be a memorial of the absent heir and to maintain his right. Kālidāsa (*Raghuvansā*, XII 17) says that they were to be *adhidhātā* or guardian deities of the kingdom.

And bade his brother turn again
Then Bharat finding prayer was vain
The sandals took and went away,
Nor in Ayodhya would he stay
But turned to Nandigram where
He ruled the realm with watchful care
Still longing eagerly to learn
Tidings of Rama's safe return

Then lest the people should repeat
Their visit to his calm retreat
Away from Chitrakuta's hill
Fared Rama ever onward till
Beneath the shady trees he stood
Of Dandak's primeval wood
Viradha giant fiend he slew
And then Agastya's friendship knew
Counselled by him he gained the sword
And bow of Indra heavenly lord
A pair of quivers too that bore
Of arrows an exhaustless store
While there he dwelt in greenwood shade
The trembling hermits sought his aid
And bade him with his sword and bow
Destroy the fiends who worked them woe
To come like Indra strong and brave
A guardian God to help and save
And Rama's falchion left its trace
Deep cut on Surpanakha's face
A hideous giantess who came
Burning for him with lawless flame
Their sister's cries the giants heard
And vengeance in each bosom stirred
The monster of the triple head
And Dushan to the contest sped

But they and myriad fiends beside
Beneath the might of Ráma died

When Rávan, dreading warrior, knew
The slaughter of his giant crew
Rávan, the king, whose name of fear
Earth, hell, and heaven all shook to hear
He bade the fiend Máícha and
The vengeful plot his fury laid
In vain the wise Máícha tried
To turn him from his course aside
Not Rávan's self, he said, might hope
With Ráma and his strength to cope
Impelled by fate and blind with rage
He came to Ráma's hermitage
There, by Máícha's magic art,
He wiled the princely youths apart,
The vulture¹ slew, and bore away
The wife of Ráma as his prey
The son of Raghu² came and found
Jatáyu slain upon the ground
He rushed within his leafy cot,
He sought his wife, but found her not
Then, then the hero's senses failed,
In mad despair he wept and wailed
Upon the pile that bud he laid,
And still in quest of Sítá strayed
A hideous giant then he saw,
Kabandha named, a shape of awe

¹ Jatáyu, a semi divine bird, the friend of Ráma, who fought in defence of Sítá

² Raghu was one of the most celebrated ancestors of Ráma whose commonest appellation is, therefore, Raghuva or descendant of Raghu. Kálidasa in the *Raghuvansha* makes him the son of Dilipa and great-grandfather of Ráma. See *Idylls from the Sanskrit*, 'Aja' and Dilipa'

The monstrous fiend he smote and slew
 And in the flame the body threw,
 When straight from out the funeral flame
 In lovely form Kabandha came
 And bade him seek in his distress
 A wise and holy hermitess
 By counsel of this saintly dame
 To Pampa's pleasant flood he came
 And there the steadfast friendship won
 Of Hanuman the Wind God's son
 Counsell'd by him he told his grief
 To great Sugriva Vana chief
 Who knowing all the tale before
 The sacred flame alliance swore
 Sugriva to his new found friend
 Told his own story to the end
 His hate of Bali for the wrong
 And insult he had borne so long
 And Rama lent a willing ear
 And promised to allay his fear
 Sugriva warn'd him of the might
 Of Bali matchless in the fight
 And credence for his tale to gain
 Showed the huge fiend¹ by Lila slain
 The prostrate corpse of mountain size
 Seemed nothing in the hero's eyes
 He lightly kicked it as it lay
 And cast it twenty leagues² away
 To prove his might his arrows through
 Seven palm in line unjuring flung
 He clift a mighty hill apart

¹ D adh b

Li ena-fa y a Tā s i a s a r f r e s t a n
 521 uly m h - l a e y m t o r r s r e f 1 2 L

And down to hell he hurled his dart
 Then high Sugríva's spirit rose,
 Assumed of conquest o'er his foes
 With his new champion by his side
 To vast Kishkindhá's cave he hied
 Then, summoned by his awful shout,
 King Báli came in fury out,
 First comforted his trembling wife,
 Then sought Sugríva in the strife
 One shaft from Ráma's deadly bow
 The monarch in the dust laid low.
 Then Ráma bade Sugríva reign
 In place of royal Báli slain
 Then speedy envoys hurried forth
 Eastward and westward, south and north,
 Commanded by the grateful king
 Tidings of Ráma's spouse to bring.

Then by Sampátí's counsel led,
 Brave Hanumán, who mocked at dread,
 Sprang at one wild tremendous leap
 Two hundred leagues across the deep
 To Lanká's¹ town he urged his way,
 Where Rávan held his royal sway
 There pensive 'neath Áśoka² boughs
 He found poor Sítá, Ráma's spouse
 He gave the hapless girl a ring,
 A token from her lord and king
 A pledge from her fair hand he bore,
 Then battered down the garden door
 Five captains of the host he slew,
 Seven sons of councillors o'erthrew,

¹ Ceylon

² The *Jonesia Áśoka* is a most beautiful tree bearing a profusion of red blossoms

Crushed youthful Akshya on the field
 Then to his captors chose to yield
 Soon from their bonds his limbs were free
 But honouring the high decree
 Which Brahma¹ had pronounced of yore
 He calmly all their insults bore
 The town he burnt with hostile flame
 And spoke again with Rāma's dame
 Then swiftly back to Rāma flew
 With tidings of the interview

Then with Sugriva for his guide
 Came Rama to the ocean side
 He smote the sea with shafts as bright
 As sunbeams in their summer height
 And quick appeared the Rivers King
 Obedient to the summoning
 A bridge was thrown by Nala o'er
 The narrow sea from shore to shore²
 They crossed to Lanka's golden town
 Where Rama's hand smote Rāvan down
 Vibhishan there was left to reign
 Over his brother's wide domain
 To meet her husband Sita came
 But Rāma stung with ire and shame
 With bitter words his wife addressed
 Before the crowd that round her pressed

¹ Brahma: the Creator: usually regarded as the first God of the Indian Trinity although as I ādīśa says

Of Brahma Vishnu Śiva each may be
 First second third amid the blessed Three

Brahma had guaranteed Ravana's life against all enemies except man
 Ocean personified

The rocks lying between Ceylon and the mainland are still called
 Rama's Bridge by the Hindus

But Sítá, touched with noble ire,
 Gave her fan body to the fire
 Then straight the God of Wind appeared,
 And words from heaven her honour cleared
 And Ráma clasped his wife again,
 Uninjured, pure from spot and stain,
 Obedient to the Lord of Fire
 And the high mandate of his ire
 Led by the Lord who rules the sky,
 The Gods and heavenly saints drew nigh
 And honoured him with worthy mood,
 Rejoicing in each glorious deed
 His task achieved, his foe removed,
 He triumphed, by the Gods approved
 By grace of Heaven he raised to him
 The chieftains slain in mortal strife,
 Then in the magic chariot through
 The clouds to Nindigráma flew
 Met by his faithful brothers there,
 He loosed his votive coil of hair,
 Thence fan Ayodhyá's town he gained,
 And o'er his father's kingdom reigned
 Disease or famine ne'er oppressed
 His happy people, richly blest
 With all the joys of ample wealth,
 Of sweet content and perfect health
 No widow mourned her well-loved mate,
 No sue his son's untimely fate
 They feared not storm or robber's hand
 No fire or flood laid waste the land
 The Golden Age¹ seemed come again
 To bless the days of Ráma's reign

¹ 'The Brahmans, with a system rather cosmogonical than chronological, divide the present mundane period into four *yugas* or *yugas* as they

From him the great and glorious King
 Shall many a princely scion spring
 And he shall rule beloved by men
 Ten thousand years and hundreds ten¹
 And when his life on earth is past
 To Brahmá's world shall go at last

Whoe'er this noble poem reads
 That tells the tale of Ráma's deeds
 Good as the Scriptures he shall be
 From every sin and blemish free
 Whoever reads the saving strain
 With all his life in the heavens shall gain
 Brahmans who read shall gather hence
 The highest praise for eloquence
 The warrior o'er the land shall reign
 The merchant luck in trade obtain
 And Sudras listening² ne'er shall fail
 To reap advantage from the tale³

call them the *Irita*, the *Treta* the *Dwapara* and the *Kali*. The *Krita* called also the *Devayuga* or that of the Gods is the age of truth the perfect age the *Treta* is the age of the three sacred fire domestic and sacrificial the *Dwápara* is the age of doubt the *Kali* the present age is the age of evil. GONNESIO

¹ The ancient kings of India enjoyed lives of more than patriarchal length as will appear in the course of the poem

² Sudras men of the fourth and lowest pure caste were not allowed to read the poem but might hear it recited

³ The three *slokes* or distichs which the next twelve lines represent are evidently a still later and very awkward addition to the introduction

CANTO II.

BRAHMÁ'S VISIT

Válmíki, graceful speaker, heard,
 To highest admiration stirred
 To him whose fame the tale rehearsed
 He paid his mental worship first,
 Then with his pupil humbly bent
 Before the saint most eloquent
 Thus honoured and dismissed the seer
 Departed to his heavenly sphere
 Then from his cot Válmíki hied
 To Tamasá's¹ sequestered side,
 Not far remote from Gangá's tide
 He stood and saw the ripples roll
 Pellucid o'er a pebbly shoal
 To Bhaiadvája² by his side
 He turned in ecstasy, and cried
 'See, pupil dear, this lovely sight,
 The smooth-floored shallow, pure and bright,
 With not a speck or shade to mar,
 And clear as good men's bosoms are
 Here on the brink thy pitcher lay,
 And bring my zone of bark, I pray

¹ There are several rivers in India of this name, now corrupted into *Tonse*. The river here spoken of is that which falls into the Ganges a little below Allahabad.

² 'In Book II, Canto LIV, we meet with a saint of this name presiding over a convent of disciples in his hermitage at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna. Thence the later author of these introductory cantos has borrowed the name and person, inconsistently indeed, but with the intention of enhancing the dignity of the poet by ascribing to him so celebrated a disciple.' SCHLEGEL

Here will I bathe the rill has not
To lave the limbs a furer spot
Do quickly as I bid, nor waste
The precious time, away and haste

Obedient to his master's hest
Quick from the cot he brought the vest
The hermit took it from his hand
And tightened round his waist the band
Then duly dipped and bathed him there
And muttered low his secret prayer
To spirits and to Gods he made
Libation of the stream and strayed
Viewing the forest deep and wide
That spread its shade on every side
Close by the bank he saw a pair
Of curlews sporting fearless there
But suddenly with evil mind
An outcast fowler stole behind
And with an aim too sure and true
The male bird near the hermit slew
The wretched hen in wild despair
With fluttering pinions beat the air
And shrieked a long and bitter cry
When low on earth she saw him lie
Her loved companion quivering dead
His dear wings with his lifeblood red
And for her golden crested mate
She mourned and was disconsolate

The hermit saw the slaughtered bird
And all his heart with ruth was stirred
The fowler's impious deed distressed
His gentle sympathetic breast
And while the curlew's sad cries rang
Within his ears the hermit sang

'No fame be thine for endless time,
 Because, base outcast, of thy crime,
 Whose cruel hand was fain to slay
 One of this gentle pan at play'
 E'en as he spoke his bosom wrought
 And laboured with the wondering thought
 What was the speech his ready tongue
 Had uttered when his heart was wiling
 He pondered long upon the speech,
 Recalled the words and measured each,
 And thus exclaimed the saintly guide
 To Bharadvāja by his side
 'With equal lines of even feet,
 With rhythm and time and tone complete,
 The measured form of words I spoke
 In shock of grief be termed a śloka¹'
 And Bharadvāja, nothing slow
 His faithful love and zeal to show,
 Answered those words of wisdom, 'Be
 The name, my lord, as pleases thee'

As rules prescribe the hermit took
 Some lustial water from the brook
 But still on this his constant thought
 Kept brooding, as his home he sought,
 While Bharadvāja paced behind,
 A pupil sage of lowly mind,
 And in his hand a pitcher bore
 With pure fresh water brimming o'er
 Soon as they reached their calm retreat
 The holy hermit took his seat,

¹ The poet plays upon the similarity in sound of the two words
śoka means grief, *śloka*, the heroic measure in which the poem is com-
 posed. It need scarcely be said that the derivation is fanciful

His mind from worldly cares recalled
And mused in deepest thought enthralled

Then glorious Brahmā,¹ Lord Most High,
Creator of the earth and sky
The four faced God to meet the sage
Came to Vālmīki's hermitage
Soon as the mighty God he saw
Up sprang the saint in wondering awe
Mute with clasped hands his head he bent
And stood before him reverent
His honoured guest he greeted well
Who bade him of his welfare tell
Gave water for his blessed feet
Brought offerings² and prepared a seat
In honoured place the God Most High
Sate down and bade the saint sit nigh
There sate before Vālmīki's eyes
The Father of the earth and skies
But still the hermit's thoughts were bent
On one thing only all intent
On that poor curlew's mournful fate
Lamenting for her slaughtered mate,

¹ Brahmā the Creator is usually regarded as the first person of the divine triad of India. The four heads with which he is represented are supposed to have allusion to the four corners of the earth which he is sometimes considered to personify. As an object of adoration Brahmā has been entirely superseded by Śiva and Viṣṇu. In the whole of India there is I believe but one temple dedicated to his worship. In this point the first of the Indian triad curiously resembles the last of the divine fraternity of Greece. Aides the brother of Zeus and Poseidon. In all Greece says Pausanias there is no single temple of Aïd's except at a single spot in Eli. See Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi* p. 3.

² The *argha* or *arghya* was a libation or offering to a deity a Brahmin or other venerable personage. According to one authority it consisted of water milk the points of Kusagras curds clarified butter rice barley and white mustard according to another of saffron bel unbroken grain flowers curds durba grass kusa-grass and secamum.

And still his lips, in absent mood,
The verse that told his grief, renewed :
' Woe to the fowler's impious hand
That did the deed that folly planned ;
That could to needless death devote
The curlew of the tuneful throat !'

The heavenly Father smiled in glee,
And said, ' O best of hermits, see,
A verse, unconscious, thou hast made ;
No longer be the task delayed
Seek not to trace, with labour vain,
The unpremeditated strain
The tuneful lines thy lips rehearsed
Spontaneous from thy bosom burst
Then come, O best of seers, relate
The life of Ráma good and great
The tale that saintly Nárad told,
In all its glorious length unfold
Of all the deeds his arm has done
Upon this earth, omit not one,
And thus the noble life record
Of that wise, brave, and virtuous lord.
His every act to day displayed,
His secret life to none betrayed
How Lakshman, how the giants fought ;
With high emprise and hidden thought :
And all that Janak's child¹ befell
Where all could see, where none could tell
The whole of this shall truly be
Made known, O best of saints, to thee
In all thy poem, through my grace,
No word of falsehood shall have place.
Begin the story, and rehearse

¹ Sitá, daughter of Janak king of Mithila.

The tale divine in charming verse
 As long as in this firm set land
 The streams shall flow the mountains stand
 So long throughout the world be sure
 The great Rāmāyan shall endure ¹
 While the Rāmāyan's ancient strain
 Shall glorious in the earth remain
 To higher spheres shalt thou arise
 And dwell with me above the skies

He spoke and vanished into air
 And left Valmīki wondering there
 The pupils of the holy man
 Moved by their love of him began
 To chant that verse and ever more
 They marvelled as they sang it o'er
 Behold the four lined balanced rime
 Repeated over many a tune
 In words that from the hermit broke
 In shock of grief becomes a Sloke
 This measure now Vālmīki chose
 Wherein his story to compose
 In hundreds of such verses sweet
 With equal lines and even feet
 The saintly poet lofty souled
 The glorious deeds of Rama told

¹ I congratulate myself says Schlegel in the preface to his alas unimpaired edition of the Rāmāyan that by the favour of the Supreme Deity I have been allowed to begin so great a work I glory and make my boast that I too after so many ages have helped to confirm that ancient oracle declared to Valmīki by the Father of Gods and men

*Dum stabunt montes campis dum flumina current
 Usque tuum toto carmen celebrabitur orbe*

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The hermit thus with watchful heed
 Received the poem's pregnant seed,
 And looked with eager thought around
 If fuller knowledge might be found
 His lips with water first bedewed,¹
 He sate in reverent attitude
 On holy grass,² the points all bent
 Together toward the orient,³
 And thus in meditation he
 Entered the path of poesy
 Then clearly, through his virtue's might,
 All lay discovered to his sight,
 Whate'er befell, through all their life,
 Ráma, his brother, and his wife
 And Daśaratha and each queen
 At every time, in every scene
 His people too, of every sort,
 The nobles of his princely court
 Whate'er was said, whate'er decreed,
 Each time they sate, each plan and deed
 For holy thought and fervent rite

¹ 'The sipping of water is a requisite introduction of all rites without it, says the *Sám̐ba Puráṇ*, all acts of religion are vain'

COTTEBROOKE

² The *darbha* or *luśa* (*Poa cynosuroides*), a kind of grass used in sacrifice by the Hindus as *vervæna* was by the Romans

³ The direction in which the grass should be placed upon the ground as a seat for the Gods, on occasion of offerings made to them

Had so refined his deeper sight
That by his sanctity his view
The present past and future knew
And he with mental eye could grasp
Like fruit within his fingers clasp
The life of Rām's great and good
Roaming with Sītā in the wood
He told with secret piercing eyes
The tale of Rāma's high emprise
Each listening ear that shall entice
A sea of pearls of highest price
Thus good Vālmīki sage divine
Rehearsed the tale of Raghu's line
As Narad heavenly saint before
Had traced the story's outline o'er
He sang of Rāma's princely birth
His kindness and heroic worth
His love for all his patient youth
His gentleness and constant truth
And many a tale and legend old
By holy Viśvāmitra told
How Janak's child he wooed and won
And broke the bow that bent to none
How he with every virtue fraught
His namesake Pāṇḍu¹ met and fought
The choice of Rama for the throne
The malice by Kaikeyi shown
Whose evil counsel marred the plan
And drove him forth a banished man
How the king grieved and groaned and cried
And swooned away and pining died
The subjects' woe when thus bereft
And how the following crowds he left

¹ Parasurama or Rama with the Axe See Canto LXXIV

With Guha talked, and firmly stern
 Ordered his driver to return
 How Gangá's farther shore he gained ,
 By Bharadvāja entertained,
 By whose advice he journeyed still
 And came to Chitrakúta's hill
 How there he dwelt and built a cot ;
 How Bharat journeyed to the spot ,
 His earnest supplication made ,
 Drink-offerings to then father paid ,
 The sandals given by Ráma's hand,
 As emblems of his right, to stand
 How from his presence Bharat went
 And years in Nandigráma spent
 How Ráma entered Dandak wood
 And in Sútíkshna's presence stood
 The favour Anasúyá showed,
 The wondrous balsam she bestowed.
 How Śarabhangá's dwelling-place
 They sought , saw Indra face to face ,
 The meeting with Agastya gained ,
 The heavenly bow from him obtained.
 How Ráma with Virádha met ,
 Then home in Panchavata set
 How Śúpanakhá underwent
 The mockery and disfigurement
 Of Trisírá's and Khara's fall,
 Of Rávan roused at vengeance' call
 Márícha doomed, without escape ,
 The fair Videhan ¹ lady's rape
 How Ráma wept and raved in vain,
 And how the Vulture-king was slain.

¹ Sita Videha was the country of which Mithilá was the capital

How Ráma fierce Kábandha slew ,
Then to the side of Pampa drew
Met Hanumán and her whose vows
Were kept beneath the greenwood boughs
How Raghu's son the lofty souled
On Pampa's bank wept uncontrolled
Then journeyed Rishyamuk to reach
And of Sugriva then had speech
The friendship made which both had sought ,
How Bala and Sugriva fought
How Bala in the strife was slain
And how Sugriva came to reign
The treaty Tara's wild lament
The rainy nights in watching spent
The wrath of Raghu's lion son ,
The gathering of the hosts in one
The sending of the spies about
And all the regions pointed out
The ring by Rama's hand bestowed
The cave wherein the bear abode
The fast proposed their lives to end
Sampati gained to be their friend
The scaling of the hill the leap
Of Hanumán across the deep
Oceana's command that bade them seek
Munika of the lofty peak
The death of Sinhika the sight
Of Lanka with her palace bright
How Hanumán stole in at eve
His plan the giants to deceive
How through the square he made his way
To chambers where the women lay
Within the Asoka garden came
And there found Ráma's captive dame

His colloquy with her he sought,
And giving of the ring he brought
How Sítá gave a gem o'erjoyed,
How Hanumán the grove destroyed
How giantesses trembling fled,
And servant fiends were smitten dead
How Hanumán was seized, then he
When Lanká blazed with hostile fire.
His leap across the sea once more,
The eating of the honey store
How Ráma he consoled, and how
He showed the gem from Sítá's brow.
With Ocean, Ráma's interview,
The bridge that Nala o'er it threw
The crossing, and the sitting down
At night round Lanká's royal town
The treaty with Vibhíshan made,
The plan for Rávan's slaughter laid.
How Kumbhakarna in his pride
And Meghanáda fought and died
How Ravan in the fight was slain,
And captive Sítá brought again
Vibhíshan set upon the throne,
The flying chariot Pushpak shown
How Brahmá and the Gods appeared,
And Sítá's doubted honour cleared
How in the flying car they rode
To Bharadvája's calm abode
The Wind-God's son sent on afar,
How Bharat met the flying car
How Ráma then was king ordained,
The legions then discharge obtained
How Ráma cast his queen away,
How grew the people's love each day.

Thus did the saint Vālmīkī tell
Whate'er in Rāma's life befell
And in the closing verses all
That yet to come will once befell

CANTO IV.

THE RHAPSODISTS

When to the end the tale was brought,
 Rose in the sage's mind the thought
 'Now who throughout this earth will go,
 And tell it forth that all may know ?'
 As thus he mused with anxious breast,
 Behold, in hermit's raiment dressed,
 Kuśa and Lava¹ came to greet
 Then master and embrace his feet
 The twins he saw, that princely pair
 Sweet-voiced, who dwelt beside him there
 None for the task could be more fit,
 For skilled were they in Holy Writ,
 And so the great Rāmāyan, fraught
 With lore divine, to these he taught
 The lay whose verses sweet and clear
 Take with delight the listening ear,
 That tell of Sītā's noble life
 And Rāvan's fall in battle strife
 Great joy to all who hear they bring,
 Sweet to recite and sweet to sing
 For music's sevenfold notes are there,
 And triple measure,² wrought with care,

¹ The twin sons of Rāma and Sītā, born after Rāma had repudiated Sītā, and brought up in the hermitage of Vālmiki. As they were the first rhapsodists the combined name Kusilava signifies a reciter of poems, or an improvisatore, even to the present day

² Perhaps the bass, tenor, and treble, or quick, slow, and middle time. We know but little of the ancient music of the Hindus

With melody and tone and time
 And flavours¹ that enhance the rhyme
 Heroic might has ample place
 And loathing of the false and base
 With anger mirth and terror blent
 With tenderness surprise content
 When half the hermit's grace to gain
 And half because they loved the strain
 The youths within their hearts had stored
 The poem that his lips outpoured
 Vālmīki kissed them on the head
 As at his feet they bowed and said
 'Recite ye this heroic song
 In tranquil shades where sages throng
 Recite it where the good resort
 In lowly home and royal court

The hermit ceased The tuneful pair
 Like heavenly minstrels sweet and fair
 In music's art divinely skilled
 Their saintly master's word fulfilled
 Like Rāma's self from whom they came
 They showed their sire in face and frame
 As though from some fair sculptured stone
 Two selfsame images had grown
 Sometimes the pair rose up to sing
 Surrounded by a holy ring
 Where seated on the grass had met
 Full many a musing anchoret
 Then tears bedimmed those gentle eyes

¹ Eight flavours or sentiments are usually enumerated love mirth tenderness anger heroism terror disgust and surprise tranquillity or content, or paternal tenderness, is sometimes considered as the ninth
 WILSON See the *Śāhitya Darpana* or *Mirror of Composition* translated by Dr Ballantyne and Bābu Pramādādas Mitra in the *Bibliotheca Indica*

As transport took them and surprise,
And as they listened every one
Cried in delight, Well done ! Well done !
Those sages veised in holy lore
Praised the sweet minstrels more and more
And wondered at the singers' skill,
And the bard's verses sweeter still,
Which laid so clear before the eye
The glorious deeds of days gone by
Thus by the virtuous hermits praised,
Inspired then voice they raised
Pleased with the song this holy man
Would give the youths a water-can ,
One gave a fan ascetic dress,
On sweet fruit from the wilderness
One saint a black-deer's hide would bring,
And one a sacrificial string
One, a clay pitcher from his hoard,
And one, a twisted munja cord ¹
One in his joy an axe would find,
One, braid, then plaited locks to bind
One gave a sacrificial cup,
One rope to tie their fagots up ,
While fuel at their feet was laid,
On hermit's stool of fig-tree made
All gave, or if they gave not, none
Forgot at least a benison
Some saints, delighted with their lays,
Would promise health and length of days
Others with surest words would add
Some boon to make their spirit glad

¹ Saccharum Munja is a plant from whose fibres is twisted the sacred string which a Brahman wears over one shoulder after he has been initiated by a rite which in some respects answers to confirmation

In such degree of honour then
 That song was held by holy men
 That living song which life can give
 By which shall many a minstrel live
 In seat of kings in crowded hall
 They sang the poem praised of all
 And Rāma chanced to hear their lay
 While he the votive steed* would slay
 And sent fit messengers to bring
 The minstrel pair before the king
 They came and found the monarch high
 Enthroned in gold his brothers nigh
 While many a minister below
 And noble ate in lengthened row
 The youthful pair while he viewed
 Graceful in modest attitude
 And then in words like these addressed
 His brother Lal shman and the rest
 Come listen to the wondrous strain
 Recited by these godlike twain
 Sweet singers of a story fraught
 With melody and lofty thought

The pair with voices sweet and strong
 Rolled the full tide of noble song
 With tone and accent deftly blent
 To suit the changing argument
 Mid that assembly loud and clear
 Rang forth that lay so sweet to hear
 That universal rapture stole
 Through each man's frame and heart and soul
 The minstrels blest with every sign
 That marks a high and princely line

* A description of an *Asvamedha* or Horse Sacrifice is given in Canto XIII of this Book

In holy shades who dwell,
Enshrined in Saint Válmíki's lay,
A monument to live for aye,
My deeds in song shall tell'
Thus Ráma spoke their breasts were fired,
And the great tale, as if inspired,
The youths began to sing,
While every heart with transport swelled,
And mute and rapt attention held
The concourse and the king.

•

CANTO V

AYODHYA

Ikshvaku's sons from days of old
 Were ever brave and mighty souled
 The land their arms had made their own
 Was bounded by the sea alone
 Their holy works have won them praise
 Through countless years from Manu's days
 Their ancient sire was Sagar he
 Whose high command dug out the sea¹
 With sixty thousand sons to throng
 Around him as he marched along
 From them this glorious tale proceeds
 The great Ramáyan tells their deeds
 This noble song whose lines contain
 Lessons of duty love and gain
 We two will now at length recite
 While good men listen with delight

On Sarju's² bank of ample size
 The happy realm of Kosál lies
 With fertile length of fair champaign
 And flocks and herd and wealth of grain
 There famous in her old renown
 Ayodhyá³ stands the royal town

¹ This exploit is related in Canto XL

² The Sarju or Ghaghr, anciently called Sarayu, rises in the Himályas and after flowing through the province of Oudh falls into the Ganges

³ The ruins of the ancient capital of Rama and the Children of the Sun may still be traced in the present Ajudhya near Fyzabad. Ajudhya is the Jerusalem or Mecca of the Hindus

In bygone ages built and planned
 By sainted Manu's¹ princely hand
 Imperial seat¹ her walls extend
 Twelve measured leagues from end to end,
 And three in width from side to side,
 With square and palace beautified.
 Her gates at even distance stand,
 Her ample roads are wisely planned
 Right glorious is her royal street
 Where streams allay the dust and heat.
 On level ground in even row
 Her houses rise in goodly show
 Terrace and palace, arch and gate
 The queenly city decorate
 High are her ramparts, strong and vast,
 By ways at even distance passed,
 With circling moat, both deep and wide,
 And store of weapons fortified

King Daśaratha, lofty-souled,
 That city guarded and controlled,
 With towering Śāl trees belted round,²
 And many a grove and pleasure ground,
 As royal India, throned on high,
 Rules his fair city in the sky³

¹ A legislator and saint, the son of Brahmá or a personification of Brahmá himself, the creator of the world, and progenitor of mankind. Derived from the root *man* to think, the word means originally *man*, the thinker, and is found in this sense in the Ríg veda.

Manu as a legislator is identified with the Cretan Minos, as progenitor of mankind with the German Mannus. 'Celebrant carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoræ et annalium genus est, Tusconem deum terra editum, et filium Mannum, originem gentis conditoresque' TACITUS, *Germania*, Cap II

² The Śāl (*Shorea Robusta*) is a valuable timber tree of considerable height

³ The city of Indra is called Amara-vatí or Home of the Immortals

She seems a painted city fair
With chess board line and even square¹
And cool boughs shade the lovely lake
Where weary men their thirst may slake
There gilded chariots gleam and shine
And stately piles the Gods enshrine
There gay sleek people ever throng
To festival and dance and song
A mine is she of gems and sheen
The darling home of Fortune's Queen
With noblest sort of drink and meat
The fairest rice and golden wheat
And fragrant with the chaplet's scent
With holy oil and incense blent
With many an elephant and steed
And wains for draught and cars for speed
With envoys sent by distant kings
And merchants with their precious things
With banners o'er her roofs that play
And weapons that a hundred slay²
All warlike engines framed by man
And every class of artisan
A city rich beyond compare
With bards and minstrels gathered there
And men and damsels who entrance
The soul with play and song and dance
In every street is heard the lute
The drum the tabret and the flute

¹ Schlegel thinks that this refers to the marble of different colours with which the houses were adorned. It seems more natural to understand it as implying the re-echoing of the streets and houses.

² The *Sataghni* is a centicidal or slayer of a hundred is generally supposed to be a sort of fire arms, or the ancient Indian rocket but it is also described as a stone set round with iron spikes.

The Veda chanted soft and low,
 The ringing of the archer's bow,
 With bands of godlike heroes skilled
 In every warlike weapon, filled,
 And kept by warriors from the foe.
 As Nágas guard their home below,¹
 Their wisest Bráhmans evermore
 The flame of worship feed,
 And versed in all the Vedas' lore,
 Then lives of virtue lead
 Truthful and pure, they freely give,
 They keep each sense controlled,
 And in their holy fervour live
 Like the great saints of old

¹ The Nágas (serpents) are demigods with a human face and serpent body. They inhabit Patala or the regions under the earth. Bhogavara is the name of their capital city. Serpents are still worshipped in India. See Fergusson's *Trees and Serpent Worship*.

CANTO VI

THE KING

There reigned a king of name revered
 To country and to town endeared
 Great Daśaratha good and sage
 Well read in Scripture's holy page
 Upon his kingdom's weal intent
 Mighty and brave and provident,
 The pride of old Ikshvāku's seed
 For lofty thought and righteous deed
 Peer of the saints for virtues famed
 For foes subdued and passions tamed
 A rival in his wealth untold
 Of Indra and the Lord of Gold
 Like Manu first of kings he reigned
 And worthily his state maintained
 For firm and just and ever true
 Love duty gain he kept in view
 And ruled his city rich and free
 Like Indra's Amrāvati
 And worthy of so fair a place
 There dwelt a just and happy race
 With troops of children blest
 Each man contented sought no more
 Nor longed with envy for the store
 By richer friends possessed
 For poverty was there unknown

And each man counted as his own

Kine, steeds, and gold, and grain
All dressed in raiment bright and clean,
And every townsman might be seen

With earrings, wreath, or chain
None deigned to feed on broken fare,
And none was false or stingy there
A piece of gold, the smallest pay,
Was earned by labour for a day
On every arm were bracelets worn,
And none was faithless or forsworn,

A braggart or unkind
None lived upon another's wealth,
None pined with dread or broken health,

Or dark disease of mind

High-souled were all The slanderous word,

The boastful lie, were never heard

Each man was constant to his vows,

And lived devoted to his spouse

No other love his fancy knew,

And she was tender, kind, and true

Her dames were fair of form and face,

With charm of wit and gentle grace,

With modest raiment simply neat,

And winning manners soft and sweet

The twice-born sages, whose delight

Was Scripture's page and holy rite,

Then calm and settled course pursued,

Nor sought the menial multitude

In many a Scripture each was versed,

And each the flame of worship nursed,

And gave with lavish hand

Each paid to Heaven the offerings due,

And none was godless or untrue

In all that holy band
 To Brāhmins as the laws ordain
 The Warrior caste were ever fun
 The reverence due to pay,
 And these the Vaiśyas peace-loving crowd
 Who trade and toil for gain were proud
 To honour and obey
 And all were by the Sudras¹ served
 Who never from their duty swerved
 Their proper worship all addressed
 To Brāhman spirits God and guest
 Pure and unmixed their rites remained
 Their race's honour ne'er was stained²
 Cheered by his grandsons sons and wife
 Each passed a long and happy life
 Thus was that famous city held
 By one who all his race excelled
 Blest in his gentle reign
 As the whole land aforetime swayed
 By Manu prince of men obeyed
 Her king from main to main
 And heroes kept her strong and brave
 As lions guard their mountain cave
 Fierce as devouring flame they burned
 And fought till death but never turned
 Horses had she of noblest breed
 Like Indras for their form and speed
 From Vahli's³ hills and Sindhu's⁴ sand

¹ The fourth and lowest pure caste whose duty was to serve the three first classes

² By forbidden marriages between persons of different castes

³ Vahli or Vahlīka is Bactriana its name is preserved in the modern Rīkh

The Sanskrit word Sindhu is in the singular the name of the river

Vanāyu¹ and Kāmboja's land²
 Her noble elephants had strayed
 Through Vindhyan and Himālayan shade,
 Gigantic in their bulk and height,
 Yet gentle in their matchless might
 They rivalled well the world-spread fame
 Of the great stock from which they came,
 Of Vāman, vast of size,
 Of Mahāpadma's glorious line,
 Thine, Anjan, and, Anāvat, thine,³
 Upholders of the skies
 With those, enrolled in fourfold class,
 Who all their mighty kin surpass,
 Whom men Matangas name,
 And Mrigas spotted black and white,
 And Bhadras of unwearied might,
 And Mandias hard to tame⁴

Indus, in the plural of the people and territories on its banks The name appears as *Hridhu* in the cuneiform inscription of Darius son of Hystaspes, in which the nations tributary to that king are enumerated.

The Hebrew form is *Hoddu* (Esther, I 1) In Zend it appears as *Hendu* in a somewhat wider sense With the Persians later the signification of *Hind* seems to have co extended with their increasing acquaintance with the country The weak Ionic dialect omitted the Persian *h*, and we find in Hecataeus and Herodotus *Ἰνδος* and *ἡ Ἰνδική* In this form the Romans received the names and transmitted them to us The Arabian geographers in their ignorance that Hind and Sind are two forms of the same word have made of them two brothers and traced their descent from Noah See Lassen's *Indische Alterthums-kunde*, Vol I pp 2, 3

¹ The situation of Vanayu is not exactly determined, it seems to have lain to the north west of India

² Kāmboja was probably still further to the north-west Lassen thinks that the name is etymologically connected with *Gambyses* which in the cuneiform inscription of Behistun is written *Ka(m)buja*

³ The elephants of Indra and other deities who preside over the four points of the compass

⁴ 'There are four kinds of elephants 1 *Bhadda* It is well propor-

Thus worthy of the name she bore ¹
 Ayodhya for a league or more
 Cast a bright glory round
 Where Daśaratha wise and great
 Governed his fair ancestral state
 With every virtue crowned
 Like Indra in the skies he reigned
 In that good town whose wall contained
 High domes and turrets proud
 With gates and arcs of triumph decked
 And sturdy barriers to protect
 Her gay and countless crowd

tioned has an erect head a broad chest large ears a long tail and is
 bold and can bear fatigue 2 *Mand* It is black has yellow eyes a
 uniformly sized body and is wild and ungovernable 3 *Mrg* It has
 a whitish skin with black spots 4 *M r* It has a small head and
 obeys readily It gets frightened when it thunders 41n : *Akbārī*
 Translated by H Blochmann Ain 41 *The Imperial Elephant Stables*

¹ Ayodhyā means *not to be fought against*

CANTO VII.

THE MINISTERS

Two sages, holy saints, had he,
 His ministers and priests to be
 Vāsishtha, faithful to advise,
 And Vāmadeva, Scripture-wise
 Eight other lords around him stood,
 All skilled to counsel, wise and good
 Jayanta, Vijay, Dhṛishti bold
 In fight, affairs of war controlled
 Siddhāṁṁ and Aṁṁṁṁṁ true
 Watched o'er expense and revenue,
 And Dharmapāl and wise Aśok
 Of right and law and justice spoke
 With these the sage Sumantṁ, skilled
 To urge the car, high station filled
 All these in knowledge duly trained
 Each passion and each sense restrained .
 With modest manners, nobly bred,
 Each plan and nod and look they read,
 Upon their neighbours' good intent,
 Most active and benevolent
 As sit the Vasus¹ round their king,
 They sat around him counselling
 They ne'er in virtue's loftier pride
 Another's lowly gifts decried
 In fair and seemly garb arrayed,
 No weak uncertain plans they made

¹ Attendants of Indra, eight Gods whose names signify fire, light and its phenomena

Well skilled in business fair and just
They gained the people's love and trust
And thus without oppression stored
The swelling treasury of their lord
Bound in sweet friendship each to each
They spoke kind thoughts in gentle speech
They looked alike with equal eye
On every caste on low and high
Devoted to their king they sought
Ere his tongue spoke to learn his thought
And knew as each occasion rose
To hide their counsel or disclose
In foreign lands or in their own
Whatever passed to them was known
By secret spies they timely knew
What men were doing or would do
Skilled in the grounds of war and peace
They saw the monarch's state increase
Watching his weal with conquering eye
That never let occasion by
While nature lent her aid to bless
Their labours with unbought success
Never for anger lust or gain
Would they their lips with falsehood stain
Inclined to mercy they could scan
The weakness and the strength of man
They fairly judged both high and low
And ne'er would wrong a guiltless foe,
Yet if a fault were proved each one
Would punish even his own dear son
But there and in the kingdom's bound
No thief or man impure was found
None of loose life or evil fame
No tempter of another's dame

Contented with their lot each caste
Calm days in blissful quiet passed,
And, all in fitting tasks employed,
Country and town deep rest enjoyed
With these wise lords around his throne

The monarch justly reigned,
And making every heart his own.

The love of all men gained
With trusty agents, as befits,
Each distant realm he scanned,
As the sun visits with his beams

Each corner of the land
Ne'er would he on a mightier foe
With hostile troops advance,
Nor at an equal strike a blow

In war's delusive chance
These lords in council bore their part
With ready brain and faithful heart,
With skill and knowledge, sense and tact,
Good to advise and bold to act
And high and endless fame he won

With these to guide his schemes,
As, risen in his might, the sun
Wins glory with his beams

CANTO VIII

SUMANTRA'S SPEECH

But splendid just and great of mind
 The childless king for offspring pined
 No son had he his name to grace
 Transmitter of his royal race
 Long had his anxious bosom wrought
 And as he pondered rose the thought
 A votive steed twere good to slay
 So might a son the gift repay
 Before his lords his plan he laid
 And bade them with their wisdom aid
 Then with these words Sumantra best
 Of royal counsellors addressed
 Hither Vāsishtha at their head
 Let all my priestly guides be led

To him Sumantra made reply
 Hear Sire a tale of days gone by
 To many a sage in time of old
 Sanatkumar the saint foretold
 How from thine ancient line O King
 A son when years came round should spring
 Here dwells twas thus the seer began
 Of Kaśyapa's¹ race a holy man
 Vibhāndaḥ named to him shall spring
 A son the famous Rishyaśring
 Bred with the deer that round him roam

¹ Kaśyapa was a grandson of the God Brahma. He is supposed to have given his name to the *kaśmir* = Kasyapa mīra Kasyapa's Lake

The wood shall be that hermit's home
 To him no mortal shall be known
 Except his holy sue alone
 Still by those laws shall he abide
 Which lives of youthful Bráhmans guide,
 Obedient to the strictest rule
 That forms the young ascetic's school
 And all the wondering world shall hear
 Of his stern life and penance dear,
 His care to nurse the holy fire
 And do the bidding of his sue
 Then, seated on the Angas' ¹ throne,
 Shall Lomapád to fame be known
 But folly wrought by that great king
 A plague upon the land shall bring,
 No rain for many a year shall fall
 And grievous drought shall ruin all
 The troubled king with many a prayer
 Shall bid the priests some cure declare
 'The lore of Heaven 'tis yours to know,
 Nor are ye blind to things below
 Declare, O holy men, the way
 This plague to expiate and stay'
 Those best of Bráhmans shall reply.
 'By every art, O Monarch, try
 Hither to bring Vibhándak's child,
 Persuaded, captured, or beguiled
 And when the boy is hither led
 To him thy daughter duly wed'

But how to bring that wondrous boy

¹ The people of Anga 'Anga is said in the lexicons to be Bengal, but here certainly another region is intended situated at the confluence of the Sarjú with the Ganges, and not far distant from Daśaratha's dominions' GORRESIO It comprised part of Behar and Bhagulpore

His troubled thoughts will long employ
And hopeless to achieve the task
He counsel of his lords will ask
And bid his priests and servants bring
With honour saintly Rishyaśring
But when they hear the monarch's speech
All these their master will beseech
With trembling hearts and looks of woe
To spare them for they fear to go
And many a plan will they declare
 And crafty plots will frame
And promise fair to show him there
 Unforced with none to blame
On every word his lords shall say
 The king will meditate
And on the third returning day
 Recall them to debate
Then this shall be the plan agreed
 That damsels shall be sent
Attired in holy hermits' weed
 And skilled in blandishment
That they the hermit may beguile
With every art and amorous wile
 Whose use they know so well
And by their witcheries seduce
The unsuspecting young recluse
 To leave his father's cell
Then when the boy with willing feet
Shall wander from his calm retreat
 And in that city stand
The troubles of the king shall end
And streams of blessed rain descend
 Upon the thirsty land
Thus shall the holy Rishyaśring

To Lomapád, the mighty king,
By wedlock be allied ,
For Śántá, fairest of the fair,
In mind and grace beyond compare.
Shall be his royal bride
He, at the Offering of the Steed,
The flames with holy oil shall feed,
And for King Daśaratha gain
Sons whom his prayers have begged in vain'
'I have repeated, Sire, thus far,
The words of old Sanatkumár,
In order as he spoke them then
Amid the crowd of holy men'
Then Daśaratha cried with joy,
'Say how they brought the hermit boy

CANTO IV

PISHYAŚPING

The wise Sumāntra thus addressed
 Unfolded at the King's behest
 The plan the lords in council laid
 To draw the hermit from the shade
 The priest amid the lordly crowd
 To Lompaś thus spoke aloud
 Hear King the plot our thoughts have framed
 A harmless trick by all unblamed
 Far from the world that hermit's child
 Lives lonely in the distant wild
 A stranger to the joys of sense
 His bliss is pain and abstinence
 And all unknown are women yet
 To him a holy anchoret
 The gentle passions we will wake
 That with resistless influence shake
 The hearts of men and he
 Drawn by enchantment strong and sweet
 Shall follow from his lone retreat
 And come and visit thee
 Let ships be formed with utmost care
 That artificial trees may bear
 And sweet fruit deftly made
 Let goodly raiment rich and rare
 And flowers and many a bird be there
 Beneath the leafy shade
 Upon the ships thus decked a band
 Of young and lovely girls shall stand

Rich in each charm that wakes desire,
And eyes that burn with amorous fire,
Well skilled to sing, and play, and dance,
And ply their trade with smile and glance
Let these, attired in hermits' dress,
Betake them to the wilderness,
And bring the boy of life austere
A voluntary captive here'

He ended, and the king agreed,
By the priest's counsel won,
And all the ministers took heed
To see his bidding done
In ships with wondrous art prepared
Away the lovely women fared,
And soon beneath the shade they stood
Of the wild, lonely, dreary wood
And there the leafy cot they found
Where dwelt the devotee,
And looked with eager eyes around
The hermit's son to see
Still, of Vibhândak sore afraid,
They hid behind the creepers' shade
But when by careful watch they knew
The elder saint was far from view,
With bolder steps they ventured nigh
To catch the youthful hermit's eye,
Then all the damsels, blithe and gay,
At various games began to play
They tossed the flying ball about
With dance and song and merry shout,
And moved, then scented tresses bound
With wreaths, in mazy motion round
Some guls as if by love possessed,
Sank to the earth in feigned unrest,

Up starting quickly to pursue
Their intermitted game anew
It was a lovely sight to see
Those fair ones as they played
While fragrant robes were floating free
And bracelets clashing in their glee
A pleasant tinkling made
The anklets chime the Koils¹ cry
With music filled the place
As twere some city in the sky
Which heavenly minstrels grace
With each voluptuous art they strove
To win the tenant of the grove
And with their graceful forms inspire
His modest soul with soft desire
With arch of brow with beck and smile
With every passion waking wile
Of glance and lotus hand
With all enticements that excite
The longing for unknown delight
Which boys in vain withstand
Forth came the hermit's son to view
The wondrous sight to him so new,
And gazed in rapt surprise
For from his natal hour till then
On woman or the sons of men
He ne'er had cast his eyes
He saw them with their waists so slim
With fairest shape and faultless limb
In variegated robes arrayed
And sweetly singing as they played

¹ The *Koī* or *Lokūla* (*Cuculus Indicus*) as the harbinger of spring and love is a universal favourite with Indian poets. His voice when first heard in a glorious spring morning is not unpleasant but becomes in the hot season intolerably warisome to European ears.

Near and more near the hermit drew,
And watched them at their game,
And stronger still the impulse grew
To question whence they came
They marked the young ascetic gaze
With curious eye and wild amaze,
And sweet the long-eyed damsels sang,
And shrill then merry laughter rang.
Then came they nearer to his side,
And languishing with passion cried -
' Whose son, O youth, and who art thou,
Come suddenly to join us now ?
And why dost thou all lonely dwell
In the wild wood ? We pray thee, tell.
We wish to know thee, gentle youth ;
Come, tell us, if thou wilt, the truth '

He gazed upon that sight he ne'er
Had seen before, of girls so fair,
And out of love a longing rose
His sue and lineage to disclose -
' My father,' thus he made reply,
' Is Kaśyap's son, a saint most high,
Vibhāndak styled , from him I came,
And Rishyaśring he calls my name.
Our hermit cot is near this place
Come thither, O ye fair of face ,
There be it mine, with honour due,
Ye gentle youths, to welcome you '

They heard his speech, and gave consent,
And gladly to his cottage went
Vibhāndak's son received them well
Beneath the shelter of his cell
With guest-gift, water for their feet,
And woodland fruit and roots to eat

They smiled and spoke sweet words like these
Delighted with his courtesies

We too have goodly fruit in store
Grown on the trees that shade our door,
Come if thou wilt kind Hermit haste
The produce of our grove to taste,
And let O good Ascetic first
This holy water quench thy thirst
They spoke and gave him comfits sweet
Prepared ripe fruits to counterfeit
And many a dainty cake beside
And luscious mead their stores supplied
The seeming fruits in taste and look
The unsuspecting hermit took
For strange to him their form beguiled
The dweller in the lonely wild
Then round his neck fair arms were flung,
And there the laughing damsels clung
And pressing nearer and more near
With sweet lips whispered at his ear
While rounded limb and swelling breast
The youthful hermit softly pressed
The pleasing charm of that strange bowl
The touch of a tender limb
Over his yielding spirit stole
And sweetly vanquished him
But vows they said must now be paid,
They bade the boy farewell
And of the aged saint afraid
Prepared to leave the dell
With ready guile they told him where
Their hermit dwelling lay
Then lest the sire should find them there
Sped by wild paths away

They fled and left him there alone
By longing love possessed ,
And with a heart no more his own
He roamed about distressed
The aged saint came home, to find
The hermit boy distraught,
Revolving in his troubled mind
One solitary thought
'Why dost thou not, my son,' he cried,
'Thy due obeisance pay ?
Why do I see thee in the tide
Of whelming thought to-day ?
A devotee should never wear
A mien so sad and strange
Come, quickly, dearest child, declare
The reason of the change'
And Rishyaśing, when questioned thus,
Made answer in this wise
'O sire, there came to visit us
Some men with lovely eyes
About my neck soft arms they wound
And kept me tightly held
To tender breasts so soft and round,
That strangely heaved and swelled
They sing more sweetly as they dance
Than e'er I heard till now,
And play with many a sidelong glance
And aching of the brow'
'My son,' said he, 'thus giants roam
Where holy hermits are,
And wander round their peaceful home
Their rites austere to mar
I charge thee, thou must never lay
Thy trust in them, dear boy -

They seek thee only to betray
And woo but to destroy
Thus having warned him of his foes
That night at home he spent
And when the morrow's sun arose
Forth to the forest went

But Rishyaśring with eager pace
Sped forth and hurried to the place
Where he those visitants had seen
Of daintly waist and charming mien
When from afar they saw the son
Of Saint Vibhandak toward them run
To meet the hermit boy they hied
And hailed him with a smile and cried
O come we pray dear lord behold
Our lovely home of which we told
Due honour there to thee we'll pay
And speed thee on thy homeward way
Pleased with the gracious words they said
He followed where the damsels led
As with his guides his steps he bent
That Brahman high of worth
A flood of rain from heaven was sent
That gladdened all the earth

Vibhandak took his homeward road
And wearied by the heavy load
Of roots and woodland fruit he bore
Entered at last his cottage door
Fain for his son he looked around
But desolate the cell he found
He stayed not then to bathe his feet
Though fainting with the toil and heat
But hurried forth and roamed about
Calling the boy with cry and shout

He searched the wood, but all in vain ;
Not tidings of his son could gain

One day beyond the forest's bound
The wandering saint a village found,
And asked the swains and neatherds there
Who owned the land so rich and fair,
With all the hamlets of the plain,
And herds of kine and fields of grain.
They listened to the hermit's words,
And all the guardians of the herds,
With suppliant hands together pressed,
This answer to the saint addressed
'The Angas' lord who bears the name
Of Lomapád, renowned by fame,
Bestowed these hamlets with their kine
And all their riches, as a sign
Of grace, on Rishyaśring , and he
Vibhándak's son is said to be'
The hermit with exulting breast
The mighty will of fate confessed,
By meditation's eye discerned ,
And cheerful to his home returned

A stately ship, at early morn,
The hermit's son away had borne
Loud roared the clouds, as on he sped,
The sky grew blacker overhead ,
Till, as he reached the royal town,
A mighty flood of rain came down
By the great rain the monarch's mind
The coming of his guest divined
To meet the honoured youth he went,
And low to earth his head he bent
With his own priest to lead the train,
He gave the gift high guests obtain,

CANTO X.

RISHYAŚRING INVITED.

'Again, O best of kings, give ear
 My saving words attentive hear,
 And listen to the tale of old
 By that illustrious Bráhmaṇ told
 'Of famed Ikshváku's line shall sprung
 ('Twas thus he spoke) a pious king,
 Named Daśaratha, good and great,
 True to his word and fortunate
 He with the Angas' mighty lord
 Shall ever live in sweet accord,
 And his a daughter fair shall be,
 Śántá of happy destiny
 But Lomapád, the Angas' chief,
 Still pining in his childless grief,
 To Daśaratha thus shall say
 'Give me thy daughter, friend, I pray
 Thy Śántá of the tranquil mind,
 The noblest one of womankind'

The father, swift to feel for woe,
 Shall on his friend his child bestow,
 And he shall take her and depart
 To his own town with joyous heart
 The maiden home in triumph led,
 To Rishyaśring the king shall wed
 And he with loving joy and pride
 Shall take her for his honoured bride
 And Daśaratha to a nite
 That best of Bráhmans shall invite

On through the crowded streets he came,
And, radiant as the kindled flame,
He saw within the monarch's house
The hermit's son most glorious
There Lomapád, with joyful breast,
To him all honour paid,
For friendship for his royal guest
His faithful bosom swayed
Thus entertained with utmost care
Seven days, or eight, he tarried there,
And then that best of men thus broke
His purpose to the king, and spoke
'O King of men, mine ancient friend,'
(Thus Daśaratha prayed)
Thy Śántá with her husband send
My sacrifice to aid'
Said he who ruled the Angas, Yea,
And his consent was won
And then at once he turned away
To warn the hermit's son
He told him of their ties beyond
Their old affection's faithful bond
'This king,' he said, 'from days of old
A well beloved friend I hold
To me this pearl of dames he gave
From childless woe mine age to save,
The daughter whom he loved so much,
Moved by compassion's gentle touch
In him thy Śántá's father see
As I am even so is he
For sons the childless monarch yearns
To thee alone for help he turns
Go thou, the sacred rite ordain
To win the sons he prays to gain

And all he prayed for won
And lords who saw that stranger dame
So beautiful to view,
Rejoiced within their hearts, and came
And paid her honour too
There Rishyaśing passed blissful days,
Graced like the king with love and praise,
And shone in glorious light with her,
Sweet Śántá, for his minister,
As Brahmá's son Vaśishtha, he
Who wedded Saint Arundhatí ¹

¹ One of the Pleiades and generally regarded as the model of wifely excellence

CANTO XI

THE SACRIFICE DEFERRED

The Dewy Season¹ came and went,
 The spring returned again
 Then would the king with mind intent
 His sacrifice ordain
 He came to Rishya ring and bowed
 To him of look divine
 And bade him and his offering vowed
 For heirs to save his line
 Nor would the youth his aid deny
 He spake the monarch fair
 And prayed him for that rite so high
 All requisites prepare
 The king to wise Sumantra cried
 Who stood aye ready near
 Go summon quick each holy guide
 To counsel and to hear
 Obedient to his lord's behest
 Away Sumantra sped
 And brought Vasiṣṭha and the rest
 In Scripture deeply read
 Suyyua Vamadeva came
 Javali Kaśyapa's son
 And old Vasiṣṭha dear to fame
 Obedient every one
 King Daśaratha met them there
 And duly honoured each

¹ The Hindu year is divided into six seasons of two months each
 spring summer rains autumn winter and dewy

And spoke in pleasant words his fair
 And salutary speech
 'In childless longing doomed to pine,
 No happiness, O lords, is mine
 So have I for this cause decreed
 To slay the sacrificial steed
 Fain would I pay that offering high
 Wherein the horse is doomed to die,
 With Rishyaśring his aid to lend,
 And with your glory to befriend'

With loud applause each holy man
 Received his speech, approved the plan,
 And, by the wise Vaśishta led,
 Gave praises to the king, and said
 'The sons thou cravest shalt thou see,
 Of fonest glory, born to thee,
 Whose holy feelings bid thee take
 This righteous course for offspring's sake'
 Cheered by the ready praise of those
 Whose aid he sought, his spirits rose,
 And thus the king his speech renewed
 With looks of joy and gratitude
 'Let what the coming rites require
 Be ready as the priests desire,
 And let the horse, ordained to bleed,
 With fitting guard and priest, be freed'
 Yonder on Sarjú's northern side
 The sacrificial ground provide,
 And let the saving rites, that naught
 Ill-omened may occur, be wrought
 The offering I announce to-day

¹ It was essential that the horse should wander free for a year before immolation, as a sign that his master's paramount sovereignty was acknowledged by all neighbouring princes

Each lord of earth may clam to pay
Provided that his care can guard
The holy rite by flaws unmarred
For wandering fiends whose watchful spite
Waits eagerly to spoil each rite
Hunting with keenest eye detect
The slightest slip the least neglect
And when the sacred work is crossed
The workman is that moment lost
Let preparation due be made

Your powers the charge can meet
That so the noble rite be paid

In every point complete
And all the Brahmans answered Yea

His mandate honouring
And gladly promised to obey
The order of the king

They cried with voices raised aloud
Success attend thine aim !

Then bade farewell and lowly bowed
And hastened whence they came

King Daśaratha went within
His well loved wives to see

And said Your lustral rites begin
For these shall prosper me

A glorious offering I prepare
That precious fruit of sons may bear
Their lily faces brightened fast

Those pleasant words to hear
As lilies when the winter's past
In lovelier hues appear

CANTO XII.

THE SACRIFICE BEGUN.

Again the spring with genial heat
Returning made the year complete
To win him sons, without delay
His vow the king resolved to pay .
And to Vāsishtha, saintly man,
In modest words this speech began
‘ Prepare the rite with all things fit
As is ordained in Holy Writ,
And keep with utmost care afar
Whate’er its sacred forms might mar
Thou art, my lord, my truest guide,
Kind-hearted, and my friend beside ,
So is it meet thou undertake
This heavy task for duty’s sake ’

Then he, of twice-born men the best,
His glad assent at once expressed
‘ Fain will I do whate’er may be
Desired, O honoured King, by thee ’
To ancient priests he spoke, who, trained
In holy rites, deep skill had gained
‘ Here guards be stationed, good and sage,
Religious men of trusted age
And various workmen send and call,
Who frame the door and build the wall
With men of every art and trade,
Who read the stairs and ply the spade,
And mimes and minstrels hither bring,
And damsels trained to dance and sing ’

Then to the learned men he said
In many a page of Scripture read
Be yours each rite performed to see
According to the king's decree
And stranger Brahmans quickly call
To this great rite that welcomes all
Provisions for the princes decked
With art and ornament erect
And handsome booths by thousands made
The Brahman visitors to shade
Arranged in order side by side
With meat and drink and all supplied
And ample stables we shall need
For many an elephant and steed
And chambers where the men may lie
And vast apartments broad and high
Fit to receive the countless bands
Of warriors come from distant lands
For our own people too provide
Sufficient tents extended wide
And stores of meat and drink prepare
And all that can be needed there
And food in plenty must be found
For guests from all the country round
Of various vands presents make
For honour not for pity's sake
That fit regard and worship be
Paid to each caste in due degree
And let not wish or wrath excite
Your hearts the meanest guest to slight,
But still observe with special grace
Those who obtain the foremost place
Whether for happier skill in art
Or bearing in the rite their part

Do you, I pray, with friendly mind
Perform the task to you assigned,
And work the rite, as bids the law,
Without omission, slip, or flaw'

They answered 'As thou seest fit
So will we do and naught omit'
The sage Vaśishtha then addressed
Sumantra called at his behest
'The princes of the earth invite,
And famous lords who guard the rite,
Priest, Warrior, Merchant, lowly thrall,
In countless thousands summon all
Where'er their home be, far or near,
Gather the good with honour here
And Janak, whose imperial sway
The men of Mithilá¹ obey,
The firm of vow, the dread of foes,
Who all the lore of Scripture knows,
Invite him here with honour high,
King Daśaratha's old ally
And Káśí's² lord of gentle speech,
Who finds a pleasant word for each,
In length of days our monarch's peer,
Illustrious king, invite him here
The father of our ruler's bride,
Known for his virtues far and wide,
The king whom Kekaya's¹ realms obey,

¹ Called also Videha, later Tírabhukti, corrupted into the modern Tír-hut, a province bounded on the west and east by the Gandakí and Kauśíkí rivers, on the south by the Ganges, and on the north by the skirts of the Himálayas

² The celebrated city of Benares See Dr Hall's learned and exhaustive Monograph in *the Sacred City of the Hindus*, by the Rev M. A. Sherring

Kekaya is supposed to have been in the Panjáb The name of

Him with his son invite I pray
 And Lomapad the Angas king
 True to his vows and godlike bring
 I ar be thine invitations sent
 To west and south and orient.
 Call those who rule Suráshtra's¹ land
 Suvira's² realm and Sindhu's strand
 And all the kings of earth beside
 In friendship's bonds with us allied
 Invite them all to hasten in
 With retinue and kith and kin

Vaśiṣṭha's speech without delay
 Sumantra bent him to obey
 And sent his trusty envoys forth
 Eastward and westward south and north
 Obedient to the saint's request
 Himself he hurried forth and pressed
 Each nobler chief and lord and king
 To hasten to the gathering
 Before the saint Vaśiṣṭha stood
 All those who wrought with stone and wood
 And showed the work which every one
 In furtherance of the rite had done
 Rejoiced their ready zeal to see
 Thus to the craftsmen all said he
 I charge ye masters see to this
 That there be nothing done amiss
 And this I pray in mind be borne
 That not one gift ye give in scorn
 Whenever scorn a gift attends

th king was Asvapati (Lord of H r es) father of Dasaratha's wife
 Kaikeyi

Su at

¹ Apparently in the west of India not far from the Indus

Great sin is his who thus offends'

And now some days and nights had past,
And kings began to gather fast,
And precious gems in liberal store
As gifts to Dāsaratha bore
Then joy thrilled through Vāsishtha's breast
As thus the monarch he addressed
'Obedient to thy high decree
The kings, my lord, are come to thee
And it has been my care to greet
And honour all with reverence meet
Thy servants' task is ended quite,
And all is ready for the rite
Come forth then to the sacred ground
Where all in order will be found'
Then Rishyaśing confirmed the tale
Nor did then words to move him fail
The stars propitious influence lent
When forth the world's great ruler went
Then by the sage Vāsishtha led
The priest began to speed
Those glorious rites wherein is shed
• The lifeblood of the steed

CANTO VIII

THE SACRIFICE FINISHED

The circling year had filled its course
 And back was brought the wandering horse
 Then upon Sarju's northern strand
 Began the rite the king had planned
 With Rishyasring the forms to guide
 The Brahmins to their task applied
 At that great offering of the steed
 Their lofty-minded king decreed
 The priests who all the Scripture knew
 Performed their part in order due
 And circled round in solemn train
 As precepts of the law ordain
 Pravargya rites¹ were duly sped
 For Upasads² the flames were fed
 Then from the plant³ the juice was squeezed
 And those high saints with minds well pleased
 Performed the mystic rites begun
 With bathing ere the rise of sun

¹ The Pravargya ceremony lasts for three days and is always performed twice a day in the forenoon and afternoon. It precedes all animal and Soma sacrifices. For without having undergone it no one is allowed to take part in the solemn Soma feast prepared for the gods. HARVEY *Atitareja Brahma am.* Vol II p 41 note q.

Upasads. The Gods said Let us perform the burnt offerings called Upasads (the besieging). For by means of an *Upasad* we besieging they conquer a large (fortified) town.—*Ibid.* l 1

³ The Soma plant or *Aleopias Alela*. Its fermented juice was drunk in sacrifice by the priests and offered to the Gods who enjoyed the intoxicating draught.

They gave the portion, India's claim,
And hymned the King whom none can blame.
The mid-day bathing followed next,
Observed as bids the holy text
Then the good priests with utmost care,
In form that Scripture's rules declare,
For the third time pure water shed
On high-souled Daśaratha's head
Then Rishyaśring and all the rest
To Indra and the Gods addressed
Then sweet-toned hymn of praise and prayer,
And called them in the rite to share
With sweetest song and hymn intoned
They gave the Gods in heaven enthroned,
As duty bids, the gifts they claim,
The holy oil that feeds the flame
And many an offering there was paid,
And not one slip in all was made
For with most careful heed they saw
That all was done by Veda law.
None, all those days, was seen oppressed
By hunger or by toil distressed
Why speak of human kind? No beast
Was there that lacked an ample feast
For there was store for all who came,
For orphan child and lonely dame,
The old and young were well supplied,
The poor and hungry satisfied
Throughout the day ascetics fed,
And those who roam to beg their bread
While all around the cry was still,
'Give forth, give forth,' and 'Eat your fill'
'Give forth with liberal hand the meal,
And various robes in largess deal'

Urged by these cries on every side
Unweariedly their task they plied
And heaps of food like hills in size
In boundless plenty met the eyes
And lakes of sauce each day renewed
Refreshed the weary multitude
And strangers there from distant lands
And women folk in crowded bands
The best of food and drink obtained
At the great rite the king ordained
Apart from all the Brahmins there
Thousands on thousands took their share
Of various dainties sweet to taste
On plates of gold and silver placed
All ready set as when they willed
The twice born men their places filled
And servants in fair garments dressed
Waited upon each Brahman guest
Of cheerful mind and mien were they
With gold and jewelled earrings gay
The best of Brāhmans praised the fare
Of countless sorts of flavour rare
And thus to Raghu's son they cried
We bless thee and are satisfied
Between the rites some Brāhmans spent
The time in learned argument
With ready flow of speech sedate
And keen to vanquish in debate¹

¹ Tum in cœmoniarum intervallis Brachmanœ facundi. Hertes crebros sermones de rerum causis instituebant alter alt rum vñce dicupidi. The public disputation in the assembly of Brahmins on the nature of things and the almost fraternal connexion between theology and philosophy deserves some notice whereas the priests of some religions are generally but little inclined to show favour to philosophers nay sometimes persecute them with the most rancorous hatred as we are taught both by history and experience. This *śloka* is found in the

There day by day the holy tiam
 Performed all rites as rules ordain
 No priest in all that host was found
 But kept the vows that held him bound
 None, but the holy Vedas knew,
 And all then six-fold science¹ too
 No Bráhman there was found unfit
 To speak with eloquence and wit

And now the appointed time came near
 The sacrificial posts to rear
 They brought them, and prepared to fix
 Of Bel² and Khádú³ six and six,
 Six, made of the Paláśa⁴ tree,
 Of Fig-wood one, apart to be
 Of Sleshmát⁵ and of Devadái⁶
 One column each, the mightiest far
 So thick the two, the arms of man
 Then ample girth would fail to span
 All these with utmost care were wrought

MSS of different recensions of the Rámíyan, and we have, therefore, the most trustworthy testimony to the antiquity of philosophy among the Indians' SCHLEGEL

¹ The *Angas* or appendices of the Vedas, pronunciation, prosody, grammar, ritual, astronomy, and explanation of obscurities

² In Sanskrit *vilva*, the *Ægle Marmelos* 'He who desires food and wishes to grow fat, ought to make his Yúpa (sacrificial post) of Bilva wood' HAUG's *Ataracya Brahmanam* Vol II p 73

³ The *Mimosa Catechu* 'He who desires heaven ought to make his Yupa of Khadira wood'—*Ibid*

⁴ The *Butea Frondosa* 'He who desires beauty and sacred knowledge ought to make his Yúpa of Paláśa wood'—*Ibid*

⁵ The *Cardia Latifolia*

⁶ A kind of pine The word means literally the tree of the Gods Compare the Hebrew עצי יְהוָה 'trees of the Lord'

By hand of priests in Scripture taught
And all with gold were gilded bright
To add new splendour to the rite
Twenty and one the columns in all
Each one-and twenty cubits tall
And one-and twenty ribbons there
Hung on the pillars bright and fair
Firm in the earth they stood at last
Where cunning craftsmen fixed them fast
And there unshaken each remained
Octagonal and smoothly planed
Then ribbons over all were hung
And flowers and scent around them flung
Thus decked they cast a glory forth
Like the great aunts who star the north¹
The sacrificial altar then
Was raised by skilful twice-born men
In shape and figure to behold
An eagle with his wings of gold
With twice nine pits and formed three fold
Each for some special God beside
The pillars were the victims tied
The birds that roam the wood the air
The water and the land were there
And snakes and things of reptile birth
And healing herbs that spring from earth
As texts prescribe in Scripture found
Three hundred victims there were bound
The steed devoted to the host
Of Gods the gem they honour most
Was duly sprinkled Then the Queen
Kausalya with delighted men

¹ The Hindus call the constellation of Ursa Major the Seven Rishis
or Sages

With reverent steps around him paced,
And with sweet wreaths the victim graced ;
Then with three swords in order due
She smote the steed with joy, and slew.
That night the queen, a son to gain,
With calm and steady heart was fain
By the dead charger's side to stay
From evening till the break of day
Then came three priests, then came to lead
The other queens to touch the steed,
Upon Kauśalyá to attend,
Then company and aid to lend
As by the horse she still reclined,
With happy mien and cheerful mind,
With Rishyaśing the twice-born came
And praised and blessed the royal dame
The priest who well his duty knew,
And every sense could well subdue,
From out the bony chambers fied
And boiled the marrow of the steed
Above the steam the monarch bent,
And, as he smelt the fragrant scent,
In time and order drove afar
All error that his hopes could mar
Then sixteen priests together came
And cast into the sacred flame
The severed members of the horse,
Made ready all in ordered course
On piles of holy Fig-tree raised
The meaner victims' bodies blazed
The steed, of all the creatures slain,
Alone required a pile of cane
Three days, as is by law decreed,
Lasted that Offering of the Steed

The Chātushtom began the rite
 And when the sun renewed his light
 The Ukthya followed after came
 The Atiratra's holy flame
 These were the rites and many more
 Arranged by light of holy lore
 The Aptoryām of mighty power
 And each performed in proper hour
 The Abhyjit and Visvajit
 With every form and service fit
 And with the sacrifice at night
 The Jyotishṭom and Āyus rite ¹

¹ A minute account of these ancient ceremonies would be out of place here. Agnishtoma is the name of a sacrifice or rather a series of offerings to fire for five days. It is the first and principal part of the Jyotishṭoma, one of the great sacrifices in which especially the juice of the Soma plant is offered for the purpose of obtaining Swarga or heaven. GOLDSTÜCKER'S DICTIONARY. The *Agnishtoma* is Agni. It is called so because they (the gods) praised him with this Stoma. They called it so to hide the proper meaning of the word for the gods like to hide the proper meaning of words.

On account of four classes of gods having praised Agni with four Stomas the whole was called *Chātushtoma* (containing four Stomas).

It (the Agnishtom) is called *Jyotishṭoma* for they praised Agni when he had risen up (to the sky) in the shape of light (*jyotis*).

This (Agnishtom) is a sacrificial performance which has no beginning and no end. HAUG'S *Ātareya Brāhmaṇam*.

The Atiratra lit rally last of the *trigṇa* is a division of the service of the Jyotishṭoma.

The Abhyjit the everywhere victorious is the name of a sub-division of the great sacrifice of the Gāmanaya.

The Visvajit or the all conquering is a similar sub-division.

Āyus is the name of a service forming a division of the Abhiplava sacrifice.

The Aptoryām is the seventh or last part of the Jyotishṭoma for the performance of which it is not essentially necessary but a voluntary sacrifice instituted for the attainment of a specific desire. The literal meaning of the word would be in conformity with the *Praudhamanorāma* a sacrifice which procures the attainment of the desired object. GOLDSTÜCKER'S DICTIONARY.

The task was done, as laws prescribe
 The monarch, glory of his tribe,
 Bestowed the land in liberal grants
 Upon the sacred ministrants
 He gave the region of the east,
 His conquest, to the Hotri priest
 The west, the celebsant obtained
 The south, the priest presiding gained.
 The northern region was the share
 Of him who chanted forth the prayer¹
 Thus did each priest obtain his meed
 At the great Slaughter of the Steed,
 Ordained, the best of all to be,
 By self-existent deity
 Ikshváku's son with joyful mind
 This noble fee to each assigned,
 But all the priests with one accord
 Addressed that unpolluted lord

'The *Ukthya* is a slight modification of the Agnishtoma sacrifice. The noun to be supplied to it is *kratu*. It is a Soma sacrifice also, and one of the seven Sansthas or component parts of the Jyotishtoma. Its name indicates its nature. For *Ukthya* means "what refers to the Uktha," which is an older name for Shastrī, i. e. recitation of one of the Hotri priests at the time of the Soma libations. Thus this sacrifice is only a kind of supplement to the Agnishtoma' HAUG *At B.*

¹ 'Four classes of priests were required in India at the most solemn sacrifices. 1 The officiating priests, manual labourers, and acolytes, who had chiefly to prepare the sacrificial ground, to dress the altar, slay the victims, and pour out the libations. 2 The chorists, who chant the sacred hymns. 3 The reciters or readers, who repeat certain hymns. 4 The overseers or bishops, who watch and superintend the proceedings of the other priests, and ought to be familiar with all the Vedas. The formulas and verses to be muttered by the first class are contained in the Yajur veda sanhitā. The hymns to be sung by the second class are in the Sama veda sanhitā. The Atharva veda is said to be intended for the Brahman or overseer, who is to watch the proceedings of the sacrifice, and to remedy any mistake that may occur. The hymns to be recited by the third class are contained in the Rig-veda' *Chips from a German Workshop*

'Tis thine alone to keep the whole
 Of this broad earth in firm control.
 No gift of lands from thee we seek
 To guard the realms our hands were weak
 On sacred lore our days are spent
 Let other gifts our wants content

The chief of old Ikshvákú's line
 Gave them ten hundred thousand fine,
 A hundred millions of fine gold
 The same in silver four times told
 But every priest in presence there
 With one accord resigned his share
 To Saint Váśiṣṭha high of soul
 And Ráḥṣyaśring then gave the whole
 That largesse pleased those Bráhmans well,
 Who bade the prince his wishes tell
 Then Dasaratha mighty king
 Made answer thus to Ráḥṣyaśring
 O holy Hermit of thy grace
 Vouchsafe the increase of my race
 He spoke nor was his prayer denied
 The best of Bráhmans thus replied
 Four sons O Monarch shall be thine
 Upholders of thy royal line

CANTO XIV.

RÁVAN DOOMED

The saint, well read in holy lore,
 Pondered awhile his answer o'er,
 And thus again addressed the king,
 His wandering thoughts regathering
 ' Another life will I begin
 Which shall the sons thou cravest win,
 Where all things shall be duly sped
 And first Atharva texts be read '

Then by Vibhándak's gentle son
 Was that high sacrifice begun,
 The king's advantage seeking still
 And zealous to perform his will
 Now all the Gods had gathered there,
 Each one for his allotted share
 Brahmá, the ruler of the sky,
 Sthánu, Náráyan, Lord most high,
 And holy India men might view
 With Maruts³ for his retinue ,
 The heavenly choister, and saint,
 And spirit pure from earthly taint,
 With one accord had sought the place
 The high-souled monarch's life to grace
 Then to the Gods who came to take
 Their proper share the hermit spake
 ' For you has Daśaratha slain.
 The votive steed, a son to gain ,

³ The Maruts are the winds, deified in the religion of the Veda like other mighty powers and phenomena of nature

Stern penance rites the king has tried
And in firm faith on you relied
And now with undiminished care
A second rite would fain prepare
But O ye Gods consent to grant
The longing of your supplicant
For him beeeching hands I lift
And pray you all to grant the gift
That four fair sons of high renown
The offerings of the king may crown
Then to the hermit's son replied
His longing shall be gratified
For Bharman in most high degree
We love the king and honour thee

These words the Gods in answer said
And vanished thence by Indra led
Thus to the Lord the worlds who made
The Immortals all assembled prayed
O Brahman mighty by thy grace
Ravana who rules the giant race
Torments us in his cruel pride
And penance longing sits beside
For thou well pleased in days of old
Gavest the boon that made him bold
That God nor demon e'er should kill
His charmed life for so thou wilt
We honouring that high behest
Be with all his rage though sore distressed
That lord of giants fierce and fell
Scourges the earth and heaven and hell
Made with thy boon his impious rage
Smite saint and barl and God and sage
The sun himself withhold his glow
The wind in fear forbears to blow

The fire restrains his wonted heat
Where stand the dreaded Rávan's feet,
And, necklaced with the wandering wave,
The sea before him fears to rave.
Kuveia's self in sad defeat
Is driven from his blissful seat
We see, we feel the giant's might,
And woe comes o'er us and affright.
To thee, O Lord, thy suppliants pray
To find some cure this plague to stay.'

Thus by the gathered Gods addressed
He pondered in his secret breast,
And said 'One only way I find
To slay this fiend of evil mind
He prayed me once his life to guard
From demon, God, and heavenly bard,
And spirits of the earth and air,
And I consenting heard his prayer.
But the proud giant in his scorn
Recked not of man or woman born
None else may take his life away,
But only man the fiend may slay'
The Gods, with Indra at their head,
Rejoiced to hear the words he said
Then, crowned with glory like a flame,
Lord Vishnu to the council came,
His hands shell, mace, and discus bore,
And saffron were the robes he wore
Riding his eagle through the crowd,
As the sun rides upon a cloud,
With bracelets of fine gold, he came
Loud welcomed by the Gods' acclaim
His praise they sang with one consent,
And cried, in lowly reverence bent.

O Lord whose hand fierce Madhu¹ slew,
Be thou our refuge firm and true
Friend of the suffering worlds art thou
We pray thee help thy suppliants now
Then Vishnu spake Ye Gods declare
What may I do to grant your prayer?

‘King Daśaratha thus cried they
Fervent in penance many a day
The sacrificial steed has slain
Longing for sons but all in vain
Now at the cry of us forlorn
Incarnate as his seed be born
Three queens has he each lovely dame
Like Beauty Modesty or Fame
Divide thyself in four and be
His offspring by these noble three
Man’s nature take and slay in fight
Ravan who laughs at heavenly might
This common scourge this rankling thorn
Whom the three worlds too long have borne
For Ravan in the senseless pride
Of might unequalled has defied
The host of heaven and plagues with woe
Angel and bard and saint below
Crushing each spirit and each mind
Who plays in Nandān’s² heavenly shade
O conquering Lord to thee we bow
Our surest hope and trust art thou
Regard the world of men below
And slay the Gods tremendous foe

When thus the suppliant Gods had prayed

¹ A Titan or fiend whose destruction has given Vishnu one of his well known titles Madhava

² The garden of Indra

HIS wise reply NÁIÁYAN¹ made
 'What task demands my presence there,
 And whence this dread, ye Gods declare'

The Gods replied 'We fear, O Lord,
 Fierce RÁVAN, ravener abhorred
 Be thine the glorious task, we pray,
 In human form this fiend to slay
 By thee of all the Blest alone
 This sinner may be overthrown
 He gained by penance long and dire
 The favour of the mighty SUE
 Then He who every gift bestows
 Guarded the fiend from heavenly foes,
 And gave a pledge his life that kept
 From all things living, man except
 On him thus aimed no other foe
 Than man may deal the deadly blow
 Assume, O King, a mortal birth,
 And strike the demon to the earth'

Then Vishnu, God of Gods, the Lord
 Supreme by all the worlds adored,
 To Brahmá and the suppliants spake
 'Dismiss your fear for your dear sake
 In battle will I smite him dead,
 The cruel fiend, the Immortals' dread
 And lords and ministers and all
 His kith and kin with him shall fall
 Then, in the world of mortal men,
 Ten thousand years and hundreds ten
 I as a human king will reign,
 And guard the earth as my domain'

¹ One of the most ancient and popular of the numerous names of Vishnu. The word has been derived in several ways, and may mean *he who moved on the (primordial) waters*, or *he who pervades or influences men or their thoughts*

God saint and nymph and minstrel throng
With heavenly voices rused their song
In hymns of triumph to the God
Whose conquering feet on Madhu trod
 ‘Champion of Gods as man appear
 This cruel Rivan slay
The thorn that stunts and hermits fear
 The plague that none can stay
In savage fury uncontrolled
 His pride for ever grows
He dares the Lord of Gods to hold
 Among his deadly foes

CANTO XV.

THE NECTAR.

When wisest Vishnu thus had given
 His promise to the Gods of heaven,
 He pondered in his secret mind
 A suited place of birth to find
 Then he decreed, the lotus-eyed,
 In four his being to divide,
 And Daśaratha, gracious king,
 He chose as sire from whom to spring.
 That childless prince, of high renown,
 Who smote in war his foemen down,
 At that same time with utmost care
 Prepared the rite that wins an heir¹
 Then Vishnu, fain on earth to dwell,
 Bade the Almighty Sire farewell,
 And vanished while a reverent crowd
 Of Gods and sants in worship bowed

The monarch watched the sacred rite,
 When a vast form of awful might,
 Of matchless splendour, strength, and size
 Was manifest before his eyes
 From forth the sacrificial flame,
 Dark, robed in red, the being came
 His voice was drumlike, loud and low,
 His face suffused with rosy glow
 Like a huge lion's mane appeared
 The long locks of his hair and beard.
 He shone with many a lucky sign,

¹ The Horse Sacrifice, just described

And many an ornament divine
A towering mountain in his height
A tiger in his gait and might
No precious mine more rich could be
No burning flame more bright than he
His arms embraced in loving hold,
Like a dear wife a vase of gold
Whose silver lining held a draught
Of nectar as in heaven is quaffed
A vase so vast so bright to view
They scarce could count the vision true
Upon the king his eyes he bent
And said The Lord of life has sent
His servant down O Prince to be
A messenger from heaven to thee
The king with all his nobles by
Raised reverent hands and made reply
'Welcome O glorious being' Say
How can my care thy grace repay
Envoy of Him whom all adore
Thus to the king he spake once more
The Gods accept thy worship they
Give thee the blessed fruit to day
Approach and take O glorious King
This heavenly nectar which I bring
For it shall give thee sons and wealth,
And bless thee with a store of health
Give it to those fair queens of thine
And bid them quaff the drink divine
And they the princely sons shall bear
Long sought by sacrifice and prayer

Yea O my lord the monarch said
And took the vase upon his head
The gift of Gods of fine gold wrought,

With store of heavenly liquor fraught
 He honoured, filled with transport new,
 That wondrous being, fair to view,
 As round the envoy of the God
 With reverential steps he trod¹
 His errand done, that form of light
 Arose and vanished from the sight
 High rapture filled the monarch's soul,
 Possessed of that celestial bowl,
 As when a man by want distressed
 With unexpected wealth is blest
 And rays of transport seemed to fall
 Illuminating bower and hall,
 As when the autumn moon rides high,
 And floods with lovely light the sky
 Quick to the ladies' bower he sped,
 And thus to Queen Kauśalyā said
 'This genial nectar take and quaff,'
 He spoke, and gave the lady half
 Part of the nectar that remained
 Sumitrā from his hand obtained
 He gave, to make her fruitful too,
 Kaikeyī half the residue
 A portion yet remaining there,
 He paused awhile to think,

¹ To walk round an object keeping the right side towards it is a mark of great respect. The Sanskrit word for the observance is *pradalshina*, from *pra pro*, and *dals'ha* right, Greek δεξιός, Latin dexter, Gaelic deas il. A similar ceremony is observed by the Gaels.

'In the meantime she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun.'

Then gave Sumitra with her share
The remnant of the drink
Thus on each queen of the fair three
A part the ling bestowed
And with sweet hope a child to see
Their yearning bosoms glowed
The heavenly bowl the ling supplied
Their longing souls relieved
And soon with rapture and with pride
Each roval dame conceived
He gazed upon each lady's face
And triumphed as he gazed
As Indra in his roval place
By Gods and spirits praised

CANTO XVI.

THE VÁNARS

When Vishnu thus had gone on earth,
 From the great king to take his birth,
 The self-existent Lord of all
 Addressed the Gods who heard his call
 'For Vishnu's sake, the strong and true,
 Who seeks the good of all of you,
 Make helps, in war to lend him aid,
 In forms that change at will, arrayed,
 Of wizard skill and hero might,
 Outstippers of the wind in flight,
 Skilled in the arts of counsel, wise,
 And Vishnu's peers in bold emprise,
 With heavenly arts and prudence fraught,
 By no devices to be caught,
 Skilled in all weapons' lore and use
 As they who drink the immortal juice ¹
 And let the nymphs supreme in grace,
 And maidens of the minstrel race,
 Monkeys and snakes, and those who love
 Free spirits of the hill and grove,
 And wandering Daughters of the Air,
 In monkey form brave children bear.
 So erst the lord of bears I shaped,
 Born from my mouth as wide I gaped'

Thus by the mighty Sire addressed
 They all obeyed his high behest,

¹ The *Amrit*, the nectar of the Indian Gods.

And thus begot in countless swarms
 Brave sons disguised in sylvan forms
 Each God each sage became a sire
 Each minstrel of the heavenly quire ¹
 Each frun ² of children strong and good
 Whose feet should roam the hill and wood
 Snakes bards ³ and spirits ⁴ serpents bold
 Had sons too numerous to be told
 Bili the woodland hosts who led
 High as Mahendras ⁵ lofty head
 Was Indras child That noblest fire
 The Sun was great Sugrivas sire
 Tara the mighty monkey he
 Was offspring of Vrihaspati ⁶
 Tara the matchless chieftain boast
 For wisdom of the Vanar host
 Of Gandhamadan brave and bold
 The father was the Lord of Gold

¹ *Gandharvas* (Soulful & Gentle voices) are celestial musicians in habit like Indra's heaven and forming the orchestra at all the banquets of the princely deities

² *Yakshas* & *demigods* attendant especially on Kuvera and employed by him in the care of his garden and treasures

³ *Aksharushas* demigods attached also to the service of Kuvera celestial musicians represented like centaurs reversed with human figures and horse heads

⁴ *Siddhas* demigods or spirits of undefined attributes occupying with the *Vedjadhars* the middle air or region between the earth and the sun

Schleier translates: *Divi Sapientes Fiducines Præpetes illustres Geni Præcones qui procreant natos masculos siliculas annuos porro Hippocephali Beati Alacri Serpentesque frequentes alacriter generavere prolem innumerabilem.*

⁵ A mountain in the south of India.

⁶ The preceptor of the Gods and regent of the planet Jupiter

Nala the mighty, dear to fame,
 Of skilful Viśvakarmā¹ came
 From Agni, - Nīla bright as flame,
 Who in his splendour, might, and worth,
 Surpassed the one who gave him birth
 The heavenly Aśvins,² swift and fair,
 Were fathers of a noble pair,
 Who, Dārida and Manda named,
 For beauty like their sires were famed
 Varuṇ³ was father of Sushen,
 Of Śatabh, he who sends the rain⁴
 Hanumān, best of monkey kind,
 Was son of him who breathes the wind
 Like thunderbolt in frame was he,
 And swift as Garud's⁵ self could flee
 These thousands did the Gods create
 Endowed with might that none could mate,
 In monkey forms that changed at will
 So strong their wish the fiend to kill.
 In mountain size, like lions thewed,
 Up sprang the wondrous multitude,
 Auxiliary hosts in every shape,
 Monkey and bear and highland ape

¹ The celestial architect, the Indian Hephæstus, Mulciber, or Vulcan

² The God of Fire

³ Twin children of the Sun, the physicians of Svarga or Indra's heaven

⁴ The deity of the waters

⁵ Parjanya, sometimes confounded with Indra

⁶ The bird and vehicle of Vishnu. He is generally represented as a being something between a man and a bird and considered as the sovereign of the feathered race. He may be compared with the Simurgh of the Persians, the 'Anlá of the Arabs, the Griffin of chivalry, the Phoenix of Egypt, and the bird that sits upon the ash Yggdrasil of the Edda.

In each the strength the might the mien
Of his own parent God were seen
Some chiefs of Vinar mothers came
Some of she bear and minstrel dame
Slilled in all arms in battle's shock
The brandished tree the loosened rock
And prompt should other weapons ful
To fight and slay with tooth and nail
Their strength could shal e the hills amain
And rend the rooted trees in twain
Disturb with their impetuous sweep
The Rivers Lord the Ocean deep
Pend with their feet the eated ground
And pass wide floods with airy bound
Or forcing through the sl y their way
The very clouds by force could try
Mad elephants that wander through
Th fore t wilds could they subdue
And with their furious shout could scare
Dead upon earth the birds of air
So were the sylvan chieftains formed
Thousands on thousands still they swarmed
These were the leaders honoured most
The captains of the Vinar host
And to each lord and chief and guide
Was monkey offspring born beside
Then by the bears great monarch stood
The other rovers of the wood
And turned their pathle's home to seek
To forest and to mountain peak
The leaders of the monkey band
By the two brother took their stand
Sugriva offspring of the Sun
And Bali Indra's mighty one

They both endowed with Garud's might,
And skilled in all the arts of fight,
Wandered in arms the forest through,
And lions, snakes, and tigers, slew.
But every monkey, ape, and bear
Ever was Báli's special care,
With his vast strength and mighty arm
He kept them from all scathe and harm.
And so the earth with hill, wood, seas,
Was filled with mighty ones like these,
Of various shape and race and kind,
With proper homes to each assigned.
With Ráma's champions fierce and strong
The earth was overspread,
High as the hills and clouds, a throng
With bodies vast and dread¹

¹ This Canto will appear ridiculous to the European reader. But it should be remembered that the monkeys of an Indian forest, tho' 'bough deer' as the poets call them, are very different animals from the 'tupissima bestia' that accompanies the itinerant organ grinder or grins in the Zoological Gardens of London. Milton has made his hero, Satan, assume the forms of a cormorant, a toad, and a serpent, and I cannot see that this creation of semi-divine Vanais, or monkeys, is more ridiculous or undignified.

CANTO XVII

ASHVAMEDH RETURNS

Now when the high souled monarch's rite
The Ashvamedh was finished quite
Their sacrificial dues obtained
The Gods their heavenly homes regained
The lofty minded saints withdrew
Each to his place with honour due
And kings and chieftains one and all
Who came to grace the festival
And Dasaratha ere they went
Addressed them thus benevolent
'Now may you each with joyful heart
To your own realms O Kings depart
Peace and good luck attend you there
And blessing is my friendly prayer
Let cares of state each mind engage
To guard his royal heritage
A monarch from his throne expelled
No better than the dead is held
So he who cares for power and might
Must guard his realm and royal right
Such care a meed in heaven will bring
Better than rites and offering
Such care a king his country owes
As man upon himself bestows
When for his body he provides
Raiment and every need besides
For future days should kings foresee
And keep the present error free

Thus did the king the kings exhort
They heard, and turned them from the court,
And, each to each in friendship bound,
Went forth to all the realms around
The rites were o'er, the guests were sped.
The train the best of Brāhmans led,
In which the king with joyful soul,
With his dear wives, and with the whole
Of his imperial host and train
Of cars and servants turned again,
And, as a monarch dear to fame,
Within his royal city came

Next, Rishyaśing, well-honoured sage,
And Śántá, sought then hermitage
The king himself, of prudent mind,
Attended him, with troops behind,
And all her men the town outpoured
With Saint Vāśishṭha and then lord
High mounted on a car of state,
O'ercanopied far Śántá sate,
Drawn by white oxen, while a band
Of servants marched on either hand
Great gifts of countless price she bore,
With sheep and goats and gems in store.
Like Beauty's self the lady shone
With all the jewels she had on,
As, happy in her sweet content,
Peerless amid the fair she went
Not Queen Paulomí's¹ self could be
More loving to her lord than she
She who had lived in happy ease,
Honoured with all her heart could please,

¹ The consort of Indra, called also Śachí and Indrani

While dames and kinsfolk ever vied
 To see her wishes gratified
 Soon as she knew her husband's will
 Again to seek the forest still
 Was ready for the hermit's cot
 Nor murmured at her altered lot.
 The king attended to the wild
 That hermit and his own dear child
 And in the centre of a throng
 Of noble courtiers rode along
 The sage's son had let prepare
 A lodge within the wood and there
 Awhile they lingered blithe and gay
 Then duly honoured went their way
 The glorious hermit Rishyasing
 Drew near and thus besought the king

Return my honoured lord I pray
 Return upon thy homeward way
 The monarch with the waiting crowd
 Lifted his voice and wept aloud
 And with eyes dripping still to each
 Of his good queens he spake this speech

Kauṣṭhī and Sumitradhar
 And thou my sweet Kaikeḥ hear
 All upon Śānta feast your gaze
 The last time for a length of days
 To Śakra's arms the ladies leapt
 And hung about her neck and wept
 And cried O happy be the life
 Of this great Brahman and his wife
 The Wind the Fire the Moon on high
 The Earth the Streams the circling Śly
 Preserve thee in the wood true spouse
 Devoted to thy husband's vows

And O dear Śántā, ne'er neglect
To pay the dues of meek respect
To the great saint, thy husband's sue,
With all observance and with fire
And, sweet one, pure of spot and blame,
Forget not thou thy husband's claim,
In every change, in good and ill
Let thy sweet words delight him still,
And let thy worship constant be
Her lord is woman's deity
To learn thy welfare, dearest friend,
The king will many a Brâhman send
Let happy thoughts thy spirit cheer,
And be not troubled, daughter dear'

These soothing words the ladies said,
And pressed their lips upon her head
Each gave with sighs her last adieu,
Then at the king's command withdrew
The king around the hermit went
With circling footsteps reverent,
And placed at Rishyaśing's command
Some soldiers of his royal band
The Brâhman bowed in turn and cried,

' May fortune never leave thy side
O mighty King, with justice reign,
And still thy people's love retain'
He spoke, and turned away his face,

And, as the hermit went,
The monarch, rooted to the place,

Pursued with eyes intent
But when the sage had past from view
King Daśaratha turned him too,
Still fixing on his friend each thought,
With such deep love his breast was fraught.

Amid his people's loud acclaim
 Home to his royal seat he came
 And lived delighted there
 Expecting when each queenly dame
 Upholder of his ancient fame
 Her promised son should bear
 The glorious sage his way pursued
 Till close before his eyes he viewed
 Sweet Champā Lompad's fair town
 Wreathed with her Champac's¹ leafy crown
 Soon as the saint's approach he knew
 The king to yield him honour due
 Went forth to meet him with a band
 Of priests and nobles of the land
 Hail Sage he cried O joy to me!
 What bliss it is my lord to see
 Thee with thy wife and all thy train
 Returning to my town again
 Thy father honoured Sage is well
 Who hither from his woodland cell
 Has sent full many a messenger
 For tidings both of thee and her
 Then joyfully for due respect
 The monarch bade the town be decked
 The king and Rābhāring elate
 Entered the royal city's gate
 In front the chaplain rode
 Then loved and honoured with all care
 By monarch and by courtier there
 The glorious saint abode

¹ The *Melachapact* It bears a scented yell w blossom
 The maid of Ind a blest again to hold
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold. *Lalla! Poo!*

CANTO XVIII.

RISHYASRING'S DEPARTURE

The monarch called a Bráhmaṇ near
 And said, ' Now speed away
 To Kaśyap's son, ' the mighty seer,
 And with all reverence say
 The holy child he holds so dear,
 The hermit of the noble mind,
 Whose equal it were hard to find,
 Returned, is dwelling here
 Go, and instead of me do thou
 Before that best of hermits bow,
 That still he may, for his dear son,
 Show me the favour I have won '
 Soon as the king these words had said,
 To Kaśyap's son the Bráhmaṇ sped
 Before the hermit low he bent
 And did obeisance, reverent ,
 Then with meek words his grace to crave
 The me-sage of his lord he gave
 ' The high-souled father of his bride
 Had called thy son his rites to guide
 Those rites are o'er, the steed is slain ,
 Thy noble child is come again '

Soon as the saint that speech had heard
 His spirit with desire was stured
 To seek the city of the king
 And to his cot his son to bring

' Vibhándaka, the father of Rishyasring

With young disciples at his side
 Forth on his way the hermit hied
 While peasants from their hamlets ran
 To reverence the holy man
 Each with his little gift of food
 Forth came the village multitude
 And as they humbly bowed the head
 What may we do for thee? they said.
 Then he of Brāhman's first and best
 The gath' red people thus addressed
 Now tell me for I fain would know
 Why is it I am honoured so?
 They to the high souled saint replied -
 Our ruler is with thee allied
 Our master's order we fulfil
 O Brāhman let thy mind be still *

With joy the saintly hermit heard
 Each pleasant and delightful word
 And poured a benediction down
 On king and ministers and town
 Glad at the words of that high saint
 Some servants hastened to acquaint
 Their king rejoicing to impart
 The tidings that would cheer his heart
 Soon as the joyful tale he knew
 To meet the saint the monarch flew
 The guest gift in his hand he brought
 And bowed before him and besought
 This day by seeing thee I gain
 Not to have lived my life in vain
 Now be not wroth with me I pray
 Because I wiled thy son away †

* A h misloka is wanting in Schleier's text which he thus fills up in his Latin translation.

The best of Brāhmins answer made
 'Be not, great lord of kings, afraid
 Thy virtues have not failed to win
 My favour, O thou pure of sin'
 Then in the front the saint was placed,
 The king came next in joyous haste,
 And with him entered his abode,
 Mid glad acclaim as on they rode
 To greet the sage the reverent crowd
 Raised suppliant hands and humbly bowed
 Then from the palace many a dame
 Following well-dressed Śāntī came,
 Stood by the mighty saint and cried
 'See, honour's source, thy son's dear bride'
 The saint, who every virtue knew,
 His arms around his daughter threw,
 And with a father's rapture pressed
 The lady to his wondering breast
 Arising from the saint's embrace
 She bowed her low before his face,
 And then, with palm to palm applied,
 Stood by her hermit father's side
 He for his son, as laws ordain,
 Performed the rite that frees from stain,¹
 And, honoured by the wise and good,
 With him departed to the wood

¹ Rishyaśring, a Brahman, had married Śāntī who was of the Kshatriya or Warrior caste and an expiatory ceremony was necessary on account of this violation of the law

CANTO XIX

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE¹

The seasons six in rapid flight
 Had circled since that glorious rite
 Eleven months had passed away
 Twas Chaitra's ninth returning day¹
 The moon within that mansion shone
 Which Aditi looks kindly on
 Raised to their apex in the sky
 Five brilliant planets beamed on high
 Shone with the moon in Cancer's sign
 Vrihaspati² with light divine
 Kauśalya bore an infant blest
 With heavenly marks of grace impressed
 Páma the universe's lord
 A prince by all the worlds adored

¹ The poet no doubt intended to indicate the vernal equinox as the birthday of Rama. For the month *Chaitra* is the first of the two months assigned to the spring, it corresponds with the latter half of March and the former half of April in our division of the year. *Aditi* the mother of the Gods is lady of the seventh lunar mansion which is called *Punarvasu*. The five planets and their positions in the Zodiac are thus narrated by both commentators: the Sun in Aries, Mars in Capricorn, Saturn in Libra, Jupiter in Cancer, Venus in Pisces.

I leave to astrophysicists to examine whether the particulars of the description agree with or not, and if this be the case thence to deduce the date. The Indians place the nativity of Ráma in the confines of the second *avastha* (*treta*) and the third (*dwápara*) but it seems that this should be taken in an allegorical sense. We may consider that the poet had an eye to the time in which immediately before his own age the aspects of the heavenly bodies were such as he has described. SCHLEGEL.

² The recent of the planet Jupiter.

New glory Queen Kausalyá won
 Reflected from her splendid son
 So Aditi shone more and more,
 The Mother of the Gods, when she
 The King of the Immortals bore,
 The thunder-wielding deity
 The lotus-eyed, the beauteous boy,
 He came fierce Rávan to destroy,
 From half of Vishnu's vigour born,
 He came to help the worlds foil him
 And Queen Kaikeyí bore a child
 Of truest valour, Bharat styled,
 With every princely virtue blest,
 One fourth of Vishnu manifest
 Sumitrá too a noble pair,
 Called Lakshman and Śatughna, bare,
 Of high empire, devoted, true,
 Sharers in Vishnu's essence too
 'Neath Pushya's² mansion, Mína's³ sign,
 Was Bharat born, of soul benign
 The sun had reached the Clab at morn
 When Queen Sumitrá's babes were born,
 What time the moon had gone to make
 His nightly dwelling with the Snake
 The high-souled monarch's consorts bore
 At different times those glorious four,
 Like to himself and virtuous, bright
 As Pishthapadá's⁴ four-fold light

¹ Indra=Jupiter Tonans

² 'Pushya is the name of a month, but here it means the eighth mansion. The ninth is called *Āśleṣha*, or the snake. It is evident from this that Bharat, though his birth is mentioned before that of the twins was the youngest of the four brothers and Ráma's junior by eleven months' SCHLEGEL

³ A fish, the Zodiacal sign *Pisces*

⁴ One of the constellations, containing stars in the wing of Pegasus.

Then danced the nymphs celestial throng
 The minstrels ruled their strain
 The drums of heaven pealed loud and long
 And flower came down in rain
 Within Ayodhya blithe and gay
 All kept the joyous holiday
 The spacious square the ample road
 With mimes and dancers overflowed
 And with the voice of music rang
 Where minstrels played and singers sang
 And shone a wonder to behold
 With dazzling show of gem and gold
 Nor did the king his largess spare
 For minstrel driver bard to share
 Much wealth the Brahmans bore away
 And many thousand fine that day
 Soon as each babe was twelve days old
 'Twas time the naming rite to hold
 When Sūta Vasiṣṭha sat with joy
 Assigned a name to every boy
 Rāma to him the high souled heir
 Bharat to him Kukeya bare
 Of Queen Sumitra one fair son
 Was Lakshman and Śatrughna¹ one
 Rāma his sister supreme delight
 Like some proud banner cheered his sight
 And to all creatures seemed to be
 The self-existent deity
 All heroes revered in holy lore
 To all mankind great love they bore
 Fair stores of wisdom all possessed
 With princely graces all were blest

¹ Rāma means the Delight (of the World) Bharat the Supporter
 Lakshman the Lustrous Śatrughna the Slayer of Foes

But mid those youths of high descent,
With lordly light preeminent,
Like the full moon unclouded, shone
Ráma, the world's dear paragon
He best the elephant could guide;²
Uge the fleet car, the charger ride
A master he of bowman's skill,
Joying to do his father's will
The world's delight and darling, he
Loved Lakshman best from infancy,
And Lakshman, lord of lofty fate,
Upon his elder joyed to wait,
Striving his second self to please
With friendship's sweet observances
His limbs the hero ne'er would rest
Unless the couch his brother pressed,
Except beloved Ráma shared
He could not taste the meal prepared
When Ráma, pride of Raghu's race,
Sprang on his steed to uge the chase,
Behind him Lakshman loved to go
And guard him with his trusty bow
As Ráma was to Lakshman dear
More than his life and ever near,
So fond Śatughna prized above
His very life his Bharat's love,
Illustrious heroes, nobly kind
In mutual love they all combined,
And gave then loyal sue delight
With modest grace and warrior might

² Schlegel, in the *Indische Bibliothek*, remarks that the proficiency of the Indians in this art early attracted the attention of Alexander's successors, and natives of India were so long exclusively employed in this service that the name Indian was applied to any elephant driver, to whatever country he might belong

Supported by the glorious four
Shone Daśaratha more and more
As though with every guardian God
Who keeps the land and skies
The Father of all creatures trod
The earth before men's eyes

CANTO XX.

VIŚVÁMITRA'S VISIT

Now Daśaratha's pious mind
 Meet wedlock for his sons designed,
 With priests and friends the king began
 To counsel and prepare his plan
 Such thoughts engaged his bosom, when,
 To see Ayodhyá's lord of men,
 A mighty saint of glorious fame,
 The hermit Viśvámitra¹ came
 For evil fiends that roam by night
 Disturbed him in each holy rite,
 And in their strength and frantic rage
 Assailed with witcheries the sage
 He came to seek the monarch's aid
 To guard the rites the demons stayed,
 Unable to a close to bring
 One unpolluted offering
 Seeking the king in this dire strait
 He said to those who kept the gate
 'Haste, warders, to your master run,
 And say that here stands Gádhi's son'
 Soon as they heard the holy man,
 To the king's chamber swift they ran
 With minds disordered all, and spurred
 To wildest zeal by what they heard
 On to the royal hall they sped,
 There stood and lowly bowed the head,

¹ The story of this famous saint is given at sufficient length in Cantos LI—LV

And made the lord of men aware
That the great saint was waiting there
The king with priest and peer arose
And ran the sage to meet

As Indra from his palace goes
Lord Brahma's self to greet
When glowing with celestial light
The pious hermit was in sight
The king whose men his transport showed
The honoured gift for guests he bowed
Nor did the saint that gift despise
Offered as holy texts advise
He kindly asked the earth's great king
How all with him was prospering
The son of Kusika¹ told him all
If all in town and field were well
All well with friends and kith and kin
And royal treasure stored within

Do all thy neighbours own thy sway?

Thy foe confers thee yet?

Dost thou continue still to pray

To Gods and men each debt?

Then he of hermits first and best
Vasishtha with a smile² addressed
And asked him of his welfare too
Showing him honour as was due
Then with the sainted hermit all
Went joyous to the monarch's hall

¹ The saint has given his name to the district and city to the east of Benares. The original name preserved in land grant on copper now in the Museum of the Benares College has been Moslemized into Ghazeepore (the City of the Soldier martyr).

² The son of Kusika is Visvámitra.

³ At the recollection of their former enmity to be described here after.

And sate them down by due degree,
Each one, of rank and dignity
Joy filled the noble prince's breast
Who thus bespoke the honoured guest
' As amrit¹ by a mortal found,
As rain upon the thirsty ground,
As to an heirless man a son
Born to him of his precious one,
As gain of what we sorely miss,
As sudden dawn of mighty bliss,
So is thy coming here to me
All welcome, mighty Saint, to thee
What wish within thy heart hast thou?
If I can please thee, tell me how
Hail, Saint, from whom all honours flow
Worthy of all I can bestow
Blest is my birth with fruit to-day,
Nor has my life been thrown away
I see the best of Bráhmaṇ race,
And night to glorious morn gives place
Thou, holy Sage, in days of old
Among the royal saints enrolled,
Didst, penance-glorified, within
The Bráhmaṇ caste high station win
'Tis meet and right in many a way
That I to thee should honour pay
This seems a marvel to mine eyes .
All sin thy visit purifies ,
And I by seeing thee, O Sage,
Have reaped the fruit of pilgrimage
Then say what thou wouldst have me do,
That thou hast sought this interview
Favoured by thee, my wish is still,

¹ The Indian nectar or drink of the Gods.

O Hermit to perform thy will
Ner need'st thou at length explain
The object that thy heart would gain
Without reserve I grant it now
My dear O Lord art thou

The glorious hermit far renowned
With highest fame and virtue crowned
Pegged these modest words to hear
Delightful to the mind and ear

CANTO XXI.

VIŚVÁMITRA'S SPEECH

The hermit heard with high content
 That speech so wondrous eloquent,
 And while each hair with joy arose,¹
 He thus made answer at the close
 ' Good is thy speech O noble King,
 And like thyself in everything
 So should their lips be wisdom-fraught
 Whom kings begot, Vaśishtha taught
 The favour which I came to seek
 Thou grantest ere my tongue can speak.
 But let my tale attention claim,
 And hear the need for which I came
 O King, as Scripture texts allow,
 A holy rite employs me now
 Two fiends who change their forms at will
 Impede that rite with cursed skill ²
 Oft when the task is nigh complete,
 These worst of fiends my toil defeat,
 Throw bits of bleeding flesh, and o'er
 The altar shed a stream of gore
 When thus the rite is mocked and stayed,
 And all my pious hopes delayed,

¹ Great joy, according to the Hindu belief, has this effect, not causing each particular hair to stand on end, but gently raising all the down upon the body

² The Rakshasas, giants, or fiends who are represented as disturbing the sacrifice, signify here, as often elsewhere, merely the savage tribes which placed themselves in hostile opposition to Bráhmanical institutions

Cast down in heart the spot I leave
And spent with fruitless labour grieve
Nor can I checked by prudence dare
Let loose my fury on them there
The muttered curse the threatening word
In such a rite must ne'er be heard
Thy grace the rite from check can free,
And yield the fruit I long to see
Thy duty bids thee King defend
The suffering guest the suppliant friend
Give me thy son thine eldest born
Whom locks like ravens wings adorn
That hero youth the truly brave
Of thee O glorious King I crave
For he can lay those demons low
Who mar my rites and work me woe
My power shall shield the youth from harm
And heavenly might shall nerve his arm
And on my champion will I shower
Unnumbered gifts of varied power
Such gifts as shall ensure his fame
And spread through all the worlds his name
Be sure those fiends can never stand
Before the might of Rāma's hand
And mid the best and bravest none
Can slay that pair but Raghu's son
Entangled in the toils of Fate
Those sinners proud and obstinate
Are in their fury overbold
No match for Rāma mighty souled
Nor let a father's breast give way
Too far to fond affection's sway
Count thou the fiends already slain
My word is pledged nor pledged in vain

I know the hero Ráma well
In whom high thoughts and valour dwell ,
So does Vaśishtha, so do these
Engaged in long austerities
If thou would do the righteous deed,
And win high fame, thy virtue's meed,
Fame that on earth shall last and live,
To me, great King, thy Ráma give
If to the words that I have said,
With Saint Vaśishtha at their head
Thy holy men, O King, agree,
Then let thy Ráma go with me
Ten nights my sacrifice will last,
And ere the stated time be past
Those wicked fiends, those impious twain,
Must fall by wondrous Ráma slain
Let not the hours, I warn thee, fly,
Fixt for the rite, unheeded by ,
Good luck have thou, O royal Chief,
Nor give thy heart to needless grief'

Thus in fair words with virtue fraught
The pious glorious saint besought
But the good speech with poignant sting
Pierced ear and bosom of the king,
Who, stabbed with pangs too sharp to bear,
Fell prostrate and lay fainting there.

CANTO XXII

DAŚARATHA'S SPEECH

His tortured senses all astray
 Awhile the hapless monarch lay
 Then slowly gathering thought and strength
 To Viśvamitra spoke at length

My son is but a child I ween
 This year he will be just sixteen
 How is he fit for such emprise
 My darling with the lotus eyes?
 A mighty army will I bring
 That calls me master lord and king
 And with its countless squadrons fight
 Against these rovers of the night
 My faithful heroes skilled to wield
 The arms of war will take the field
 Their skill the demons might may break
 Rama my child thou must not take
 I even I my bow in hand
 Will in the van of battle stand
 And while my soul is left alive
 With the night roaming demons strive
 Thy guarded sacrifice shall be
 Completed from all hindrance free
 Thither will I my journey make
 Rāma my child thou must not take
 A boy unskilled he knows not yet
 The bounds to strength and weakness set
 No match is he for demon foes
 Who magic arts to arms oppose
 O chief of saints I have no power

Of Rāma left, to live one hour
 Mine aged heart at once would break ·
 Rāma, my child, thou must not take
 Nine thousand circling years have fled
 With all then seasons o'er my head,
 And as a hard-won boon, O Sage,
 These sons have come to cheer mine age.
 My dearest love amid the four
 Is he whom first his mother bore,
 Still dearer for his virtues' sake
 Rāma, my child, thou must not take
 But if, unmoved by all I say,
 Thou needs must bear my son away,
 Let me lead with him, I entreat,
 A four-fold army¹ all complete
 What is the demons' might, O Sage ?
 Who are they ? What their parentage ?
 What is their size ? What beings lend
 Their power to guard them and befriend ?
 How can my son their arts withstand ?
 Or I or all my armed band ?
 Tell me the whole that I may know
 To meet in war each evil foe
 Whom conscious might inspires with pride '

And Viśvāmitra thus replied
 ' Sprung from Pulastya's race there came
 A giant known by Rāvan's name
 Once favoured by the Eternal Sire -
 He plagues the worlds in ceaseless ire,
 For peerless power and might renowned,
 By giant bands encompassed round
 Viśiavas for his sire they hold,
 His brother is the Lord of Gold

¹ Consisting of horse, foot, chariots, and elephants.

King of the giant hosts is he
 And worst of all in cruelty
 This Ravana's dread commands impel
 Two demons who in might excel
 Maricha and Suvahu hight
 To trouble and impede the rite
 Then thus the king addressed the sage
 No power have I my lord to wage
 War with this evil minded foe
 Now pity on my darling show
 And upon me of helpless fate
 For thee as God I venerate
 Gods spirits bards of heavenly birth¹
 The birds of air the snakes of earth
 Before the might of Rāvan quail
 Much less can mortal man avail
 He draws, I hear from out the breast
 The valour of the mightiest
 No neer can I with him contend
 Or with the forces he may send
 How can I then my darling lend
 Godlike unskilled in battle? No
 I will not let my young child go
 Foes of thy rite those mighty ones
 Sunda and Upasunda's sons
 Are fierce as Fate to overthrow
 I will not let my young child go
 Maricha and Suvahu fell
 Are valiant and instructed well
 One of the twain I might attack
 With all my friends their lord to back.

¹ The Gandharvas or heavenly bards had originally a warlike character but were afterwards reduced to the office of celestial musician cheering the conquests of the Gods. Dr. Kuhn has shown their identity with the Centaurs in name origin and attributes. GORRESIO

CANTO XXIII.

VĀSISHṬHA'S SPEECH

While thus the hapless monarch spoke,
 Paternal love his utterance broke
 Then words like these the saint returned,
 And fury in his bosom burned
 'Didst thou, O King, a promise make,
 And wishest now thy word to break?
 A son of Raghu's line should scorn
 To fail in faith, a man forsworn
 But if thy soul can bear the shame
 I will return e'en as I came
 Live with thy sons, and joy be thine,
 False scion of Kakutstha's line'

As Viśvāmitra, mighty sage,
 Was moved with this tempestuous rage,
 Earth rocked and reeled throughout her frame,
 And fear upon the Immortals came
 But Saint Vāśishtha, wisest seer,
 Observant of his vows austere,
 Saw the whole world convulsed with dread,
 And thus unto the monarch said
 'Thou, born of old Ikshvāku's seed,
 Art Justice' self in mortal weed
 Constant and pious, blest by fate,
 The right thou must not violate
 Thou, Raghu's son, so famous through
 The triple world as just and true,
 Perform thy bounden duty still,
 Nor stain thy race by deed of ill.

If thou have sworn and now refuse
 Thou must thy store of merit lose
 Then Monarch let thy Rama go
 Nor fear for him the demon foe
 The fiends shall have no power to hurt
 Him trained to war or inexpert
 Nor vanquish him in battle field
 For Kuśik's son the youth will shield
 He is incarnate Justice he
 The best of men for bravery
 Embodied love of penance drear
 Among the wise without a peer
 Full well he knows great Kuśik's son
 The arms celestial every one
 Arms from the Gods them elves concealed
 Far less to other men revealed
 These arms to him when earth he swayed
 Mighty Kṛiśāśva pleased conveyed
 Kṛiśāśva's sons they are indeed
 Brought forth by Daksha's lovely seed ¹
 Heralds of conquest strong and bold
 Brilliant of semblance manifold
 Jayā and Vijayā most fair
 A hundred splendid weapons bare
 Of Jayā glorious as the morn
 First fifty noble sons were born
 Boundless in size yet viewless too
 They came the demons to subdue
 And fifty children also came
 Of Vijaya the beauteous dame
 Sanharas named of mighty force

¹ These mysterious animated weapons are enumerated in Cantos
 XXIX and XXX. Daksha was the son of Brahmā and one of the
 Parjapatis Demurgs or secondary authors of creation

Hard to assail or check in course
Of these the hermit knows the use,
And weapons new can he produce
All these the mighty saint wild yield
To Râma's hand, to own and wield,
And armed with these, beyond a doubt
Shall Râma put those hends to rout.
For Râma and the people's sake,
For thine own good my counsel take,
Nor seek, O King, with fond delay,
The parting of thy son to stay'

Of then ten-headed enemy ¹
 Rāma and Lakshman paced behind
 That hermit of the lofty mind,
 As the young Aśvins, ² heavenly pan,
 Follow Lord India through the air
 On arm and hand the guard they wore,
 Quiver and bow and sword they bore,
 Two fire-born Gods of War seemed they, ³
 He, Śiva's self who let the way.

Upon fair Saijū's southern shore
 They now had walked a league and more,
 When thus the sage in accents mild
 To Rāma said 'Beloved child,
 This lustial water duly touch.
 My counsel will avail thee much
 Forget not all the words I say,
 Nor let the occasion slip away
 Lo, with two spells I thee invest,
 The mighty and the mightiest,
 O'er thee fatigue shall ne'er prevail,
 Nor age or change thy limbs assail
 Thee powers of darkness ne'er shall smite
 In tranquil sleep or wild delight

¹ The Rākshas or giant Rāvan, King of Lankā

² 'The meaning of Aśvins (from *aśva* a horse, Persian *asp*, Greek *ἵππος*, Latin *equus*, Welsh *ech*) is Horsemen. They were twin deities of whom frequent mention is made in the Vedas and the Indian myths. The Aśvins have much in common with the Dioscuri of Greece, and their mythical genealogy seems to indicate that their origin was astronomical. They were, perhaps, at first the morning star and evening star. They are said to be the children of the sun and the nymph Aśvinī, who is one of the lunar asterisms personified. In the popular mythology they are regarded as the physicians of the Gods.' GORRESIO

³ The word *Kumāra* (a young prince, a Child) is also a proper name of Skanda or Kārtikeya God of War, the son of Śiva and Umā. The babe was matured in the fire. See Appendix, *Kārtikeya Generatio*.

No one is there in all the land
Thine equal for the vigorous hand
Thou when thy lips pronounce the spell
Shalt have no peer in heaven or hell
None in the world with thee shall vie
O sinless one in apt reply
In fortune knowledge wit and tact
Wisdom to plan and skill to act
This double science take and gain
Glory that shall for aye remain
Wisdom and judgment spring from each
Of these fair spells whose use I teach
Hunger and thirst unknown to thee
High in the worlds thy rank shall be
For the e two spells with might endued
Are the Great Father's heavenly brood
And thee O Chief may fitly grace
Thou glory of Kakutstha's race
Virtues which none can match are thine
Lord from thy birth of gifts divine
And now these spells of might shall cast
Fresh radiance o'er the gifts thou hast
Then Ráma duly touched the wave
 Raised suppliant hands bowed low his head
And took the spells the hermit gave
 Whose soul on contemplation fed
From him whose might these gifts enhanced
A brighter beam of glory glanced
So shines in all his autumn blaze
The Day God of the thousand rays
The hermit's wants those youths supplied
As pupils use to holy guide
And then the night in sweet content
On Sarju's pleasant bank they spent

CANTO XXV.

THE HERMITAGE OF LOVE

Soon as appeared the morning light
 Up rose the mighty anchoite,
 And thus to youthful Ráma said,
 Who lay upon his leafy bed
 ' High fate is hers who calls thee son
 Arise, 'tis break of day ,
 Rise, Chief, and let those rites be done
 Due at the morning's ray '¹
 At that great sage's high behest
 Up sprang the princely pair,
 To bathing rites themselves addressed,
 And breathed the holiest prayer
 Their morning task completed, they
 To Viśvámitra came,
 That store of holy works, to pay
 The worship saints may claim
 Then to the hallowed spot they went
 Along fan Sarjú's side
 Where mix her waters confluent
 With three-pathed Gangá's tide ²
 There was a sacred hermitage

¹ ' At the rising of the sun as well as at noon certain observances, invocations, and prayers were prescribed which might under no circumstances be omitted. One of these observances was the recitation of the Sávitrí, a Vedic hymn to the Sun of wonderful beauty ' GORRESIO

² *Tripathagá*, *Three path go*, flowing in heaven, on earth, and under the earth. See Canto XLV

Where saints devout of mind
 Their lives through many a lengthened age
 To penance had resigned
 That pure abode the princes eyed
 With unrestrained delight
 And thus unto the saint they cried
 Rejoicing at the sight
 Whose is that hermitage we see?
 Who makes his dwelling there?
 Full of desire to hear are we
 O Saint the truth declare

The hermit smiling made reply
 To the two boys request
 Hear Ráma who in days gone by
 This calm retreat possessed
 Kandarpa in apparent form
 Called Kama by the wise
 Dared Uma's² new wed lord to storm
 And make the God his prize
 Gainst Sthánu's³ self on rites austere
 And vows intent they say

¹ Tennyson's Indian Camo the God of Love known also by many other names

Uma or Parvati, was daughter of Himálaya Mountain and wife of Śiva. See Kalidasa *Uma'sa Sambhava* o Birth of the War God

³ Sthanu The Unmoving one a name of Śiva

⁴ The practice of austerities voluntary tortures and mortifications was anciently universal in India and was held by the Indians to be of immense efficacy. Hence they mortified themselves to expose themselves to acquire merits and to obtain supernatural gifts and powers. The Gods themselves sometimes exercised themselves in such duties either to raise themselves to great power and grandeur or to counteract the misdeeds of men which threatened to prevail over them and to deprive them of heaven. Such austerities were called in India

His bold rash hand he dared to rear,
 Though Sthānu cried, Away !
 But the God's eye with scornful glare
 Fell terrible on him,
 Dissolved the shape that was so fair
 And burnt up every limb
 Since the great God's terrific rage
 Destroyed his form and frame,
 Kāma in each succeeding age
 Has borne Ananga's¹ name
 So, where his lovely form decayed,
 This land is Anga styled .
 Sacred to him of old this shade,
 And hermits undefiled
 Here Scripture-talking elders sway
 Each sense with firm control,
 And penance-rites have washed away
 All sin from every soul
 One night, fair boy, we here will spend,
 A pure stream on each hand,
 And with to-morrow's light will bend
 Our steps to yonder strand
 Here let us bathe, and free from stain
 To that pure grove repair,
 Sacred to Kāma, and remain
 One night in comfort there '
 With penance' far-discerning eye
 The saintly men beheld
 Their coming, and with transport high
 Each holy bosom swelled
 To Kuśik's son the gift they gave

tapas (burning ardour, fervent devotion) and he who practised them
tapasvin' GORRESIO

¹ *The Bodiless one*

That honoured guest should greet
Water they brought his feet to lave
And showed him honour meet
Rama and Lakshman next obtained
In due degree their share
Then with sweet talk the guests remained
And charmed each listener there
The evening prayers were duly said
With voices calm and low
Then on the ground each laid his head
And slept till morning's glow

CANTO XXVI.

THE FOREST OF TÁDAKÁ

When the fair light of morning rose
 The princely tapers of their foci
 Followed, his morning worship o'er,
 The hermit to the river's shore
 The high-souled men with thoughtful care
 A pretty barge had stationed there
 All cried, ' O lord, this barge ascend,
 And with thy princely followers bend
 To yonder side thy prosperous way
 With naught to check thee or delay '

Not did the saint then rede reject
 He bade farewell with due respect,
 And crossed, attended by the twain,
 That river rushing to the main
 When now the bark was half way o'er,
 Ráma and Lakshman heard the roar,
 That louder grew and louder yet,
 Of waves by dashing waters met
 Then Ráma asked the mighty seer
 ' What is the tumult that I hear
 Of waters cleft in mid career ? '
 Soon as the speech of Ráma, stirred
 By deep desire to know he heard,
 The pious saint began to tell
 What caused the waters' roar and swell
 ' On high Kailása's distant hill
 There lies a noble lake

Whose waters born from Brahmā's will
 The name of Manas' take
 Thence hallowing where'er they flow
 The streams of Sarju fall
 And wandering through the plains below
 Embrace Ayodhya's wall
 Still still preserved in Sarju's name
 Sarovar's² fame we trace
 The flood of Brahma whence she came
 To run her holy race
 To meet great Ganga here she hies
 With tributary wave
 Hence the loud roar ye hear arise
 Of floods that swell and rave
 Here pride of Rāghu's line do thou
 In humble adoration bow

He spoke The princes both obeyed
 And reverence to each river paid
 They reached the southern shore at last
 And gaily on their journey passed
 A little space beyond there stood
 A gloomy awe inspiring wood

¹ A celebrated lake recorded in India as sacred. It lies in the lofty region between the northern Himalayas and mount Lalasa the region of the sacred lakes. The poem follows the popular Indian belief makes the river Sarayu (now Sarju) flow from the Manasa lake the source of the river is little to the south about days journey from the lake. See Lassen *Indische Alterthümer* 1. 2. 2. pag. 4. GONRESDO *Manas* means a *śānasa* ment mind bo

² *Sarovar* means be-t of lakes. This is another fifth poet's not full etymologies

³ The confluence of two more rivers often a venated and holy place. The meeting of the P'yūg. All the bad when the Sarasati by an underground course is believed to join the Junnava and the Ganges

The monarch's noble son began
 To question thus the holy man
 ' Whose gloomy forest meets mine eye
 Like some vast cloud that fills the sky ?
 Pathless and dark it seems to be,
 Where buds in thousands wander free ,
 Where shrill cicadas' cries resound,
 And fowl of dismal note abound
 Lion, rhinoceros, and bear,
 Boar, tiger, elephant, are there,
 There shrubs and thorns run wild
 Dháo, Sál, Bignonia, Bel,¹ are found,
 And every tree that grows on ground
 How is the forest styled ?'

The glorious saint this answer made
 ' Dear child of Raghu, hear
 Who dwells within the horrid shade
 That looks so dark and drear
 Where now is wood, long ere this day
 Two broad and fertile lands,
 Malaja and Karúsha lay,
 Adorned by heavenly hands
 Here, mourning friendship's broken ties,
 Lord India of the thousand eyes
 Hungered and sorrowed many a day,
 His brightness soiled with mud and clay,
 When in a storm of passion he
 Had slain his dear friend Namuchi
 Then came the Gods and saints who bore
 Their golden pitchers brimming o'er
 With holy streams that banish stain,

¹ The botanical names of the trees mentioned in the text are *Guislea Tormentosa*, *Shorea Robusta*, *Echites Antidysenterica*, *Bignonia Suaveolens*, *Egle Marmelos*, and *Diospyrus Glutinosa*. I have omitted the *Kutaja* (*Echites*) and the *Tinduka* (*Diospyrus*)

And bathed Lord Indra pure again
 When in this land the God was freed
 From spot and stain of impious deed
 For that his own dear friend he slew
 High transport thrilled his bosom through
 Then in his joy the hands he blessed
 And gave a boon they long possessed
 Because these fertile lands retain
 The washings of the blot and stain
 'Twas thus Lord Indra swore
 Mahya and Karusha's name
 Shall celebrate with deathless fame
 My malady and care '

So be it all the Immortals cried
 When Indra's speech they heard
 And with acclaim they ratified
 The names his lips conferred
 Long time O victor of thy foes
 These happy lands had sweet repose
 And higher still in fortune rose
 At length a spirit loving ill
 I dark wearing shapes at will
 Whose mighty strength exceeding vast
 A thousand elephants surpassed
 Was to fierce Sunda lord and head
 Of all the demon armies wed
 From her Lord Indra's peer in might
 Grant Maricha spring to light
 And she a constant plague and pest
 These two fair realms has long distressed
 Now dwelling in her dark abode

' He e we meet with a f l mytl to c nt f th am f these
 r g n M l r p ob bly anon A y w d g ly galily c nt y
 taken as Su k it comp unlit m a spru g f i d f l e n e t Th
 w d Karusha ll ar t h v om v l t ul r me nung

A league away she bans the lord
And we, O Ráma, hence must go
Where lies the forest of the foe
Now on thine own right arm rely,
 And my command obey
Smite the foul monster that she die,
 And take the plague away
To reach this country none may dare,
 ‘ Fallen from its old estate,
Which she, whose fury naught can bear,
 Has left so desolate
And now my truthful tale is told
 How with accursed sway
The spirit plagued this wood of old,
 And ceases not to-day ’

CANTO XXVII

THE BIRTH OF TIDAKA.

When thus the sage without a peer
 Had closed that story strange to hear
 Rama again the saint addressed
 To set one lingering doubt at rest
 O holy man 'tis said by all
 That spirits strength is weak and small
 How can she match of power so slight
 A thousand elephants in might?
 And Visv amitra thus replied
 To Raghu's son the glorified
 Listen and I will tell thee how
 She gained the strength that arms her now
 A mighty spirit lived of yore
 Suketu was the name he bore
 Childless was he and free from crime
 In rites austere he passed his time
 The mighty Sire was pleased to show
 His favour and a child bestow
 Tidaká named most fair to see
 A pearl among the maids was she
 And matched for such was Brahma's dower
 A thousand elephants in power
 Nor would the Lternal Sire although
 The spirit longed a son bestow
 That maid in beauty's youthful pride
 Was given to Sunda for a bride
 Her son Máricha was his name
 A giant through a curse became

She, widowed, dared with him molest
 Agastya,¹ of all saints the best
 Inflamed with hunger's wildest rage,
 Roaring she rushed upon the sage
 When the great hermit saw her near,
 On speeding in her fierce career,
 He thus pronounced Máicha's doom
 'A giant's form and shape assume'
 And then, by mighty anger swayed,
 On Tádaká this curse he laid
 'Thy present form and semblance quit,
 And wear a shape thy mood to fit,
 Changed form and feature by my ban,
 A fearful thing that feeds on man'

She, by his awful curse possessed,
 And mad with rage that fills her breast,
 Has on this land her fury dealt
 Where once the saint Agastya dwelt
 Go, Ráma, smite this monster dead,
 The wicked plague, of power so dread,
 And further by this deed of thine
 The good of Bráhmans and of king
 Thy hand alone can overthrow,
 In all the worlds, this impious foe
 Nor let compassion lead thy mind
 To shrink from blood of womankind,
 A monarch's son must ever count
 The people's welfare paramount,

¹ 'This is one of those indefinable mythic personages who are found in the ancient traditions of many nations, and in whom cosmogonical or astronomical notions are generally figured. Thus it is related of Agastya that the Vindhyan mountains prostrated themselves before him, and yet the same Agastya is believed to be regent of the star Canopus' GORRESIO

He will appear as the friend and helper of Ráma farther on in the poem

And whether pain or joy he deul
Dare all things for his subjects weal,
Yea if the deed bring praise or guilt
If life be saved or blood be spilt
Such through all time should be the care
Of those kingdoms weight who bear
Slay Ráma slay this impious fiend
For by no law her life is screened
So Manthara as bards have told
Virochan's child was slain of old
By Indra when in furious hate
She longed the earth to devastate
So Kavya's mother Bhrigu's wife
Who loved her husband as her life
When Indra's throne she sought to gain
By Vishnu's hand of yore was slain
By these and high souled kings beside
Struck down have lawless women died

CANTO XXVIII

THE DEATH OF TÁDAKÁ

Thus spoke the saint Each vigorous word
 The noble monarch's off-spring heard,
 And, reverent hands together laid,
 His answer to the hermit made
 'My sire and mother bade me aye
 Thy word, O mighty Saint, obey
 So will I, O most glorious, kill
 This Tádaká who joys in ill,
 For such my sire's, and such thy will
 To aid with mine avenging hand
 The Bráhmans, kine, and all the land,
 Obedient, heart and soul, I stand'

Thus spoke the tamer of the foe,
 And by the middle grasped his bow
 Strongly he drew the sounding string
 That made the distant welkin ring
 Scared by the mighty clang the deer
 That roamed the forest shook with fear
 And Tádaká the echo heard,
 And rose in haste from slumber stired.
 In wild amaze, her soul aflame
 With fury toward the spot she came
 When that foul shape of evil men
 And stature vast as e'er was seen
 The wrathful son of Raghu eyed,
 He thus unto his brother cried.
 'Her dreadful shape, O Lakshman, see

The monster's ears and nose
Assuming by her magic skill
A fresh and fresh disguise,
She tried a thousand shapes at will,
Then vanished from their eyes
When Gádhi's son of high renown
Still saw the stony rain pour down
Upon each princely warrior's head,
With words of wisdom thus he said
'Enough of mercy, Ráma, lest
This sinful evil-working pest,
Disturber of each holy rite,
Repaid by magic arts her might
Without delay the fiend should die,
For, see, the twilight hour is nigh
And at the joints of night and day
Such giant foes are hard to slay'
Then Ráma, skilful to direct

His arrow to the sound,
With shafts the mighty demon checked
Who rained her stones around
She sore impeded and beset
By Ráma and his arrowy net,
Though skilled in guile and magic lore,
Rushed on the brothers with a roar
Deformed, terrific, murderous, dread,
Swift as the levin on she sped,
Like cloudy pile in autumn's sky,
Lifting her two vast arms on high,
When Ráma smote her with a dart
Shaped like a crescent to the heart
Sore wounded by the shaft that came
With lightning speed and surest aim,
Blood spouting from her mouth and side,

The monster's ears and nose
Assuming by her magic skill
A fresh and fresh disguise,
She tried a thousand shapes at will,
Then vanished from their eyes
When Gádhi's son of high renown
Still saw the stony rain pour down
Upon each princely warrior's head,
With words of wisdom thus he said
'Enough of mercy, Ráma, lest
This sinful evil-working pest,
Disturber of each holy rite,
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By Ráma and his arrowy net,
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Rushed on the brothers with a roar
Deformed, terrific, murderous, dread,
Swift as the levin on she sped,
Like cloudy pile in autumn's sky,
Lifting her two vast arms on high,
When Ráma smote her with a dart
Shaped like a crescent to the heart
Sore wounded by the shaft that came
With lightning speed and surest aim,
Blood spouting from her mouth and side,

She fell upon the earth and died
 Soon as the Lord who rules the sky
 Saw the dread monster hie— he
 He called aloud 'Well done! well done!
 And the Gods honoured Rāṇhus son
 Standing in heaven the Thon and ved
 With all the Immortals joying, cried
 'Lift up thine eyes O Sūnt and see
 The Gods and Indra nigh to thee
 Thine deed of Rāma's boundless might
 Has filled our bosoms with delight.
 Now for our will would I have it so
 To Rāṇhus son some favour show
 Invest him with the power which nought
 But penance gain and holy thought
 Those heavenly arms on him bestow
 To thee entrusted long ago
 By great Kṛiṣṇa be t of kings
 Son of the Lord of living things
 More fit recipient none can be
 Than he who joys in following the
 And for our sakes the monarch's seal
 Has yet to do a mighty deed.

He spoke and all the heavenly train
 Rejoicing sought their homes again
 While honour to the sūnt they paid
 Then came the evening's twilight shade
 The best of hermits overjoyed
 To know the monstrous fiend destroyed
 His lips on Rāma's forehead pressed
 And thus the conquering chief addressed
 O Rāma gracious to the sight
 Here will we pass the present night
 And with the morrow's earliest ray

Bend to my hermitage our way'
The son of Daśaratha heard,
Delighted, Viśvámitra's word,
And as he bade, that night he spent
In Tádaká's wild wood, content
And the grove shone that happy day,
Freed from the curse that on it lay,
Like Chaitraratha¹ fair and gay

¹ The famous pleasure garden of Kuvēra the God of Wealth.

CANTO XXIX

THE CHRISTIAN II VS

That night they slept and toyl then rest,
 And then the mighty ant addressed
 With pleasant smile and accents mild
 These words to Raghu's princely child
 Well pleased am I High fate be thine
 Thou scion of a royal line
 Now will I for I love thee so
 All heavenly arms on thee bestow
 Victor with these whoe'er oppose
 Thy hand shall conquer all thy foes
 Though Gods and spirits of the air
 Serpents and fiends the conflict dare
 I'll give thee as a pledge of love
 The mystic arms they use above
 For worthy thou to have receive I
 The weapons I have learnt to wield
 First son of Raghu shall be thine
 The arm of Vengeance strong divine
 The arm of Hate the arm of Right
 And Vishnu's arm of awful might
 That before which no foe can stand

The thunderbolt of India's hand,
And Śiva's trident, sharp and dead,
And that dire weapon Brahmā's Head
And two fan clubs, O royal child,
One Chaimel and one Pointed styled
With flame of lambent fire aglow,
On thee, O Chieftain, I bestow
And Fate's dead net and Justice' noose
That none may conquer, for thy use
And the great cord, renowned of old,
Which Varun ever loves to hold.
Take these two thunderbolts, which I
Have got for thee, the Moist and Dry
Here Śiva's dart to thee I yield,
And that which Vishnu wont to wield.
I give to thee the aim of Fine,
Desired by all and named the Spire
To thee I grant the Wind-God's dart,
Named Crusher, O thou pure of heart
This aim, the Horse's Head, accept,
And this, the Curlew's Bill yclept,
And these two spears, the best e'er flew,
Named the Invincible and True
And aims of fiends I make thine own,
Skull-wreath and mace that smashes bone
And Joyous, which the sprits bear,
Great weapon of the sons of an
Brave offspring of the best of lords,
I give thee now the Gem of swords,
And offer next, thine hand to aim,
The heavenly bards' beloved chaim
Now with two arms I thee invest
Of never-ending Sleep and Rest,
With weapons of the Sun and Rain,

And those that dry and burn amain
And strong Desire with conquering touch
The dart that káma prizes much.
I give the arm of shadowy powers
That bleeding flesh of men devours
I give the arms the God of Gold
And giant fiends exult to hold
This smites the foe in battle strife
And takes his fortune strength and life
I give the arms called False and True
And great Illusion give I too
The hero's arm called Strong and Bright
That spoils the foeman's strength in fight
I give thee as a priceless boon
The Dew the weapon of the Moon
And add the weapon deftly planned
That strengthens Viśvakarm's hand
The Mortal dart whose point is chill
And Slaughter ever sure to kill
All these and other arms for thou
Art very dear I give thee now
Receive these weapons from my hand,
Son of the noblest in the land

Facing the east the glorious saint
Pure from all spot of earthly taint
To Rama with delighted mind
That noble host of spells consigned
He taught the arms whose lore is won
Hardly by Gods to Raghu's son
He muttered low the spell whose call
Summons those arms and rules them all
And each in visible form and frame
Before the monarch's son they came
They stood and spoke in reverent guise

To Ráma with exulting cries

‘O noblest child of Raghu, see,

Thy ministers and thralls are we’

With joyful heart and eager hand

Ráma received the wondrous band,

And thus with words of welcome cried .

‘Aye present to my will abide’

Then hasted to the saint to pay

Due reverence, and pursued his way

CANTO XXX

THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS¹

Pure with glad cheer and joyful breast
 Of those mysterious arms possessed
 Rama now passing on his way
 Thus to the saint began to say
 Lord of these mighty weapons I
 Can scarce be harmed by Gods on high
 Now best of saints I long to gain
 The powers that can these arms restrain
 Thus spoke the prince The sage austere
 True to his vows from evil clear
 Called forth the names of those great charms
 Whose powers restrain the deadly arms
 Receive thou True and Truly famed
 And Bold and Fleet the weapons named
 Warder and Progress swift of pace
 Averted head and Drooping face
 The Seen and that which Secret flies
 The weapon of the thousand eyes
 Ten headed and the Hundred faced
 Star gazer and the Layer waste

¹ In Sanskrit *Śāhara* a word which has various significations but the primary meaning of which is *the act of seizing*. A magical power must be implied of employing the weapons when and where required. The remark I have made on the preceding Canto apply with still greater force to this. The MSS greatly vary in the enumeration of these *Śāhāras* and it is not surprising that copyists have incorrectly written the names which they did not well understand. The commentators throw no light upon the subject. SCHLEGEL. I have taken the liberty of omitting four of the which Schlegel translates *Scleromphalum* *Luomphalum* *Centivntrem* and *Chrysomphalum*

The Omen-bird the Pure-from-spot,
 The pair that wake and slumber not -
 The Fiendish that which slakes amain,
 The Strong-of-Hand, the Rich-in-Gain :
 The Guardian, and the Close-alled,
 The Gaper Love and Golden-side :
 O Raghú's son receive all these
 Bright ones that wear what forms they please :
 Kṛśāśva's mystic sons are they,
 And worthy thou their might to say.
 With joy the pride of Raghú's race
 Received the Hermit's proffered grace,
 Mysterious arms to check and stay,
 Or smite the foeman in the fray
 Then, all with heavenly forms endued,
 Nigh came the wondrous multitude
 Celestial in their bright attire
 Some shone like coals of burning fire :
 Some were like clouds of dusky smoke :
 And suppliant thus they sweetly spoke :
 'Thy thralls, O Ráma here we stand :
 Command, we pray, thy faithful band.
 'Depart' he cried, where each way list,
 But when I call you to assist,
 Be present to my mind with speed,
 And aid me in the hour of need.'

To Ráma then they lowly bent
 And round him in due reverence went,
 To his command they answered, 'Yea,
 And as they came so went away.
 When thus the air's had homeward flown,
 With pleasant words and modest tone
 Even as he walked, the prince began
 To question thus the holy man :

What cloudlike wood is that which near^{*}
The mountain's side I see appear?
O tell me for I long to know
Its pleasant aspect charms me so
Its glades are full of deer at play
And sweet birds sing on every spray
Past is the hideous wild I feel
So sweet a tremor o'er me steal
And hail with transport fresh and new
A land that is so fair to view
Then tell me all thou holy Sage
And whose this pleasant hermitage
In which those wicked ones delight
To mar and kill each holy rite
And with foul heart and evil deed
Thy sacrifice great Saint impede
To whom O Sage belongs this land
In which thine altars ready stand?
Tis mine to guard them and to slay
The giants who the rites would stay
All this O best of saints I burn
From thine own lips my lord to learn

CANTO XXXI.

THE PERFECT HERMITAGE

Thus spoke the prince of boundless might,
 And thus replied the anchorite
 ' Chief of the mighty arm, of yore
 Lord Vishnu whom the Gods adore,
 For holy thought and rites austere
 Of penance made his dwelling here
 This ancient wood was called of old
 Grove of the Dwarf, the mighty-souled,
 And when perfection he attained
 The grove the name of Perfect gained
 Bali of yore, Virochan's son,
 Dominion over India won,
 And when with power his proud heart swelled,
 O'er the three worlds his empire held
 When Bali then began a rite,
 The Gods and India in affright
 Sought Vishnu in this place of rest,
 And thus with prayers the God addressed
 ' Bali, Virochan's mighty son,
 His sacrifice has now begun
 Of boundless wealth, that demon king
 Is bounteous to each living thing
 Though suppliants flock from every side
 The suit of none is e'er denied
 Whate'er, where'er, how'er the call,
 He hears the suit and gives to all
 Now with thine own illusive art
 Perform, O Lord, the helper's part

Assume a dwarfish form and thus
From fear and danger rescue us ¹

Thus in their dread the Immortals sued
The God a dwarflike shape indued
Before Virochan's son he came
Three steps of land his only claim
The boon obtained in wondrous wise
Lord Vishnu's form increased in size
Through all the worlds tremendous vast
God of the Triple Step he passed²
The whole broad earth from side to side
He measured with one mighty stride
Spanned with the next the firmament
And with the third through heaven he went
Thus was the king of demons hurled
By Vishnu to the nether world
And thus the universe restored
To Indra's rule its ancient lord
And now because the immortal God
This spot in dwarflike semblance trod
The grove has aye been loved by me
For reverence of the devotee
But demons haunt it prompt to stay
Each holy offering I would pay
Be thine O lion lord to kill
These giants that delight in ill
This day beloved child our feet
Shall rest within the calm retreat

¹ I omit after this line eight *shlokes* which as Schlegel tells us are quite out of place

² This is the fifth of the *avatars* descents or incarnations of Vishnu

³ This is a far all-gory Vishnu: the sun the three steps being his rising culmination and setting

And know, thou chief of Raghu's line,
My hermitage is also thine'

He spoke, and soon the anchorite,
With joyous looks that beamed delight,
With Rāma and his brother stood
Within the consecrated wood
Soon as they saw the holy man,
With one accord together ran
The dwellers in the sacred shade,
And to the saint then reverence paid,
And offered water for his feet,
The gift of honour and a seat,
And next with hospitable care
They entertained the princely pair
The royal tamers of their foes
Rested awhile in sweet repose
Then to the chief of hermits sued
Standing in suppliant attitude.
'Begin, O best of saints, we pray,
Initiatory rites to-day
This Perfect Grove shall be anew
Made perfect, and thy words be true'

Then, thus addressed, the holy man,
The very glorious sage, began
The high preliminary rite,
Restraining sense and appetite
Calmly the youths that night reposed,
And rose when morn her light disclosed,
Their morning worship paid, and took
Of lustial water from the brook
Thus purified they breathed the prayer,
Then greeted Viśvāmitra where
As celebrant he sate beside
The flame with sacred oil supplied

CANTO XXVII

VISVAMITPA'S SACRIFICE

That conquering pair of royal race
 Skilled to observe due time and place
 To Kuśik's hermit son addressed
 In timely words their meet request
 When must we lord we pray thee tell
 Those Rovers of the Night repel?
 Speak lest we let the moment fly
 And pass the due occasion by
 Thus longing for the strife they prayed
 And thus the hermits answer made
 Till the fifth day be come and past
 O Raghu's sons your watch must last
 The saint his Dīkshā¹ has begun
 And all that time will speak to none
 Soon as the steadfast devotees
 Had made reply in words like these
 The youths began disdaining sleep
 Six days and nights their watch to keep
 The warrior pair who tamed the foe
 Unrivalled benders of the bow
 Kept watch and ward unwearied still
 To guard the saint from scathe and ill
 'Twas now the sixth returning day
 The hour foretold had past away
 Then Rāma cried O Lakshman now
 Firm watchful resolute be thou
 The fiends as yet have kept afar

¹ Certain ceremonies preliminary to a sacrifice

From the pure grove in which we are,
Yet waits us, ere the day shall close,
Due battle with the demon foes'

While thus spoke Ráma borne away
By longing for the deadly fray,
See! bursting from the altar came
The sudden glory of the flame
Round priest and deacon, and upon
Cass, ladles, flowers, the splendour shone,

And the high rite, in order due,
With sacred texts began anew
But then a loud and fearful roar
Re-echoed through the sky,
And like vast clouds that shadow o'er

The heavens in dark July,
Involved in gloom of magic might

Two fiends rushed on amain,
Márícha, Rover of the Night,
Suváhu, and then train

As on they came in wild career
Thick blood in rain they shed,
And Ráma saw those things of fear
Impending overhead

Then soon as those accused two
Who showered down blood he spied,
Thus to his brother brave and true
Spoke Ráma lotus-eyed

'Now, Lakshman, thou these fiends shalt see,
Man-eaters, foul of mind,
Before my mortal weapon flee
Like clouds before the wind'

He spoke An arrow, swift as thought,
Upon his bow he pressed,
And smote, to utmost fury wrought,

Muricha on the breast
Deep in his flesh the weapon lay
 Winged by the mystic spell
And hurled a hundred leagues away
 In ocean's flood he fell
Then Rama when he saw the foe
 Convulsed and mad with pain
Nearth the chill pointed weapon's blow
 To Lakshman spoke again
See Lakshman see! this mortal dart
 That strikes a numbing chill
Hath struck him senseless with the smart
 But left him breathing still
But these who love the evil way
 And drink the blood they spill
Rejoicing holy rites to stay
 Fierce plagues my hand shall kill
He seized another shaft the best
 Aglow with living flame
It struck Suvalu on the chest
 And dead to earth he came
Again a dart the Wind God's own
 Upon his string he laid
And all the demons were overthrown
 The saints no more afraid
When thus the fiends were slain in fight
Disturbers of each holy rite
Due honour by the saints was paid
To Rāma for his wondrous aid
So Indra is adored when he
Has won some glorious victory
Success at last the rite had crowned
And Viśvamitra gazed around
And seeing every side at rest

The son of Raghu thus addressed

‘ My joy, O Prince, is now complete

Thou hast obeyed my will

Perfect before, this calm retreat

Is now more perfect still ’

CANTO XXVIII

THE SONG

Their task achieved the princes spent
 That night with joy and full content
 Ere yet the dawn was well displayed
 Their morning rites they duly paid
 And sought while yet the light was faint
 The hermits and the mighty saint
 They greeted first that holy sire
 Resplendent like the burning fire
 And then with noble words began
 Their sweet speech to the sainted man

Here stand O lord thy servants true
 Command what thou wouldst have us do

The saints by Viśvámitra led
 To Rama thus in answer said
 Janak the king who rules the land
 Of fertile Mithila has planned
 A noble sacrifice and we
 Will thither go the rite to see
 Thou Prince of men with us shalt go
 And there behold the wondrous bow
 Terrific vast of matchless might
 Which splendid at the famous rite
 The Gods assembled gave the king
 No giant fiend or God can string
 That gem of bows no heavenly bard,
 Then sure for man the task were hard
 When lords of earth have longed to know
 The virtue of that wondrous bow

The strongest sons of kings in vain
Have tried the mighty cord to strain
This famous bow thou there shalt view,
And wondrous rites shalt witness too
The high-souled king who lords it o'er
The realm of Mithilá of yore
Gained from the Gods this bow, the price
Of his imperial sacrifice
Won by the rite the glorious prize
Still in the royal palace lies,
Laid up in oil of precious scent
With aloe-wood and incense blent'

Then Ráma answering, Be it so,
Made ready with the rest to go
The saint himself was now prepared,
But ere beyond the grove he fared,
He turned him and in words like these
Addressed the sylvan deities
'Farewell' each holy rite complete,
I leave the hermits' perfect seat
To Gangá's northern shore I go
Beneath Himálaya's peaks of snow'
With reverent steps he paced around
The limits of the holy ground,
And then the mighty saint set forth
And took his journey to the north
His pupils, deep in Scripture's page,
Followed behind the holy sage,
And servants from the sacred grove
A hundred wains for convoy drove
The very birds that winged that air,
The very deer that harboured there,
Forsook the glade and leafy brake
And followed for the hermit's sake

They travelled far till in the west
 The sun was speeding to his rest
 And made their portioned journey o'er
 Their halt on Sonas' distant shore
 The hermits bathed when sank the sun
 And every rite was duly done
 Oblations paid to Fire and then
 Sat round their chief the holy men
 Rāma and Lakshman lowly bowed
 In reverence to the hermit crowd
 And Rāma having sat him down
 Before the saint of pure renown
 With humble palms together laid
 His eager supplication made

What country O my lord is this
 Fair smiling in her wealth and bliss?
 Deign fully O thou mighty Seer
 To tell me for I long to hear
 Moved by the prayer of Rāma he
 Told forth the country's history

¹ A river which rises in Bādel and falls into the Ganges near Patna. It is called also *Hira jāta* Golden armed and *Hira ya rāha* Auriferous

CANTO XXXIV.

BRAHMADATTA

'A king of Brahmá's seed who bore
 The name of Kuśa reigned of yore
 Just, faithful to his vows, and true,
 He held the good in honour due
 His bride, a queen of noble name,
 Of old Vīdarbha's¹ monarchs came
 Like their own father, children four,
 All valiant boys, the lady bore
 In glorious deeds each nerve they strained,
 And well their Warrior part sustained
 To them most just, and true, and brave,
 Their father thus his counsel gave
 'Beloved children, ne'er forget
 Protection is a prince's debt.
 The noble work at once begin,
 High virtue and her fruits to win'
 The youths, to all the people dear,
 Received his speech with willing ear,
 And each went forth his several way,
 Foundations of a town to lay
 Kuśāmba, prince of high renown,
 Was builder of Kauśāmbī's town,
 And Kuśānābha, just and wise,
 Bade high Mahodaya's towers arise
 Amúrtañajas chose to dwell
 In Dharmāranya's citadel,
 And Vasu bade his city fair

¹ The modern Berar

The name of Girivraja bear¹
 This fertile spot whereon we stand
 Was once the high souled Vasu's land
 Behold! as round we turn our eyes
 Five lofty mountain peaks arise
 See! bursting from her parent hill
 Sumagadhi a lovely rill
 Bright gleaming as she flows between
 The mountains like a wreath is seen
 And then through Magadhi's plains and groves
 With many a fair meander roves
 And this was Vasu's old domain
 The fertile Magadhi's broad campaign
 Which smiling fields of tilth adorn
 And diadem with golden corn

The queen Ghritachi nymph most fair
 Married to Kuśanabhi bare
 A hundred daughters lovely faced
 With every charm and beauty graced
 It chanced the maidens bright and gay
 As lightning flashes on a day
 Of run time to the garden went
 With song and play and merriment
 And there in gay attire they strayed
 And danced and laughed and sang and played
 The God of Wind who roves at will
 All places as he lists to fill

¹ According to the Benāli recension the first (Kusāmba) is called Kuasva nī his city Kaus. This name does not occur elsewhere. The reading of the northern recension is confirmed by F 8 Ko 8 K₁ p 385 where the city *Kaśa angma* is mentioned. It lay 500 li to the south west of *Prajāga* on the south bank of the Jumna. *Mahodja* is another name of *Īrnyakubja*. *Dharmānya* the wood to which the God of Justice is said to have fled through fear of Som the Moon God was in Magadhi. Girivraja was in the same neighbourhood. See Lassen's I A Vol I p 604.

Saw the young maidens dancing there,
Of faultless shape and mien most fair
'I love you all, sweet girls,' he cried,
'And each shall be my darling bride.
Forsake, forsake your mortal lot,
And gain a life that withers not
A fickle thing is youth's brief span,
And more than all in mortal man
Receive unending youth, and be
Immortal, O my loves, with me'

The hundred girls, to wonder stirred,
The wooing of the Wind-God heard,
Laughed, as a jest, his suit aside,
And with one voice they thus replied
'O mighty Wind, free spirit who
All life pervadest, through and through,
Thy wondrous power we maidens know,
Then wherefore wilt thou mock us so?
Our sire is Kuśanábha, King,
And we, forsooth, have charms to bring
A God to woo us from the skies,
But honour first we maidens prize
Far may the hour, we pray, be hence,
When we, O thou of little sense,
Our truthful father's choice refuse,
And for ourselves our husbands choose
Our honoured sire our lord we deem,
He is to us a God supreme,
And they to whom his high decree
May give us shall our husbands be'

He heard the answer they returned,
And mighty rage within him burned
On each fair maid a blast he sent
Each stately form he bowed and bent

Bent double by the Wind God's ire
They sought the palace of their sire
There fell upon the ground with sighs
While tears and shame were in their eyes
The king himself with troubled brow
Saw his dear girls so far but now
A mournful sight all bent and bowed
And grieving thus he cried aloud

What fate is this and what the cause?
What wretch has scorned all heavenly laws?
Who thus your forms could curve and break?
You struggle but no answer make

They heard the speech of that wise king
Of their misfortune questioning
Again the hundred maidens sighed
Touched with their heads his feet and cried

The God of Wind pervading space
Would bring on us a foul disgrace
And choosing folly's evil way
From virtue's path in scorn would stray
But we in words like these reproved
The God of Wind whom passion moved

Farewell O Lord! A sire have we
No women uncontrolled and free
Go and our sire's consent obtain
If thou our maiden hands wouldst gain
No self dependent life we live
If we offend our fault forgive

But led by folly as a slave
He would not hear the rede we gave
And even as we gently spoke
We felt the Wind God's crushing stroke

The pious king with grief distressed
The noble hundred thus addressed

' With patience, daughters, bear your fate,
 Yours was a deed supremely great
 When with one mind you kept from shame
 The honour of your father's name
 Patience, when men then anger vent,
 Is woman's praise and ornament,
 Yet when the Gods inflict the blow
 Hard is it to support the woe
 Patience, my girls, exceeds all price -
 'Tis alms, and truth, and sacrifice
 Patience is virtue, patience fame
 Patience upholds this earthly frame.
 And now, I think, is come the time
 To wed you in your maiden prime
 Now, daughters, go where'er you will
 Thoughts for your good my mind shall fill '

The maidens went, consoled, away
 The best of kings, that very day,
 Summoned his ministers of state
 About their marriage to debate
 Since then, because the Wind-God bent
 The damsels' forms for punishment,
 That royal town is known to fame
 By Kanyákubja's¹ borrowed name

There lived a sage called Chūli then,
 Devoutest of the sons of men,
 His days in penance rites he spent,
 A glorious saint, most continent
 To him absorbed in tasks austere
 The child of Uṃilā drew near,
 Sweet Somadā, the heavenly maid,
 And lent the saint her pious aid

¹ That is, the City of the Bent Virgins, the modern Kanauj or Canouge

Long time near him the maiden spent
 And served him meek and reverent
 Till the great hermit pleased with her
 Thus spoke unto his minister
 Grateful am I for all thy care
 Blest maiden speak thy wish declare
 The sweet voiced nymph rejoiced to see
 The favour of the devotee
 And to that eloquent old man
 Most eloquent she thus began
 Thou hast by heavenly grace sustained
 Close union with the Godhead gained
 I long O Saint to see a son
 By force of holy penance won
 Unwed a maiden life I live
 A son to me thy suppliant give
 The saint with favour heard her prayer
 And gave a son exceeding fair
 Him Chulī's spiritual child
 His mother Brahmadatta¹ styled
 King Brahmadatta rich and great
 In Kāmpilī maintained his state
 Ruling like Indra in his bliss
 His fortunate metropolis
 King Kuśinidhī planned that he
 His hundred daughters lord should be
 To him obedient to his call
 The happy monarch gave them all
 Like Indra then he took the hand
 Of every maiden of the band
 Soon as the hand of each young maid
 In Brahmadatta's palm was laid
 Deformity and cares away

¹ Laterally Given by *Brahma* or devout contemplation

She shone in beauty bright and gay
Their freedom from the Wind-God's might
Saw Kuśanábha with delight
Each glance that on their forms he threw
Filled him with raptures ever new
Then when the rites were all complete,
With highest marks of honour meet
The bridegroom with his brides he sent
To his great seat of government

The nymph received with pleasant speech
Her daughters, and, embracing each,
Upon their forms she fondly gazed,
And royal Kuśanábha praised

.

CANTO XXXV

VISHVAMITPA S LINFAGE

—

The rites were o'er the maids were wed
 The bridegroom to his home was sped
 The sonless monarch bade prepare
 A sacrifice to gain an heir
 Then Kuśa Brahma's son appeared
 And thus King Kuśanibha cheered
 Thou shalt my child obtain a son
 Like thine own self O holy one
 Through him for ever Gādhi named
 Shalt thou in all the worlds be famed
 He spoke and vanished from the sight
 To Brahma's world of endless light
 Time fled and as the saint foretold
 Gādhi was born the holy souled
 My sire was he through him I trace
 My line from royal Kusa's race
 My sister—elder born was she—
 The pure and good Satyawati
 Was to the great Richika wed
 Still faithful to her husband dead
 She followed him most noble dame
 And raised to heaven in human frame

¹ Now called Kosai (Cosy) corrupted from Kauśiki daughter of Kusa.

This is one of those personifications of rivers so frequent in the Grecian mythology but in the similar myths is seen the impress of the genius of each people austere and profoundly religious in India graceful and devoted to the worship of external beauty in Greece GORRESIO

A pure celestial stream became
Down from Himálaya's snowy height,
In floods for ever fair and bright,
My sister's holy waves are hushed
To purify and glad the world
Now on Himálaya's side I dwell
Because I love my sister well
She, for her faith and truth renowned,
Most loving to her husband found,
High-fated, firm in each pure vow,
Is queen of all the rivers now
Bound by a vow I left her side
And to the Perfect convent bled
There, by the aid 'twas thine to lend,
Made perfect, all my labours end
Thus, mighty Prince, I now have told
My race and lineage, high and old,
And local tales of long ago
Which thou, O Ráma, fain wouldst know
As I have sate rehearsing thus
The midnight hour is come on us
Now, Ráma, sleep, that nothing may
Our journey of to-morrow stay
No leaf on any tree is stirred
Hushed in repose are beast and bud
Where'er you turn, on every side,
Dense shades of night the landscape hide
The light of eve is fled the skies,
Thick-studded with their host of eyes,
Seem a star-forest overhead,
Where signs and constellations spread.
Now rises, with his pure cold ray,
The moon that drives the shades away,
And with his gentle influence brings

Joy to the hearts of living things
Now stealing from their lairs appear
The beasts to whom the night is dear
Now spirits walk and every power
That revels in the midnight hour

The mighty hermit's tale was o'er
He closed his lips and spoke no more
The holy men on every side
Well done ! well done with reverence cried
The mighty men of Kuśa's seed
Were ever famed for righteous deed
Like Brahmā's self in glory shine
The high-souled lords of Kuśa's line
And thy great name is sounded most
O Saint amid the noble host
And thy dear sister—fairest she
Of streams the high-born Kauśiki—
Diffusing virtue where she flows
New splendour on thy lineage throws
Thus by the chief of saints addressed
The son of Gādhī turned to rest
So when his daily course is done
Sinks to his rest the beaming sun
Rāma with Lakshman somewhat stirred
To marvel by the tales they heard
Turned also to his couch to close
His eyelids in desired repose

CANTO XXXVI.

THE BIRTH OF GANGÁ.

The hours of night now waning fast
 On Śona's pleasant shore they passed
 Then, when the dawn began to break,
 To Ráma thus the hermit spake
 'The light of dawn is breaking clear,
 The hour of morning rites is near
 Rise, Ráma, rise, dear son, I pray,
 And make thee ready for the way'

Then Ráma rose, and finished all
 His duties at the hermit's call,
 Prepared with joy the road to take,
 And thus again in question spake
 'Here fair and deep the Śona flows,
 And many an isle its bosom shows
 What way, O Saint, will lead us o'er
 And land us on the farther shore?
 The saint replied 'The way I choose
 Is that which pious hermits use'

For many a league they journeyed on
 Till, when the sun of mid-day shone,
 The hermit-haunted flood was seen
 Of Jáhnaví,¹ the Rivers' Queen
 Soon as the holy stream they viewed,
 Thronged with a white-winged multitude
 Of sárases² and swans,³ delight

¹ One of the names of the Ganges considered as the daughter of Jahnu See Canto XLIV

² The Indian Crane

³ Or, rather, geese

Possessed them at the lovely sight
 And then prepared the hermit band
 To halt upon that holy strand
 They bathed as Scripture bids and paid
 Oblations due to God and shade
 To Fire they burnt the offerings meet
 And sipped the oil like Amrit sweet
 Then pure and pleased they sate around
 Saint Viśvámitra on the ground
 The holy men of lesser note
 In due degree sate more remote
 While Rāghu's sons took nearer place
 By virtue of their rank and race
 Then Rama said O Saint I yearn
 The three pathed Ganga's tale to learn

Thus urged the sage recounted both
 The birth of Ganga and her growth
 The mighty hill with metals stored
 Himālaya is the mountains lord
 The father of a lovely pair
 Of daughters fairest of the fair
 Their mother offspring of the will
 Of Meru everlasting hill
 Menā Himālaya's darling graced
 With beauty of her dainty waist
 Ganga was elder born then came
 The fair one known by Umā's name
 Then all the Gods of heaven in need
 Of Ganga's help their vows to speed
 To great Himālaya came and prayed
 The Mountain King to yield the maid
 He not regardless of the weal
 Of the three worlds with holy zeal
 His daughter to the Immortals gave

Gangá whose waters cleanse and save,
Who roams at pleasure, free and free,
Purging all sinners, to the sea
The three-pathed Gangá thus obtained,
The Gods then heavenly homes regained
Long time the sister Umá passed
In vows austere and rigid fast,
And the king gave the devotee
Immortal Rudra's¹ bride to be
Matching with that unequalled Lord
His Umá through the worlds adored
So now a glorious station fills
Each daughter of the King of Hills
One honoured as the noblest stream,
One mid the Goddesses supreme
Thus Gangá, King Himálaya's child,
The heavenly river, undefiled,
Rose bearing with her to the sky
Her waves that bless and purify'

¹ A name of the God Śiva

I am compelled to omit Cantos XXXVII and XXXVIII, THE GLORY OF UMÁ, and THE BIRTH OF KÁRTIKEYA, as both in subject and language offensive to modern taste. They will be found in the Appendix in Schlegel's Latin translation.

CANTO XXXIX

THE SONS OF SAGAR

The saint in accents sweet and clear
 Thus told his tale for Rāma's ear
 And thus anew the holy man
 A legend to the prince began
 There reigned a pious monarch o'er
 Ayodhyā in the days of yore
 Sagar his name no child had he
 And children much he longed to see
 His honoured consort fair of face
 Sprang from Vidarbha's royal race
 Keśini famed from early youth
 For piety and love of truth
 Arishtanemi's daughter fair
 With whom no maiden might compare
 In beauty though the earth is wide
 Sumati was his second bride.
 With his two queens afar he went
 And weary days in penance spent
 I fervent upon Himālaya's hill
 Where springs the stream called Bhṛigu's rill
 Nor did he fail that saint to please
 With his devout austerities
 And when a hundred years had fled
 Thus the most truthful Bhṛigu said
 From thee O Sagar blameless king
 A mighty host of sons shall spring
 And thou shalt win a glorious name

Which none, O Chief, but thou shall claim.
One of thy queens a son shall bear
Maintainer of thy race and hen,
And of the other there shall be
Sons sixty thousand born to thee'

Thus as he spake, with one accord,
To win the grace of that high lord,
The queens, with palms together laid,
In humble supplication prayed
' Which queen, O Bráhmaṇ, of the pair,
The many, or the one shall bear ?
Most eager, Lord, are we to know,
And as thou sayest be it so '
With his sweet speech the saint replied
' Yourselves, O Queens, the choice decide
Your own discretion freely use
Which shall the one or many choose
One shall the race and name uphold,
The host be famous, strong, and bold
Which will have which ?' Then Keśiní
The mother of one hen would be
Sumatí, sister of the king'¹
Of all the birds that ply the wing,
To that illustrious Bráhmaṇ sued
That she might bear the multitude
Whose fame throughout the world should sound
For mighty enterprise renowned
Around the saint the monarch went,
Bowing his head, most reverent
Then with his wives, with willing feet,
Resought his own imperial seat
Time passed The elder consort bare

¹ Gruda

A son called Asamanj the heir
 Then Sumati the younger gave
 Birth to a gourd * O hero brave
 Whose mind when burst and cleft in two
 Gave sixty thousand babe to view
 All these with care the nurses laid
 In jars of oil and there they stayed
 Till youthful age and strength complete
 Forth speeding from each dark retreat
 All peers in valour years and might
 The sixty thousand came to light
 Prince Asamanj brought up with care
 Scourge of his foes was made the heir
 But hegemen's boys he used to cast
 To Sarju's waves that hurried past
 Laughing the while in cruel glee
 Their dying agonies to see
 This wicked prince who aye withstood
 The counsel of the wise and good
 Who plagued the people in his hate
 His father banished from the state
 His son kind spoken brave and tall
 Was An'uman beloved of all

Long years flew by The king decreed
 To slay a sacrificial steed
 Consulting with his priestly band
 He vowed the rite his soul had planned
 And Veda skilled by their advice
 Made ready for the sacrifice

* Ikshaku the name of a king of Ay-dhya who is regarded as the
 founder of the Sol race means also a gourd Hence perhaps the
 myth

CANTO XL.

THE CLEAVING OF THE EARTH

The hermit ceased the tale was done
 Then in a transport Raghu's son
 Again addressed the ancient sire
 Resplendent as a burning fire
 'O holy man, I fain would hear
 The tale repeated full and clear
 How he from whom my sires descend
 Brought the great rite to happy end'
 The hermit answered with a smile
 'Then listen, son of Raghu, while
 My legendary tale proceeds
 To tell of high-souled Sagar's deeds
 Within the spacious plain that lies
 From where Himálaya's heights arise
 To where proud Vindhya's rival chain
 Looks down upon the subject plain—
 A land the best for rites declared'
 His sacrifice the king prepared
 And Anśumán the prince—for so
 Sagar advised with ready bow

1 'The region here spoken of is called in the Laws of Manu *Madhyadeśa* or the middle region 'The region situated between the Himalya and the Vindhya Mountains is called *Madhyadeśa*, or the middle region, the space comprised between these two mountains from the eastern to the western sea is called by sages *Āryāvartta*, the seat of honourable men' (MANU, II, 21, 22) The Sanskrit Indians called themselves *Āryans*, which means *honourable, noble*, to distinguish themselves from the surrounding nations of different origin' GORRESIO

Was borne upon a mighty car
To watch the steed who roamed afar
But Indra, monarch of the skies
Veiling his form in demon guise
Came down upon the appointed day
And drove the victim horse away
Left of the steed the priests distressed
The master of the rite addressed
Upon the sacred day by force
A robber takes the victim horse
Haste king now let the thief be slain
Bring thou the charger back again
The sacred rite presented thus
Bring peace and woe to all of us
Rise Monarch and provide with speed
That naught its happy course impede

King Sagar in his crowded court
Gave ear unto the priests' report
He summoned straightway to his side
His sixty thousand sons and cried
Brave sons of mine I know not how
The demons are so mighty now
The priests began the rite so well
All sanctified with prayer and spell
If in the depths of earth he hide
Or lurk beneath the ocean's tide
Pursue dear sons the robber's track
Slay him and bring the charger back
The whole of this broad earth explore
Sea garlanded from shore to shore
Yea dig her up with might and main
Until you see the horse again
Deep let your searching labour reach
A league in depth dug out by each

The robber of our horse pursue,
And please you sire who orders you
My grandson, I, this priestly train,
Till the steed comes, will here remain'

Then eager hearts with transport burned
As to their task the heroes turned
Obedient to their father, they
Through earth's recesses forced their way,
With iron arms' unflinching toil
Each dug a league beneath the soil
Earth, cleft asunder, groaned in pain,
As emulous they plied again
Sharp-pointed coulters, pick, and bar,
Hard as the bolts of India are
Then loud the hoarse clamour rose
Of monsters dying neath their blows,
Giant and demon, fiend and snake,
That in earth's core then dwelling make
They dug, in one that naught could stay,
Through sixty thousand leagues their way,
Cleaving the earth with matchless strength
Till hell itself they reached at length
Thus digging searched they Jambudvīp¹
With all its hills and mountains steep
Then a great fear began to shake
The heart of God, bard, fiend, and snake,
And all distressed in spirit went
Before the Sire Omnipotent
With signs of woe in every face
They sought the mighty Father's grace,
And trembling still and ill at ease

¹ Said to be so called from the Jambu, or Rose Apple, abounding in it, and signifying according to the Puranas the central division of the world, the known world

Addressed their Lord in words like these
‘ The sons of Sagar Sire benign
Pierce the whole earth with mine on mine
And as their ruthless work they ply
Innumerable creatures die
 Thus is the thief the princes say
 Who stole our victim steed away
This marred the rite and cau ed us ill
And so their guiltless blood they spill

CANTO XLI.

KAPIL.

The Father lent a gracious ear
 And listened to their tale of fear,
 And kindly to the Gods replied
 Whom woe and death had terrified
 'The wisest Vāsudeva,¹ who
 The Immortals' foe, fierce Madhu, slew,
 Regards broad Earth with love and pride,
 And guards, in Kapil's form, his bride:²
 His kindled wrath will quickly fall
 On the king's sons and burn them all
 This cleaving of the earth his eye
 Foresaw in ages long gone by
 He knew with prescient soul the fate
 That Sagara's children should await'

The Thrice and-thirty,³ freed from fear,
 Sought then bright homes with hopeful cheer

¹ Here used as a name of Vishnu

² Kings are called the husbands of their kingdoms or of the earth;
 'She and his kingdom were his only brides' *Raghuransa*

'Doubly divorced' Bad men, you violate
 A double marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
 And then between me and my married wife'

King Richard II Act V Sc I

³ The thirty three Gods are said in the *Āitareya Brāhmaṇa*, Book I ch II 10 to be the eight Vasus, the eleven Rudras, the twelve Ādityas, Prajapati, either Bṛhma or Dakṣha, and Viśvatharṃ or deified oblation. This must have been the actual number at the beginning of the Vedic religion gradually increased by successive mythical and religious creations till the Indian Pantheon was crowded with abstractions of every kind. Through the reverence with which the words of the Veda were regarded, the immense host of multiplied divinities, in later times, still bore the name of the Thirty three Gods

Still rose the great tempestuous sound
 As Sagar's children pierced the ground
 When thus the whole broad earth was cleft
 And not a spot unsearched was left
 Back to their home the princes sped
 And thus unto their father said

We searched the earth from side to side
 While countless hosts of creatures died
 Our conquering feet in triumph trod
 On snake and demon fiend and God
 But yet we failed with all our toil
 To find the robber and the spoil
 What can we more? If more we can
 Devise O King and tell thy plan

His children's speech King Sagar heard
 And answered thus to anger stirred

Dig on and ne'er your labour stay
 Till through earth's depths you force your way
 Then smite the robber dead and bring
 The charger back with triumphing

The sixty thousand chiefs obeyed
 Deep through the earth their way they made
 Deep as they dug and deeper yet
 The immortal elephant they met
 Famed Vṛupakṣha¹ vast of size

¹ On of the elephants which according to an ancient belief popular in India supported the earth with their enormous backs when one of the elephants shook his wrinkled head the earth trembled with its woods and hills. An idea or rather a mythical fancy is all that is but reduced to proportion less grand is found in Virgil when he speaks of Enceladus buried under Ætæa

Fmaet Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
 Ugeim le hac ingentemque insuper Ætnam
 Impositam ruptis flammis expirare caminis
 Et fessum quoties mutat latus intremere omnem

Murmure Trinactiam et coelum subtexere fumo Æneid Lib III

GORETIO

Upon whose head the broad earth lies
The mighty beast who earth sustains
With shaggy hills and wooded plains
When, with the changing moon, distressed,
And longing for a moment's rest,
His mighty head the monster shakes,
Earth to the bottom reels and quakes
Around that wander strong and vast
With reverential steps they passed,
Nor, when the honour due was paid,
Then downward search through earth delayed.
But turning from the east aside
Southward again their task they plied
There Mahápadma held his place,
The best of all his mighty race,
Like some huge hill, of monstrous girth,
Upholding on his head the earth
When the vast beast the princes saw,
They marvelled and were filled with awe.
The sons of high-souled Sagara found
That elephant in reverence wound
Then in the western region they
With might unwearied cleft their way
There saw they with astonished eyes
Saumanas, beast of mountain size
Round him with circling steps they went
With greetings kind and reverent

On, on no thought of rest or stay
They reached the seat of Soma's sway.
There saw they Bhadra, white as snow,
With lucky marks that fortune show,
Bearing the earth upon his head
Round him they paced with solemn tread,
And honoured him with greetings kind,

Then downward yet their way they mined
 They gained the tract twixt east and north
 Whose fame is ever blazoned forth¹
 And by a storm of rage impelled
 Digging through earth their course they held
 Then all the princes lofty souled
 Of wondrous vigour strong and bold
 Saw Vasudev² standing there
 In Kapil's form he loved to wear
 And near the everlasting God
 The victim charger cropped the sod
 They saw with joy and eager eyes
 The fabled robber and the prize
 And on him rushed the furious band
 Crying aloud Stand villain! stand!
 Avaunt! avunt! great Kapil cried
 His bosom flusht with passion's tide
 Then by his might that proud array
 All scorcht to heaps of ashes lay³

¹ The Devās and Asuras (Gods and Titans) fought in the direction of the north. The Devās were defeated by the Asuras in all the directions. They then fought in the north-east in direct opposition to the Devās did not sustain defeat. This direction is *aparajita* — unconquerable. Hence one should do work in this direction and have done therewith such one (alone) is able to clear off his debt. *HAUG'S Aita-eja-Brahmāṇḍa V 1 II p. 3*

The debts here spoken of are a man's religious obligations to the Gods, the Pitṛas, or Menes and men.

² Viṣṇu.

³ It appears to me that this mythical story has reference to the volcanic phenomenon of nature. Kapil may very possibly be the terrible fiery force which would by and by burst forth in volcanic effluvia. I place moreover on this name of the myth God of Fire. *GOPBESIO*

CANTO XLII.

SIGAR'S SACRIFICE.

Then to the prince his grandson, bright
 With his own fame's unborrowed light,
 King Sigar thus began to say,
 Marvelling at his sons' delay
 'Thou art a warrior skilled and bold,
 Match for the mighty men of old
 Now follow on thine uncles' course
 And track the robber of the horse
 To guard thee take thy sword and bow,
 For huge and strong are beasts below.
 There to the reverend reverence pay,
 And kill the foes who check thy way;
 Then turn successful home and see
 My sacrifice complete through thee'

Obedient to the high-souled lord
 Grasped Ansumán his bow and sword,
 And hurried forth the way to trace
 With youth and valour's eager pace
 On sped he by the path he found
 Dug by his uncles underground
 The warden elephant he saw
 Whose size and strength pass Nature's law,
 Who bears the world's tremendous weight,
 Whom God, fiend, giant venerate,
 Bud, serpent, and each fitting shade.
 To him the honour meet he paid
 With cuching steps and greeting due,
 And further prayed him, if he knew,

To tell him of his uncles weal
And who had dared the horse to steal
To him in war and council tried
The warder elephant replied
Thou son of Asamanj shalt lead
In triumph back the rescued steed

As to each warder beast he came
And questioned all his words the same
The honoured youth with gentle speech
Drew eloquent reply from each
That fortune should his steps attend
And with the horse he home should wend
Cheered with the grateful answer he
Passed on with step more light and free
And reached with careless heart the place
Where lay in ashes Sagar's race
Then sank the spirit of the chief
Beneath that shock of sudden grief
And with a bitter cry of woe
He mourned his kinsmen fallen so
He saw weighed down by woe and care
The victim charger roaming there
Yet would the pious chieftain fain
Oblations offer to the slain
But needing water for the rite
He looked and there was none in sight
His quick eye searching all around
The uncle of his kinsmen found
King Garud best beyond compare
Of birds who wing the fields of air
Then thus unto the weeping man
The son of Vinata¹ began

¹ Garud was the son of Kasyap and Vinata

'Grieve not, O hero, for then fall
 Who died a death approved of all
 Of mighty strength, they met their fate
 By Kapil's hand whom none can mate
 Pour forth for them no earthly wave,
 A holier flood then sprits crave
 If, daughter of the Lord of Snow,
 Gangā would turn her stream below,
 Her waves that cleanse all mortal stain
 Would wash their ashes pure again
 Yea, when her flood whom all revere
 Rolls o'er the dust that moulders here,
 The sixty thousand, freed from sin,
 A home in India's heaven shall win
 Go, and with ceaseless labour try
 To draw the Goddess from the sky.
 Return, and with thee take the steed,
 So shall thy grandsire's rite succeed'

Prince Anśumān the strong and brave
 Followed the rede Suparna¹ gave
 The glorious hero took the horse,
 And homeward quickly bent his course
 Straight to the anxious king he hied,
 Whom lustial rites had purified,
 The mournful story to unfold
 And all the king of birds had told
 The tale of woe the monarch heard,
 No longer was the rite deferred
 With care and just observance he
 Accomplished all, as texts decree
 The rites performed, with brighter fame,
 Mighty in counsel, home he came

¹ Garud

He longed to bring the river down
But found no plan his wish to crown
He pondered long with anxious thought
But saw no way to what he sought
Thus thirty thousand years he spent
And then to heaven the monarch went.

CANTO XLIII.

BHAGIRATH

When Sagar thus had bowed to fate,
 The lords and commons of the state
 Approved with ready heart and will
 Prince Anśumān his throne to fill
 He ruled a mighty king, unblamed,
 Suc of Dilīpa justly famed
 To him, his child and worthy heir,
 The king resigned his kingdom's care,
 And on Himālaya's pleasant side
 His task austere of penance plied
 Bright as a God in clear renown
 He planned to bring pure Gangā down.
 There on his fruitless hope intent
 Twice sixteen thousand years he spent,
 And in the grove of hermits stayed
 Till bliss in heaven his rites repaid.
 Dilīpa then, the good and great,
 Soon as he learnt his kinsmen's fate,
 Bowed down by woe, with troubled mind,
 Pondering long no cure could find
 'How can I bring,' the mourner sighed,
 'To cleanse their dust, the heavenly tide?
 How can I give them rest, and save
 Their spirits with the offered wave?'
 Long with this thought his bosom skilled
 In holy discipline was filled
 A son was born, Bhagīrath named,
 Above all men for virtue famed

Dilip many a rite ordained
 And thirty thousand seasons reigned
 But when no hope the king could see
 His kinsmen from then woe to free
 The lord of men by sickness tried
 Obedied the law of fate and died
 He left the kingdom to his son
 And gained the heaven his deeds had won
 The good Bhagirath royal sage
 Had no fair son to cheer his age
 He great in glory pure in will
 Longing for sons was childless still
 Then on one wish one thought intent
 Planning the heavenly streams descent
 Leaving his ministers the care
 And burden of his state to bear
 Dwelling in far Gokarna¹ he
 Engaged in long austerity
 With senses checked with arms upraised
 Five fires² around and o'er him blazed
 Each weavy month the hermit passed
 Breathing but once his awful fast
 In winters chill the brook his bed
 In rain the clouds to screen his head
 Thousands of years he thus endured
 Till Brahma's favour was assured
 And the high Lord of living things
 Looked kindly on his sufferings
 With trooping Gods the Sire came near
 The king who plied his task austere
 Blest Monarch of a glorious race
 Thy fervent rites have won my grace

¹ A famous and venerated region near the Malabar coast

² That is four fires and the sun

Well hast thou wrought thine awful task
Some boon in turn, O Hermit, ask'

Bhagínath, rich in glory's light,
The hero with the arm of might,
Thus to the Lord of earth and sky
Raised suppliant hands and made reply .
' If the great God his favour deigns,
And my long toil its fruit obtains,
Let Sagai's sons receive from me
Libations that they long to see
Let Gangá, with her holy wave
The ashes of the heroes lave,
That so my kinsmen may ascend
To heavenly bliss that ne'er shall end
And give, I pray, O God, a son,
Nor let my house be all undone
Sue of the worlds' be this the grace
Bestowed upon Ikshváku's race'

The Sue, when thus the king had prayed,
In sweet kind words his answer made
' High, high thy thought and wishes are,
Bhagínath of the mighty car !
Ikshváku's line is blest in thee,
And as thou prayest it shall be
Gangá, whose waves in Swaiga¹ flow,
Is daughter of the Lord of Snow
Win Śiva that his aid be lent
To hold her in her mid descent,
For earth alone will never bear
Those torrents hurled from upper air ,
And none may hold her weight but He,
The Trident-wielding deity'

¹ Heaven

Thus having said the Lord supreme
Addressed him to the heavenly stream
And then with Gods and Maruts¹ went
To heaven above the firmament

¹ Wind Gods

CANTO XLIV.

THE DESCENT OF GANGÁ.

The Lord of life the skies regained
 The fervent king a year remained
 With arms upraised, refusing rest
 While with one toe the earth he pressed,
 Still as a post, with sleepless eye,
 The air his food, his roof the sky
 The year had past Then Umá's lord,¹
 King of creation, world-adored,
 Thus spoke to great Bhagínath 'I
 Well pleased thy wish will gratify,
 And on my head her waves shall fling
 The daughter of the Mountains' King!'
 He stood upon the lofty crest
 That crowns the Lord of Snow,
 And bade the river of the Blest
 Descend on earth below
 Himálaya's child, adored of all,
 The haughty mandate heard,
 And her proud bosom, at the call,
 With furious wrath was stirred
 Down from her channel in the skies
 With awful might she sped
 With a giant's rush, in a giant's size,
 On Śiva's holy head
 'He calls me,' in her wrath she cried,
 'And all my flood shall sweep

¹ Śiva.

And whirl him in its whelming tide
 To hell's profoundest deep
 He held the river on his head
 And kept her wandering where
 Dense as Himálja's woods were spread
 The tangles of his hair
 No way to earth she found ashamed
 Though long and sore she strove
 Condemned until her pride were tamed
 Amid his locks to rove
 There many lengthening cacons through
 The wildered river ran
 Bhagirath saw it and anew
 His penance dire began
 Then Siva for the hermit's sake
 Bade her long wanderings end
 And sinking into Vindu's lake
 Her weary waves descend
 From Gangá by the God set free
 Seven noble rivers came
 Hladini Pávaní and she
 Called Naliní by name
 The e rolled their lucid waves along
 And sought the eastern side
 Suchakshu Sita fair and strong
 And Sindhu's mighty tide—¹
 These to the region of the west
 With joyful waters sped
 The seventh the brightest and the best
 Floved where Bhagirath led

¹ The lake Vindu does not exist. Of the seven rivers here mentioned two only the Ganges and the Sindhu or Indus are known to geographers. Hladini means the Gladdener Pávaní the Purifier Naliní the Lotus clad and Suchakshu the Fair eyed

On Śiva's head descending first
A rest the torrents found ,
Then down in all their might they buist
And roared along the ground
On countless glittering scales the beam
Of rosy morning flashed,
Where fish and dolphins through the stream
Fallen and falling dashed
Then bards who chant celestial lays
And nymphs of heavenly birth
Flocked round upon that flood to gaze
That streamed from sky to earth
The Gods themselves from every sphere,
Incomparably bright,
Borne in their golden cars drew near
To see the wondrous sight
The cloudless sky was all aflame
With the light of a hundred suns
Where'er the shining chariots came
That bore those holy ones
So flashed the air with crested snakes
And fish of every hue
As when the lightning's glory breaks
Through fields of summer blue.
And white foam-clouds and silver spray
Were wildly tossed on high,
Like swans that urge their homeward way
Across the autumn sky
Now ran the river calm and clear
With current strong and deep ,
Now slowly broadened to a mere,
Or scarcely seemed to creep
Now o'er a length of sandy plain
Her tranquil course she held ,

Now rose her waves and sunk again
By refluent waves repelled
So falling first on Siva's head
Thence rushing to their earthly bed
In ceaseless fall the waters streamed
And pure with holy lustre gleamed
Then every spirit sage and bard
Condemned to earth by sentence hard
Pressed eagerly around the tide
That Siva's touch had sanctified
Then they whom heavenly doom had hurled
Accursed to this low world
Touched the pure wave and freed from sin
Resought the skies and entered in
And all the world was glad whereon
The glorious water flowed and shone,
For sin and stain were banished thence
By the sweet river's influence
First in a car of heavenly frame
The royal saint of deathless name
Bhagirath very glorious rode
And after him fair Ganga flowed
God sage and bard the chief in place
Of spirits and the Naga race
Nymph giant fiend in long array
Sped where Bhagirath led the way
And all the hosts the flood that swim
Followed the stream that followed him.
Where'er the great Bhagirath led
There ever glorious Ganga fled
The best of floods the rivers queen
Whose waters wash the wicked clean

It chanced that Jahnu great and good
Engaged with holy offerings stood

The river spread her waves around
Flooding his sacrificial ground
The saint in anger marked her pride,
And at one draught her stream he dried
Then God, and sage, and bard, afraid,
To noble high-souled Jahnu prayed,
And begged that he would kindly deem
His own dear child that holy stream
Moved by their suit, he soothed their fears
And loosed her waters from his ears
Hence Gangá through the world is styled
Both Jáhnaví and Jahnu's child
Then onward still she followed fast,
And reached the great sea bank at last
Thence deep below her way she made
To end those rites so long delayed
The monarch reached the Ocean's side,
And still behind him Gangá hied
He sought the depths which open lay
Where Sagar's sons had dug their way
So leading through earth's nether caves
The river's purifying waves,
Over his kinsmen's dust the lord
His funeral libation poured
Soon as the flood their dust bedewed,
Their spirits gained beatitude,
And all in heavenly bodies dressed
Rose to the skies' eternal rest

Then thus to King Bhagínath said
Brahmá, when, coming at the head
Of all his bright celestial train,
He saw those spirits freed from stain
'Well done!' great Prince of men, well done!
Thy kinsmen bliss and heaven have won.

The sons of Sagar mighty souled
Are with the Blest as Gods enrolled
Long as the Ocean's flood shall stand
Upon the border of the land
So long shall Sagar's sons remain
And godlike rank in heaven retain
Gangā thine eldest child shall be
Called from thy name Bhāgirathī
Named also—for her waters fell
From heaven and flow through earth and hell—
Tripāthagā stream of the skies
Because three paths she glorifies
And mighty King tis given thee now
To free thee and perform thy vow
No longer happy Prince delay
Drink offerings to thy kin to pay
For this the holiest Sagar sighed
But mourned the boon he sought denied
Then Ansuman dear Prince! although
No brighter name the world could show,
Strove long the heavenly flood to gain
To visit earth but strove in vain
Nor was she by the sages peer
Blest with all virtues most austere,
Thy sire Dilipa hither brought
Though with fierce prayers the boon he sought
But thou O King hast earned success
And won high fame which God will bless
Through thee O victor of thy foes
On earth this heavenly Ganga flows
And thou hast gained the meed divine
That waits on virtue such as thine
Now in her ever holy wave
Thyself O best of heroes lave

So shalt thou, pure from every sin,
The blessed fruit of merit win
Now for thy kin who died of yore
The meet libations duly pour
Above the heavens I now ascend
Depart, and bliss thy steps attend'

Thus to the mighty king who broke
His foemens' might, Lord Biahmá spoke,
And with his Gods around him rose
To his own heaven of blest repose.
The royal sage no more delayed,
But, the libation duly paid,
Home to his regal city hied
With water cleansed and purified
There ruled he his ancestral state,
Best of all men, most fortunate
And all the people joyed again
In good Bhagínath's gentle reign
Rich, prosperous, and blest were they,
And grief and sickness fled away
Thus, Ráma, I at length have told
How Gangá came from heaven of old.
Now, for the evening passes swift,
I wish thee each auspicious gift
This story of the flood's descent
Will give for 'tis most excellent--
Wealth, purity, fame, length of days,
And to the skies its heaters raise

CANTO XLV

THE QUEST OF THE AMRIT

High and more high their wonder rose
 As the strange story reached its close
 And thus with Lakshman Ráma best
 Of Rághu's sons the saint addressed
 Most wondrous is the tale which thou
 Hast told of heavenly Ganga how
 From realms above descending she
 Flowed through the land and filled the sea
 In thinking o'er what thou hast said
 The night has like a moment fled
 Whose hours in musing have been spent
 Upon thy words most excellent
 So much O holy Sage thy lore
 Has charmed us with this tale of yore

Day dawned The morning rites were done
 And the victorious Raghu's son
 Addressed the sage in words like these
 Rich in his long austerities

The night is past the morn is clear
 Told is the tale so good to hear
 Now o'er that river let us go
 Three pathed the best of all that flow
 This boat stands ready on the shore
 To bear the holy hermits o'er
 Who of thy coming warned in haste
 The barge upon the bank have placed

And Kusik's son approved his speech
 And moving to the sandy beach

Placed in the boat the hermit band,
And reached the river's farther strand
On the north bank then feet they set,
And greeted all the saints they met
On Gangā's shore they lighted down,
And saw Viśālā's lovely town
Thither, the pines by his side,
The best of holy hermits hied
It was a town exceeding fair
That might with heaven itself compare
Then, suppliant palm to palm applied,
Famed Rāma asked his holy guide -
' O best of hermits, say what race
Of monarchs rules this lovely place
Dear master, let my prayer prevail,
For much I long to hear the tale '
Moved by his words, the saintly man
Viśālā's ancient tale began
' List, Rāma, list, with closest heed
The tale of Indra's wondrous deed,
And mark me as I truly tell
What here in ancient days befell
Ere Kṛta's famous Age¹ had fled,
Strong were the sons of Diti² bred ,
And Aditi's brave children too
Were very mighty, good, and true
The rival brothers fierce and bold
Were sons of Kaśyap lofty-souled
Of sister mothers born, they vied,
Brood against brood, in jealous pride
Once, as they say, band met with band,

¹ The first or Golden Age

² Diti and Aditi were wives of Kasyap, and mothers respectively of Titans and Gods

And joined in awful council planned
 To live unharmed by age and time
 Immortal in their youthful prime
 Then this was after due debate
 The counsel of the wise and great
 To churn with might the milky sea¹
 The life bestowing drink to free
 This planned they seized the Serpent King
 Vāsukī for their churning string
 And Mandar's mountain for their pole
 And churned with all their heart and soul
 As thus a thousand seasons through
 This way and that the snake they drew
 Biting the rocks each tortured head
 A very deadly venom shed
 Thence bursting like a mighty flame
 A pestilential poison came
 Consuming as it onward ran
 The home of God and fiend and man
 Then all the suppliant Gods in fear
 To Sankar² mighty lord drew near
 To Rudra King of Herds dismayed
 Save us O save us Lord¹ they prayed
 Then Vishnu bearing shell and mace
 And discus showed his radiant face
 And thus addressed in smiling glee
 The Trident wielding deity
 What treasure first the Gods upturn
 From troubled Ocean as they churn
 Should—for thou art the eldest—be
 Conferred O best of Gods on thee

¹ One of the seven seas surrounding a many worlds in concentric rings

² Sankar and Rudra are names of Śiva

Then come, and for thy birthright's sake,
This venom as thy firstfruits take'
He spoke, and vanished from their sight
When Śiva saw their wild affright,
And heard his speech by whom is borne
The mighty bow of bending horn,¹
The poisoned flood at once he quaffed
As 'twere the Amrit's heavenly draught
Then from the Gods departing went
Śiva, the Lord pre-eminent
The host of Gods and Asurs still
Kept churning with one heart and will
But Mandar's mountain, whirling round,
Pierced to the depths below the ground
• Then Gods and bards in terror flew
To him who mighty Madhu slew
' Help of all beings ' more than all,
The Gods on thee for aid may call
Ward off, O mighty-armed ' our fate,
And bear up Mandar's threatening weight'
Then Vishnu, as their need was sore,
The semblance of a tortoise wore,
And in the bed of Ocean lay
The mountain on his back to stay.
Then he, the soul pervading all,
Whose locks in radiant tresses fall,
One mighty arm extended still,
And grasped the summit of the hill
So ranged among the Immortals, he
Joined in the churning of the sea

¹ 'Saingun, literally carrying a bow of horn, is a constantly recurring name of Vishnu. The Indians also, therefore, knew the art of making bows out of the horns of antelopes or wild goats, which Homer ascribes to the Trojans of the heroic age.' SCHLEGEL

A thousand years had reached their close
 When calmly from the ocean rose
 The gentle sage¹ with staff and can
 Lord of the art of healing man
 Then as the waters foamed and boiled
 As churning still the Immortals toiled
 Of winning face and lovely frame
 Forth sixty million fair ones came
 Born of the foam and water these
 Were aptly named Apsarases²
 Each had her maids The tongue would fail—
 So vast the throng—to count the tale
 But when no God or Titan wooed
 A wife from all that multitude
 Refused by all they gave their love
 In common to the Gods above
 Then from the sea still vexed and wild
 Rose Sura, Varun's maiden child
 A fitting match she sought to find
 But Diti's sons her love declined

¹ Dhanvantari the physician of the Gods

The poet plays upon the word and fancifully derives it from *apsu* the locative case plural of *ap* water and *rasa* taste. The word is probably derived from *ap* water and *ras* to go and seems to signify *inhabitants of the water* nymphs of the stream or as Goldtucker thinks (Dict. s. v.) these deities were originally personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the sun and form into mist or clouds.

² *Sura* in the former sense comprehends all sorts of intoxicating liquors many kinds of which the Indians from the earliest times distilled and prepared from cereals, sugar cane, the palm tree and various flowers and plants. Nothing, however, considered more disgraceful among orthodox Hindus than drunkenness and the use of wine is forbidden not only to Brahmins but the two other orders as well. So it clearly appears derogatory to the dignity of the God to have received a nymph as a consort who ought to have been made over to the Titans. However, the etymology is logical if they have prevailed. The word *Sura* a God is derived from the indeclinable *Si* or heaven. S HLEGEL

Then kinsmen of the rival brood
 To the pure maid in honour sued
 Hence those who loved that nymph so fair
 The hallowed name of Suias bear
 And Asurs are the Titan crowd
 Her gentle claims who disallowed
 Then from the foamy sea was freed
 Uchchaihśravas,¹ the generous steed,
 And Kaustubha, of gems the gem,²
 And Soma, Moon God, after them

At length when many a year had fled,
 Up floated, on her lotus bed,
 A maiden fair and tender-eyed,
 In the young flush of beauty's pride
 She shone with pearl and golden sheen,
 And seals of glory stamped her queen
 On each round arm glowed many a gem,
 On her smooth brows, a diadem
 Rolling in waves beneath her crown
 The glory of her hair flowed down
 Pearls on her neck of price untold,
 The lady shone like burnisht gold.
 Queen of the Gods, she leapt to land,
 A lotus in her perfect hand,
 And fondly, of the lotus sprung,
 To lotus-bearing Vishnu clung
 Her, Gods above and men below
 As Beauty's Queen and Fortune know³

¹ Literally, high eared, the horse of Indra Compare the production of the horse from the sea by Neptune

² 'And Kaustubha the best
 Of gems that burns with living light
 Upon Lord Vishnu's breast'

Churning of the Ocean

³ 'That this story of the birth of Lakshmi is of considerable antiquity is evident from one of her names *Kshīrabdhī tanayā*, daughter of the

Gods Titans and the minstrel train
 Still churned and wrought the troubled main
 At length the prize so madly sought
 The Amrit to their sight was brought
 For the rich spoil twixt these and those
 A fratricidal war arose
 And host gainst host in battle set
 Aditi's sons and Diti's met
 United with the giants aid
 Their fierce attack the Titans made
 And wildly raged for many a day
 That universe astounding fray
 When wearied arms were faint to strike
 And ruin threatened all alike
 Vishnu with art's illusive aid
 The Amrit from their sight conveyed
 That Best of Beings smote his foes
 Who dared his deathless arm oppose
 Yea Vishnu all pervading God
 Beneath his feet the Titans trod
 Aditi's race the sons of light
 Slew Diti's brood in cruel fight
 Then town destroying¹ Indra gained
 His empire and in glory reigned
 O'er the three worlds with bard and sage
 Rejoicing in his heritage

Milky Sea which is found in *Amaras nāḥa* the most ancient of Indian
 iconographers. The similarity to the Greek myth of Venus being
 born from the foam of the sea is remarkable.

In this description of Lakshmi one thing only offends me—that she
 is said to have four arms. Each of Vishnu's arms single as far as the
 elbow there branches into two—but Lakshmi in all the *bhāṣa* seals
 that I possess or remember to have seen has two arms only. Nor does
 this deformity of redundant limbs suit the pattern of perfect beauty
 SCHLEGEL. I have omitted the offensive epithet.

¹ Purandara a common title of Indra

CANTO XLVI.

DITI'S HOPE

But Diti, when her sons were slain,
 Wild with a childless mother's pain,
 To Kaśyap spake, Marícha's son,
 Her husband 'O thou glorious one'
 Dead are the children, mine no more,
 The mighty sons to thee I bore
 Long fervour's meed, I crave a boy
 Whose aim may India's life destroy
 The toil and pain my care shall be
 To bless my hope depends on thee
 Give me a mighty son to slay
 Fierce Indra, gracious lord ! I pray'

Then glorious Kaśyap thus replied
 To Diti, as she wept and sighed
 'Thy prayer is heard, dear saint ! Remain
 Pure from all spot, and thou shalt gain
 A son whose aim shall take the life
 Of Indra in the battle strife
 For full a thousand years endure
 Free from all stain, supremely pure,
 Then shall thy son and mine appear,
 Whom the three worlds shall serve with fear'
 These words the glorious Kaśyap said,
 Then gently stroked his consort's head,
 Blessed her, and bade a kind adieu,
 And turned him to his rites anew
 Soon as her lord had left her side,
 Her bosom swelled with joy and pride

She sought the shade of holy boughs
 And there began her awful vows
 While yet she wrought her rites austere
 Indra unbidden hastened near
 With sweet observance tending her
 A reverential minister
 Wood water fire and grass he brought
 Sweet roots and woodland fruit he sought
 And all her wants the Thousand eyed
 With never failing care supplied
 With tender love and soft caress
 Removing pain and weariness

When of the thousand years ordained
 Ten only unfulfilled remained
 Thus to her son the Thousand eyed
 The Goddess in her triumph cried
 Best of the mighty ! there remain
 But ten short years of toil and pain
 These years of penance soon will flee
 And a new brother thou shalt see
 Him for thy sake I'll nobly breed
 And lust of war his soul shall feed
 Then free from care and sorrow thou
 Shalt see the worlds before him bow ¹

¹ A few verses which I have been obliged to leave untranslated here will be found in the Appendix veiled in the obscurity of a learned language

CANTO XLVII.

. *SUMATI*

Thus to Lord India, Thousand-eyed,
 Softly beseeching Diti sighed,
 When but a blighted bud was left,
 Which Indra's hand in seven had cleft¹
 'No fault, O Lord of Gods, is thine,
 The blame herein is only mine
 But for one grace I fain would pray,
 As thou hast reft this hope away
 This bud, O India, which a blight
 Has withered ere it saw the light
 From this may seven fan spirits rise
 To rule the regions of the skies
 Be theirs through heaven's unbounded space
 On shoulders of the winds to race,
 My children, drest in heavenly forms,
 Far-famed as Máruts, Gods of storms
 One God to Brahmá's sphere assign,
 Let one, O Indra, watch o'er thine,
 And ranging through the lower air,
 The third the name of Váyú² bear

¹ 'In this myth of Indra destroying the unborn fruit of Diti with his thunder bolt, from which afterwards came the Máruts or Gods of Wind and Storm, geological phenomena are, it seems, represented under mythical images. In the great Mother of the Gods is, perhaps, figured the dry earth. Indra the God of thunder rends it open, and there issue from its rent bosom the Máruts or exhalations of the earth. But such ancient myths are difficult to interpret with absolute certainty.' GORRESIO

² Wind

Gods let the four remaining be
 And roam through space obeying thee
 The Town destroyer Thousand-eyed
 Who smote fierce Bali till he died
 Joined suppliant hands and thus replied
 Thy children heavenly forms shall wear,
 The names devised by thee shall bear
 And Maruts called by my decree
 Shall Amrit drink and wait on me
 From fear and age and sickness freed
 Through the three worlds their wings shall speed

Thus in the hermits holy shade
 Mother and son their compact made
 And then as fame relates content
 Home to the happy skies they went

This is the spot—so men have told—
 Where Lord Mahendra¹ dwelt of old
 This is the blessed region where
 His votaress mother claimed his care
 Here gentle Alambusha bare
 To old Ikshvāku king and sage
 Viśala glory of his age
 By whom a monarch void of guilt
 Was this fair town Viśala built
 His son was Hemachandra still
 Renowned for might and warlike skill
 From him the great Suchandra came
 His son Dhumrīśva dear to fame
 Next followed royal Srinjaya then
 Famed Śahadeva lord of men
 Next came Kuśāśva good and mild
 Whose son was Somadatta styled
 And Sumati his heir the peer

¹ Indra with *mah* great prefixed

Of Gods above, now governs here
And ever through Ikshváku's grace,
Viśálá's kings, his noble race,
Are lofty-souled, and blest with length
Of days, with virtue, and with strength
This night, O Prince, we here will sleep,
And when the day begins to peep,
Our onward way will take with thee,
The king of Mithilá to see'

Then Sumati, the king, aware
Of Viśvámitra's advent there,
Came quickly forth with honour meet
The lofty-minded sage to greet
Gut with his priest and lords the king
Did low obeisance, worshipping
With suppliant hands, with head inclined,
Thus spoke he after question kind
'Since thou hast deigned to bless my sight,
And grace awhile thy servant's seat,
High fate is mine, great Anchorite,
And none may with my bliss compete'

CANTO XLVIII

INDRA AND AHALYA

When mutual courtesies had past
 Visál's ruler spoke at last
 These princely youths O Sage who vie
 In might with children of the sky
 Heroic born for happy fate
 With elephants or lions gait
 Bold as the tiger or the bull
 With lotus eyes so large and full
 Armed with the quiver sword and bow,
 Whose figures like the Aśvins¹ show
 Like children of the deathless Powers
 Come freely to these shades of ours²—
 How have they reached on foot this place?
 What do they seek and what their race?
 As sun and moon adorn the sky
 This spot the heroes glorify
 Alike in stature port and mien
 The same fair form in each is seen

He spoke and at the monarch's call
 The best of hermits told him all
 How in the grove with him they dwelt,
 And slaughter to the demons dealt
 Then wonder filled the monarch's breast
 Who tended well each royal guest
 Thus entertained the princely pair

¹ The Heavenly Twins.

² Not banished from heaven as the inferior Gods and demigods sometimes were

Remained that night and rested there,
And with the morn's returning ray
To Mithilá pursued their way

When Janak's lovely city first
Upon their sight, yet distant, burst,
The hermits all with joyful cries
Hailed the fair town that met their eyes
Then Ráma saw a holy wood,
Close, in the city's neighbourhood,
Overgrown, deserted, marked by age,
And thus addressed the mighty sage
'O reverend lord, I long to know
What hermit dwelt here long ago'
Then to the prince his holy guide,
Most eloquent of men, replied
'O Ráma, listen while I tell
Whose was this grove, and what befell
When in the fury of his rage
The high saint cursed the hermitage
This was the grove most lovely then
Of Gautam O thou best of men,
Like heaven itself, most honoured by
The Gods who dwell above the sky
Here with Ahalyá at his side
His fervid task the ascetic phed
Years fled in thousands On a day
It chanced the saint had gone away,
When Town-destroying India came,
And saw the beauty of the dame
The sage's form the God endued,
And thus the fair Ahalyá wooed
'Love, sweet! should brook no dull delay,
But snatch the moments when he may'
She knew him in the saint's disguise,

Lord Indra of the Thousand eyes
But touched by love's unholy fire
She yielded to the God's desire

Now Lord of Gods! she whispered flee
From Gautam save thyself and me
Trembling with doubt and wild with dread
Lord India from the cottage fled
But fleeing in the grove he met
The home returning anchoret
Whose wrath the Gods and fiends would shun
Such power his fervent rites had won
Fresh from the lustral flood he came
In splendour like the burning flame
With fuel for his sacred rites
And grass the best of eremites
The Lord of Gods was sad of cheer
To see the mighty saint so new
And when the holy hermit spied
In hermit's garb the Thousand eyed
He knew the whole his fury broke
Iorth on the sinner as he spoke

Because my form thou hast assumed
And wrought this folly thou art doomed
For this my curse to thee shall cling
Henceforth a sad and sexless thing

No empty threat that sentence came
It chilled his soul and marred his frame
His might and godlike vigour fled
And every nerve was cold and dead

Then on his wife his fury burst
And thus the guilty dame he cursed
For countless year disloyal spouse
Devoted to severest vows
I have bed the ash in thy food

Here shalt thou live in solitude
 This lonely grove thy home shall be,
 And not an eye thy form shall see
 When Rāma, Daśaratha's child,
 Shall seek these shades then drear and wild,
 His coming shall remove thy stain,
 And make the sinner pure again
 Due honour paid to him, thy guest,
 Shall cleanse thy fond and ailing breast,
 Thee to my side in bliss restore,
 And give thy proper shape once more'¹

Thus to his guilty wife he said
 Then far the holy Gautam fled,
 And on Himālaya's lovely heights
 Spent the long years in sternest rites'

¹ 'Kumarila says 'In the same manner, if it is said that Indra was the seducer of Ahalyā, this does not imply that the God Indra committed such a crime, but Indra means the sun, and Ahalyā (from *ah* and *lyā*) the night, and as the night is seduced and ruined by the sun of the morning, therefore is Indra called the paramour of Ahalyā'
 MAX MÜLLER, *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 530

CANTO XLIX

AHALYA FREED

—

Then Rāma following still his guide
 Within the grove with Lakshman lured
 Her vows a wondrous light had lent
 To that illustrious penitent
 He saw the glorious lady screened
 From eye of man and God and fiend
 Like some bright portent which the care
 Of Brahmā launches through the air
 Designed by his illusive art
 To flash a moment and depart
 Or like the flame that leaps on high
 To sink involved in smoke and die
 Or like the full moon shining through
 The wintry mist then lost to view
 Or like the sun's reflection cast
 Upon the flood too bright to last
 So was the glorious dame till then
 Removed from Gods and mortals ken
 Till—such was Gautam's high decree—
 Prince Rāma came to set her free

Then with great joy that dame to meet
 The sons of Raghu clasped her feet
 And she remembering Gautam's oath
 With gentle grace received them both
 Then water for their feet she gave
 Guest gift and all that strangers crave
 The prince of courteous rule aware
 Received as meet the lady's care

Then flowers came down in copious rain,
And moving to the heavenly strain
Of music in the skies that rang,
The nymphs and minstrels danced and sang,
And all the Gods with one glad voice
Praised the great dame, and cried, 'Rejoice'
Though fervid rites no more defiled,
But with thy husband reconciled'
Gautam, the holy hermit knew
For naught escaped his godlike view
That Ráma lodged beneath that shade,
And hasting there his homage paid
He took Ahalyá to his side,
From sin and folly purified,
And let his new-found consort bear
In his austerities a share

Then Ráma, pride of Raghu's race,
Welcomed by Gautam, face to face,
Who every highest honour showed,
To Mithilá pursued his road.

CANTO L

JANAK

The sons of Raghu journeyed forth
 Bending their steps twixt east and north
 Soon guided by the sage they found
 Enclosed a sacrificial ground
 Then to the best of saints his guide
 In admiration Rāma cried

The high souled king no toil has spared
 But nobly for his rite prepared
 How many thousand Brahmans here
 From every region far and near
 Well read in holy lore appear !
How many tents that sages screen
 With wains in hundreds here are seen !
 Great Brahman let us find a place
 Where we may stay and rest a space
 The hermit did as Rāma prayed
 And in a spot his lodging made
 Far from the crowd sequestered clear
 With copious water flowing near

Then Janak best of kings aware
 Of Viśvamitra lodging there
 With Satavānda for his guide—
 The priest on whom he most relied
 His chaplain void of guile and stain—
 And others of his priestly train
 Bearing the gift that greets the guest
 To meet him with all honour pressed
 The saint received with gladsome mind

Each honour and obscurance kind
Then of his health he asked the king,
And how his rites were prospering
Janak, with chaplain and with priest,
Addressed the hermits, chief and least,
Accosting all, in due degree,
With proper words of courtesy
Then, with his palms together laid,
The king his supplication made
'Deign, reverend lord, to sit thee down
With these good saints of high renown'
Then sate the chief of hermits there,
Obedient to the monarch's prayer
Chaplain and priest, and king and peer,
Sate in their order, far or near
Then thus the king began to say
'The Gods have blest my rite to-day,
And with the sight of thee repaid
The preparations I have made
Grateful am I, so highly blest,
That thou, of saints the holiest,
Hast come, O Bráhmaṇ, here with all
These hermits to the festival
Twelve days, O Bráhmaṇ Sage, remain
For so the learned priests ordain
And then, O hermit of Kuśík's name,
The Gods will come then dues to claim'

With looks that testified delight
Thus spake he to the anchoirite,
Then with his suppliant hands upraised,
He asked, as earnestly he gazed
'These princely youths, O Sage, who vie
In might with children of the sky,
Heroic, born for happy fate,

With elephants or lions gait
 Bold as the tiger and the bull
 With lotus eyes so large and full
 Armed with the quiver sword and bow
 Whose figures like the Ásvins show
 Like children of the heavenly Powers
 Come freely to these shades of ours —
 How have they reached on foot this place?
 What do they seek and what their race?
 As sun and moon adorn the sky
 This spot the heroes glorify
 Alike in stature port and mien
 The same fur form in each is seen¹

Thus spoke the monarch lofty souled
 The saint of heart unfathomed told
 How sons of Dasyartha they
 Accompanied his homeward way
 How in the hermitage they dwelt
 And slaughter to the demons dealt
 Their journey till the spot they neared
 Whence four Viśvās towers appeared
 Ahalyā seen and freed from taint
 Their meeting with her lord the saint
 And how they thither came to know
 The virtue of the famous bow

Thus Viśvámitra spoke the whole
 To royal Janak great of soul
 And when this wondrous tale was o'er
 The glorious hermit said no more

¹ The preceding sixteen lines I've carried before in CANTO XLVIII. This Homeric custom of repeating a paragraph of verses is strange to our poet. This is the only instance I remember. The repetition of single lines is common enough. SCHLEGEL

CANTO LI.

VIŚVĀMITRA.

Wise VIŚVĀmitra's tale was done
 Then sainted Gaṭṭam's eldest son,
 Great Satānanda, far-renowned,
 Whom long austerities had crowned
 With glory,- as the news he heard
 The down upon his body stirred,
 Filled full of wonder at the sight
 Of Rāma, felt supreme delight
 When Satānanda saw the pair
 Of youthful princes seated there,
 He turned him to the holy man
 Who sate at ease, and thus began
 ' And didst thou, mighty Sage, in truth
 Show clearly to this royal youth
 My mother, glorious far and wide,
 Whom penance-rites have sanctified ?
 And did my glorious mother she,
 Heiress of noble destiny
 Serve her great guest with woodland store,
 Whom all should honour evermore ?
 Didst thou the tale to Rāma tell
 Of what in ancient days befell,
 The sin, the misery, and the shame
 Of guilty God and faithless dame ?
 And, O thou best of hermits, say,
 Did Rāma's healing presence stay
 Her trial ? was the wife restored
 Again to him, my sire and lord ?

Say Hermit did that sire of mine
Receive her with a soul benign
When long austerities in time
Had cleansed her from the taint of crime ?
And son of Kusil let me know
Did my great minded father show
Honour to Rama and regard
Before he journeyed hitherward ?
The hermit with attentive ear
Marked all the questions of the seer
To him for eloquence far famed
His eloquent reply he framed
Yea twas my care no task to shun
And all I had to do was done
As Renuká and Bhrigu's child
The saint and dame were reconciled

When the great sage had thus replied
To Rama Satánu and cried

A welcome visit Prince is thine
Thou scion of King Rághu's line
With him to guide thy way aright
This sage invincible in might
This Brahman sage most glorious bright
By long austerities has wrought
A wondrous deed exceeding thought
Thou knowest well O strong of arm
This sure defence from scathe and harm
None Rama none is living now
In all the earth more blest than thou
That thou hast won a saint so tried
In fervid rites thy life to guide
Now listen Prince while I relate
His lofty deeds and wondrous fate
He was a monarch pious souled

HIS foemen in the dust he rolled ,
Most learned, prompt at duty's claim
HIS people's good his joy and aim

Of old the Lord of Life gave birth
To mighty Kuśa, king of earth
His son was Kuśanábha, strong,
Friend of the right, the foe of wrong
Gádhi, whose fame no time shall dim,
Heir of his throne, was born to him,
And Viśvámitra, Gádhi's hen,
Governed the land with kingly care
While years unnumbered rolled away
The monarch reigned with equal sway
At length, assembling many a band,
He led his warriors round the land
Complete in tale, a mighty force,
Cais, elephants, and foot, and horse
Through cities, groves, and floods he passed,
O'er lofty hills, through regions vast
He reached Vaśishtha's pure abode,
Where trees, and flowers, and creepers glowed,
Where troops of sylvan creatures fed ,
Which saints and angels visited
Gods, fauns, and bards of heavenly race,
And spirits, glorified the place ,
The deer their timid ways forgot,
And holy Bráhmans thronged the spot
Bright in their souls, like fire, were these,
Made pure by long austerities,
Bound by the rule of vows severe,
And each in glory Brahma's peer
Some fed on water, some on air,
Some on the leaves that withered there
Roots and wild fruit were others' food .

All rage was checked each sense subdued
 There Balakilyas¹ went and came
 Now breathed the prayer now fed the flame
 These and ascetic bands beside
 The sweet retirement beautified
 Such was Vaśishtha's blest retreat
 Like Brahmā's own celestial seat
 Which gladdened Viśvāmitra's eyes
 Peerless for warlike enterprise

¹Don't personages of minute size produced from the hair of Brahmā and probably the origin of

That small infantry

Warred on by cranes

CANTO LII.

VĀSISHTHA'S FEAST

Right glad was Viśvāmitra when
 He saw the prince of saintly men
 Low at his feet the hero bent,
 And did obeisance, reverent

The king was welcomed in, and shown
 A seat beside the hermit's own,
 Who offered him, when resting there,
 Fruit in due course, and woodland fare
 And Viśvāmitra, noblest king,
 Received Vāsishttha's welcoming,
 Turned to his host, and prayed him tell
 That he and all with him were well
 Vāsishttha to the king replied
 That all was well on every side,
 That fire, and vows, and pupils thrive,
 And all the trees within the grove
 And then the son of Bṛahmā, best
 Of all who pray with voice suppressed,
 Questioned with pleasant words like these
 The mighty king who sate at ease
 'And is it well with thee? I pray,
 And dost thou win by virtuous sway
 Thy people's love, discharging all
 The duties on a king that fall?
 Are all thy servants fostered well?
 Do all obey, and none rebel?
 Hast thou, destroyer of the foe,
 No enemies to overthrow?

Does fortune conqueror ! still attend
 Thy treasure host and every friend ?
 Is it all well ? Does happy fate
 On sons and children's children wait ?

He pole The mode t ling replied
 That all was prosperous far and wide

Thus for while the two conversed
 As each to each his tale rehearsed
 And as the happy moments flew
 Their joy and friendship stronger grew
 When such discourse had reached an end
 Thus spoke the aunt most reverend
 To royal Visv amitra while

His features brightened with a smile
 O mighty lord of men I fain
 Would banquet thee and all thy train
 In mode that suits thy station high
 And do not thou my prayer deny
 Let my good lord with favour take
 The offering that I fain would make
 And let me honour ere we part
 My royal guest with loving heart

Him Visv amitra thus addressed
 Why make O Sunit this new request ?
 Thy welcome and each gracious word
 Sufficient honour have conferred
 Thou gavest roots and fruit to eat
 The treasure of this pure retreat
 And water for my mouth and feet
 And—boon I prize above the rest—
 Thy presence has mine eyesight blest
 Honoured by thee in every way
 To whom all honour all should pay

I now will go. My lord, Good-bye !
Regard me with a friendly eye.'

Him speaking thus Vāsishtha stayed,
And still to share his banquet prayed.
The will of Gādhi's son he bent,
And won the monarch to consent,
Who spoke in answer, 'Let it be,
Great Hermit, as it pleases thee'
When, best of those who breathe the prayer,
He heard the king his will declare,
He called the cow of spotted skin,
All spot without, all pure within.
'Come, Dapple-skin,' he cried, 'with speed,
Hear thou my words and help at need
My heart is set to entertain
This monarch and his mighty train
With sumptuous meal and worthy fare;
Be thine the banquet to prepare
Each dainty cate, each goodly dish,
Of six-fold taste¹ as each may wish
All these, O cow of heavenly power,
Rain down for me in copious shower
Viands and drink for tooth and lip,
To eat, to suck, to quaff, to sip
Of these sufficient, and to spare,
O plenty-giving cow, prepare'

¹ Sweet, salt, pungent, bitter, acid, and astringent.

CANTO LIII

VIŚVAMITRA'S PEQUEST

Thus charged O slayer of thy foes
 The cow from whom all plenty flows
 Obedient to her saintly lord
 Viands to suit each taste outpoured
 Honey she gave and roasted grain
 Mead sweet with flowers and sugar cane
 Each beverage of flavour rare
 And food of every sort were there
 Hills of hot rice and sweetened cakes
 And curdled milk and soup in lakes
 Vast beakers forming to the brim
 With sugared drink prepared for him
 And dainty sweetmeats deftly made
 Before the hermit's guests were laid
 So well regaled so nobly fed
 The mighty army banqueted
 And all the train from chief to least
 Delighted in Vaśishtha's feast
 Then Viśvāmitra royal sage
 Surrounded by his vassalage
 Prince peer and counsellor and all
 From highest lord to lowest thrall
 Thus feasted to Vaśishtha cried
 With joy supremely gratified
 Rich honour I thus entertained
 Most honourable lord have gained
 Now hear before I journey hence
 My words O skilled in eloquence

Bought for a hundred thousand kine,
 Let Dapple-skin, O Saint, be mine
 A wondrous jewel is thy cow,
 And gems are for the monarch's brow.¹
 To me her rightful lord resign
 This Dapple-skin thou callest thine'

The great Vāsishtha, thus addressed,
 Arch-hermit of the holy breast,
 To Viśvāmitra answer made,
 The king whom all the land obeyed.
 'Not for a hundred thousand, nay,
 Not if ten million thou wouldst pay,
 With silver heaps the price to swell,
 Will I my cow, O Monarch, sell.
 Unmeet for her is such a fate,
 That I my friend should alienate
 As glory with the virtuous, she
 For ever makes her home with me
 On her mine offerings which ascend
 To Gods and spirits all depend.
 My very life is due to her,
 My guardian, friend, and minister.
 The feeding of the sacred flame,²
 The dole which living creatures claim,³
 The mighty sacrifice by fire,
 Each formula the rites require,⁴

¹ 'Of old herds and minerals in the earth, the king is entitled to half by reason of his general protection, and because he is the lord paramount of the soil'

² Ghí or clarified butter, 'holy oil,' being one of the essentials of sacrifice

³ 'A Bráhman had five principal duties to discharge every day study and teaching the Veda, oblations to the manes or spirits of the departed, sacrifice to the Gods, hospitable offerings to men, and a gift of

And various saving lore be ide
 Are by her aid in sooth supplied
 The banquet which thy host has shared,
 Believe it was by her prepared
 In her mine only treasures lie
 She cheers mine heart and charms mine eye.
 And reasons more could I assign
 Why Dapple-skin can ne'er be thine

The royal sage his suit denied
 With eloquence more earnest cried
 Tusled elephants a goodly train
 Each with a golden girth and chain
 Whose gold with gold well fashioned shine—
 Of these be twice seven thousand thine
 And four horse cars with gold made bright
 With steeds most beautifully white
 Whose bells make music as they go
 Eight hundred Saint will I bestow
 Eleven thousand mettled steeds
 From famous lands of noble breeds—
 These will I gladly give O thou
 Devoted to each holy vow
 Ten million heifers fair to view
 Whose sides are marked with every hue—
 These in exchange will I assign
 But let thy Dapple skin be mine
 Ask what thou wilt and piles untold
 Of priceless gems and gleaming gold
 O best of Bráhmans shall be thine
 But let thy Dapple skin be mine

food to all creatures The last consisted of rice or other grain which the B áhman was to offer every day out of his house in the open air
 MANU Book III 70 GORRESIO

These were certain sacred words of invocation such as *stúha tashat* etc pronounced at the time of sacrifice

The great Vasiṣṭha, thus addressed,
Made answer to the king's request
'Ne'er will I give my cow away,
My gem, my wealth, my life and stay
My worship at the moon's first show,
And at the full, to her I owe,
And sacrifices small and great,
Which largess due and gifts await
From her alone, then root, O King,
My rites and holy service spring
What boots it further words to say?
I will not give my cow away
Who yields me what I ask each day.'

CANTO LIV

THE BATTLE

As Saint Vṛṣiṣṭha answered so
 Nor let the cow of plenty go
 The monarch as a last resource
 Begun to drag her off by force
 While the king's servants tore away
 Their morning miserable prey
 Sad sick at heart and sore distressed
 She pondered thus within her breast
 Why am I thus forsaken? why
 Betrayed by him of soul most high
 Vṛṣiṣṭha ravished by the hands
 Of soldiers of the monarch's bands?
 Ah me! what evil have I done
 Against the lofty minded one
 That he so pious can expose
 The innocent who e love he knows?
 In her sad breast as thus she thought
 And heaved deep sighs with anguish fraught
 With wondrous speed away she fled
 And back to Saint Vṛṣiṣṭha sped
 She hurled by hundreds to the ground
 The menial crew that hemmed her round
 And flying swifter than the blast
 Before the saint herself she cast
 There Dapple-skin before the saint
 Stood moaning forth her sad complaint
 And wept and lowed such tones as come
 From wandering cloud or distant drum

'O son of Brahmá,' thus cried she,
'Why hast thou thus forsaken me,
That the king's men, before thy face,
Bear off thy servant from her place?'

Then thus the Bráhman saint replied
To her whose heart with woe was tried,
And grieving for his favourite's sake,
As to a suffering sister spake

'I leave thee not—dismiss the thought,
Nor, dutious, hast thou failed in aught
This king, o'ercrowning in the pride
Of power, has left thee from my side
Little, I ween, my strength could do
'Gainst him, a mighty warrior too
Strong, as a soldier born and bred,
Great, as a king whom regions dread
See! what a host the conqueror leads,
With elephants, and cars, and steeds
O'er countless bands his pennons fly.
So is he mightier far than I'

He spoke—Then she, in lowly mood,
To that high saint her speech renewed
'So judge not they who wisest are
The Bráhman's might is mightier far
For Bráhmans strength from Heaven derive,
And warriors bow when Bráhmans strive
A boundless power 'tis thine to wield
To such a king thou shouldst not yield,
Who, very mighty though he be,
So fierce thy strength, must bow to thee
Command me, Saint—Thy power divine
Has brought me here and made me thine,
And I, howe'er the tyrant boast,
Will tame his pride and slay his host'

Then cried the glorious sage Create
 A mighty force the foe to mate
 She lowed and quickened into life
 Pahlavas' burning for the strife
 King Viśvāmitra's army slew
 Before the very leader's view
 The monarch in excessive ire
 His eyes with fury darting fire
 Rained every missile on the foe
 Till all the Pahlavas were low
 She seeing all her champions slain
 Lying by thousands on the plain
 Created by her mere desire
 Yavans and Śakās fierce and dire
 And all the ground was overspread
 With Yavans and with Śakās dread
 A host of warriors bright and strong
 And numberless in closest throng
 The threads within the lotus stem
 So densely packed might equal them
 In gold-hued mail against war's attacks
 Each bore a sword and battle-axe
 The royal host where'er these came
 Fell as if burnt with ravening flame

¹ It is well known that the Persians were called Pahlavas by the Indians. The Śakās are named in the Mahābhārata. The Scythians of the Greek writers in the Persians. Herodotus calls them Sakā. In the Indian text of the VII 64 *οι γαρ Πέρσαι ταντας τους Σκυθας καλεουσιν Σακας*. The name Yavans seems to be used rather indistinctly for nations situated beyond Persia to the west. After the time of Alexander the Great the Indians as well as the Persians called the Greeks also Yavans. SCHLEGEL.

La Sen thinks that the Pahlavas were the same people as the *Πακτυες* of Herodotus and that this non-Indian people dwelt on the north-west confine of India.

The monarch, famous through the world
Again his fearful weapons hurled,
That made Kámbojas,¹ Barbats,² all,
With Yavans, troubled, flee and fall

¹ See page 42, note 1

² Barbarians, non Sanskrit speaking tribes.

CANTO LV

THE HELPMITAGE BURN'T

So o'er the field that ho t lay strown
 By Visv amitra's darts o'erthrown
 Then thus Vasishtha charged the cow
 Create with all thy vigour now
 Forth sprang Kumbojas as she lowed
 Bright as the sun their face glowed
 Forth from her udder Barbaras poured —
 Soldiers who brandished spear and sword —
 And Yavans with their shafts and dart
 And Sakas from her hinder parts
 And every pore upon her fall
 And every hair producing cell
 With Mlecchhas¹ and Kiritas teemed
 And forth with them Haritas streamed
 And Visv amitra's mighty force
 Cur elephant and foot and horse
 Fell in a moment's time subdued
 By that tremendous multitude
 The monarch's hundred sons whose eye

¹ A comprehensive term for foreign or outcast races of different faith and language from the Hindus

The Kiritas and Haritas are savage aborigines of India who occupy hills and jungles and are altogether different in race and character from the Hind. Dr Muir remarks in his *Sanskrit Texts* V I L p 483 (second edition) that it does not appear that it is the object of this legend to represent this miraculous creation as the origin of these tribes and that nothing more may have been intended than that the cow called into existence large armies of the same stock with particular tribes previously existing

Beheld the rout in wild surprise,
Aimed with all weapons, mad with rage,
Rushed fiercely on the holy sage
One cry he raised, one glance he shot,
And all fell scorched upon the spot
Burnt by the sage to ashes, they
With horse, and foot, and chariot, lay
The monarch mourned, with shame and pain,
His army lost, his children slain,
Like Ocean when his roar is hushed,
Or some great snake whose fangs are crushed
Or as in swift eclipse the Sun
Dark with the doom he cannot shun
Or a poor bird with mangled wing
So, left of sons and host, the king
No longer, by ambition fired,
The pride of war his breast inspired
He gave his empire to his son
Of all he had, the only one
And bade him rule as kings are taught
Then straight a hermit-grove he sought
Far to Himálaya's side he fled,
Which bards and Nágas visited,
And, Mahádeva's¹ grace to earn,
He gave his life to penance stern
A lengthened season thus passed by,
When Śiva's self, the Lord most High,
Whose banner shows the pictured bull,²
Appeared, the God most bountiful

‘Why fervent thus in toil and pain?
What brings thee here? what boon to gain?’

¹ The Great God, Śive

² Nandi, the snow white bull, the attendant and favourite vehicle of Śiva

Thy heart's desire O Monarch speak
I grant the boons which mortals seek
The king his adoration paid
To Mahadeva answer made
If thou hast deemed me fit to win
Thy favour O thou void of sin
On me O mighty God bestow
The wondrous science of the bow
All mine complete in every part
With secret spell and mystic art
To me be all the arms revealed
That Gods and suns and Titans wield
And every dart that arms the hands
Of spirits fiends and minstrel bands
Be mine O Lord supreme in place
This token of thy boundless grace

The Lord of Gods then gave consent
And to his heavenly mansion went
Triumphant in the arms he held
The monarch's breast with glory swelled
So swells the ocean when upon
His breast the full moon's beams have shone
Already in his mind he viewed
Vaśishtha at his feet subdued
He sought that hermit's grove and there
Launched his dire weapons through the air
Till scorched by might that none could stay
The hermitage in ashes lay
Where'er the inmates saw aghast
The dart that Visvamitra cast
To every side they turned and fled
In hundreds forth disquieted
Vaśishtha's pupils caught the fear
And every bird and every deer

And fled in wild confusion forth
Eastward and westward, south and north
And so Vaśiṣṭha's holy shade
A solitary wild was made,
Silent awhile, for not a sound
Disturbed the hush that was around
 Vaśiṣṭha then, with eager cry,
Called, 'Fear not friends, nor seek to fly
This son of Gaṇin dies to-day,
Like hoar-frost in the morning's ray.'
Thus having said, the glorious sage
Spoke to the king in words of rage
'Because thou hast destroyed this grove
Which long in holy quiet thrived,
By folly mingled to senseless crime,
Now shalt thou die before thy time.'

CANTO LVI

VISVAMITRA'S VOW

But Visvāmitra at the threat
 Of that illustrious anchoret
 Cried as he launched with ready hand
 A fiery weapon Stand O stand!
 Vāśiṣṭha wild with rage and hate
 Raising as twere the Rod of Fate
 His mighty Bráhmaṇ wand on high
 To Visvāmitra made reply
 Nry stand O Warrior thou and show
 What soldier can gainst Bráhmaṇ foe
 O Gadhī's son thy days are told
 Thy pride is tamed thy dart is cold
 How shall a warrior's puissance dare
 With Bráhmaṇ's awful strength compare?
 To day base Warrior shalt thou feel
 That God sent might is more than steel
 He raised his Bráhmaṇ staff nor missed
 The fiery dart that near him hissed
 And quenched the fearful weapon fell
 As flame beneath the billow's swell

Then Gadhī's son in fury threw
 Lord Varun's arm and Rudra's too
 Indra's fierce bolt that all destroys
 That which the Lord of Herds employs
 The Human that which minstrels keep
 The deadly Lure the endless Sleep
 The Yawner and the dart which charms
 Lament and Fortune fearful arms

The Terrible, the dart which dines,
 The Thunderbolt which quenchless flies,
 And Fate's dread net, and Brahmá's noose,
 And that which waits for Varun's use
 The dart he loves who wields the bow
 Pináka, and twin bolts that glow
 With fury as they flash and fly
 The quenchless Liquid and the Dry
 The dart of Vengeance, swift to kill
 The Goblins' dart the Curlew's Bill
 The discus both of Fate and Right,
 And Vishnu's, of unerring flight
 The Wind-God's dart, the Troubler dread,
 The weapon named the Horse's Head
 From his fierce hand two spears were thrown,
 And the great mace that smashes bone
 The dart of spirits of the air,
 And that which Fate exults to bear
 The Trident dart which slaughters foes,
 And that which hanging skulls compose¹
 These fearful darts in fiery rain
 He hurled upon the saint amain,
 An awful miracle to view
 But as the ceaseless tempest flew,
 The sage with wand of God-sent power
 Still swallowed up that fiery shower

¹ 'The names of many of these weapons which are mythical and partly allegorical have occurred in Canto XXIX. The general significance of the story is clear enough. It is a contest for supremacy between the regal or military order and Brahmanical or priestly authority, like one of those struggles which our own Europe saw in the middle ages when without employing warlike weapons the priesthood frequently gained the victory' SCHLEGEL

Then Gadhi's son when these had fueld
With Brahmá's dart his foe assailed
The Gods with Indra at their head
And Nágas quailed disquieted
And saints and minstrels when they saw
The king that awful weapon draw
And the three worlds were filled with dread
And trembled as the missile sped

The saint with Brahman wand empowered
By lore divine that dart devoured
Nor could the triple world withdraw
Rapt gazes from that sight of awe
For as he swallowed down the dart
Of Brahmá sparks from every part
From finest pore and hair-cell broke
Enveloped in a veil of smoke
The staff he waved was all aglow
Like Yama's sceptre King below
Or like the lurid fire of Fate
Whose rage the worlds will desolate

The hermits whom that sight had awed
Extolled the saint with hymn and loud
Thy power O Sage is ne'er in vain
Now with thy might thy might restrain
Be gracious Master and allow
The worlds to rest from trouble now ,
For Viśvamitra strong and dread
By thee has been discomfited

Then thus addressed the saint well pleased
The fury of his wrath appeased
The king overpowered and ashamed
With many a deep drawn sigh exclaimed
Ah ! Warriors strength is poor and slight
A Brahman's power is truly might

This Bráhmaṇ staff the hermit held
The fury of my darts has quelled
This truth within my heart impressed,
With senses ruled and tranquil breast
My task austere will I begin,
And Bráhmaṇhood will strive to win.'

CANTO LVII

TRISĀ VA U

Then with his heart consumed with woe
 Still brooding on his overthrow
 By the great saint he had defied
 At every breath the monarch sighed
 Forth from his home his queen he led
 And to a land far southward fled
 There fruit and roots his only food
 He practised penance sense subdued
 And in that solitary spot
 Four virtuous sons the king begot
 Havishyand from the offering named
 And Madhusyand for sweetness famed
 Mahārath chariot-borne in fight
 And Dridhanetr strong of sight

A thousand years had passed away,
 When Brahmā Sire whom all obey
 Addressed in pleasant words like these
 Him rich in long austerities

Thou by thy penance Kuśik's son
 A place mid royal saints hast won
 Pleased with thy constant penance we
 This lofty rank assign to thee

Thus spoke the glorious Lord most High
 Father of earth and air and sky
 And with the Gods around him spread
 Home to his changeless sphere he sped
 But Viśv amitra scorned the grace
 And bent in shame his angry face

Burning with rage, o'erwhelmed with grief,
 Thus in his heart exclaimed the chief :
 ' No fruit, I ween, have I secured
 By strictest penance long endured,
 If Gods and all the saints decree
 To make but royal saint of me '
 Thus pondering, he with sense subdued,
 With sternest zeal his vows renewed

Then reigned a monarch, true of soul,
 Who kept each sense in firm control ,
 Of old Ikshváku's line he came,
 That glories in Trisanku's¹ name.
 Within his breast, O Raghu's child,
 Arose a longing, strong and wild,
 Great offerings to the Gods to pay,
 And win, alive, to heaven his way
 His priest Vāsishtha's aid he sought,
 And told him of his secret thought
 But wise Vāsishtha showed the hope
 Was far beyond the monarch's scope.
 Trisanku then, his suit denied,
 Far to the southern region hied,
 To beg Vāsishtha's sons to aid
 The mighty plan his soul had made
 There King Trisanku, far renowned,
 Vāsishtha's hundred children found,
 Each on his fervent vows intent,
 For mind and fame preeminent
 To these the famous king applied,
 Wise children of his holy guide

¹ 'Trisanku, king of Ayodhya, was seventh in descent from Ikshváku, and Daśaratha holds the thirty fourth place in the same genealogy See CANTO LXX. We are thrown back, therefore, to very ancient times, and it occasions some surprise to find Vāsishtha and Viśvámitra, actors in these occurrences, still alive in Rāma's time'

Saluting each in order due
His eyes for shame he downward threw
And reverent hands together pressed
The glorious company addressed
I as a humble suppliant seek
Succour of you who aid the weak
A mighty offering I would pay
But sage Vāśishtha answered Nay
Be yours permission to accord
And to my rites your help afford.
Sons of my guide to each of you
With lowly reverence here I sue
To each intent on penance vow
O Brahmans low my head I bow
And pray you each with ready heart
In my great rite to bear a part
That in the body I may rise
And dwell with Gods within the skies
Sons of my guide none else I see
Can give what he refuses me
Ikshvaku's children still depend
Upon their guide most reverend
And you as nearest in degree
To him my deities shall be !

CANTO LVIII.

TRISANKU CURSED.

Trisanku's speech the hundred heard,
 And thus replied, to anger stirred -
 'Why, foolish King, by him denied,
 Whose truthful lips have never lied,
 Dost thou transgress his prudent rule,
 And seek, for aid, another school?'
 Ikshvāku's sons have aye relied
 Most surely on their holy guide
 Then how dost thou, fond Monarch, dare
 Transgress the rule his lips declare?
 'Thy wish is vain,' the saint replied,
 And bade thee cast the plan aside
 Then how can we, his sons, pretend
 In such a rite our aid to lend?
 O Monarch, of the childish heart,
 Home to thy royal town depart
 That mighty saint, thy priest and guide,

'It does not appear how Trisanku, in asking the aid of Vasisht's sons after applying in vain to their father, could be charged with resorting to another *sākhā* (School) in the ordinary sense of that word; as it is not conceivable that the sons should have been of another *Śākhā* from the father, whose cause they espouse with so much warmth. The commentator in the Bombay edition explains the word *Śākhāntaram* as *Yājñavidya rakshantaram*, "one who by sacrificing for thee, etc., will be another protector." Gorresio's Gauda text, which may often be used as a commentary on the older one, has the following paraphrase of the words in question, ch 60, 3 *Mūlam utsrija kasmāt tram śākhāsv ichhasi lambitum* "Why, forsaking the root, dost thou desire to hang upon the branches?" *Muir, Sanskrit Texts Vol. I, p. 401*

At noblest rites may well preside
 The worlds for sacrifice combined
 A worthier priest could never find
 Such speech of theirs the monarch heard
 Though rage distorted every word
 And to the hermits made reply
 You like your sire my suit deny
 For other aid I turn from you
 So rich in penance Saints adieu !

Vaśishtha's children heard and guessed
 His evil purpose scarce expressed
 And cried while rage their bosoms burned
 Be to a vile Chandala¹ turned !
 This said with lofty thoughts inspired
 Each to his own retreat retired

That night Trisanku underwent
 Sad change in shape and lineament
 Next morn an outcast swart of hue
 His dusky cloth he round him drew
 His hair had fallen from his head
 And roughness o'er his skin was spread
 Such wreaths adorned him as are found
 To flourish on the funeral ground
 Each armlet was an iron ring
 Such was the figure of the king
 That every counsellor and peer
 And following townsman fled in fear
 Alone unyielding to dismay
 Though burnt by anguish night and day

¹ A Chāṇḍāla was a man born of the illegal and impure union of a Śūdra with a woman of one of the three higher castes. The Chāṇḍāla was regarded as the vilest and most abject of the men sprung from wedlock forbidden by the law (Mānavadharmasūtra Lib X 1^o) a kind of social malediction weighed upon his head and rejected him from human society. GORPESIO

Great Viśvámitra's side he sought,
Whose treasures were by penance bought
The hermit with his tender eyes
Looked on Tisanku's altered guise,
And grieving at his ruined state
Addressed him thus, compassionate .
'Great King,' the pious hermit said,
'What cause thy steps has hither led,
Ayodhyá's mighty Sovereign, whom
A curse has plagued with outcast's doom ?'
In vile Chandála's shape, the king
Heard Viśvámitra's questioning,
And, suppliant palm to palm applied,
With answering eloquence he cried
'My priest and all his sons refused
To aid the plan on which I mused
Failing to win the boon I sought,
To this condition I was brought
I, in the body, Saint, would fain
A mansion in the skies obtain
I planned a hundred rites for this,
But still was doomed the fruit to miss
Pure are my lips from falsehood's stain,
And pure they ever shall remain,
Yea, by a Warrior's faith I swear,
Though I be tried with grief and care
Unnumbered rites to Heaven I paid,
With righteous care the sceptre swayed ,
And holy priest and high-souled guide
My modest conduct gratified
But, O thou best of hermits, they
Oppose my wish these rites to pay ;
They one and all refuse consent,
Not aid me in my high intent

Fate is I ween the power supreme
Man's effort but an idle dream
Fate whirls our plans our all away ,
Fate is our only hope and stay
Now deign O blessed Saint to aid
Me even me by Fate betrayed
Who come a suppliant sore distressed
One grace O Hermit to request
No other hope or way I see
No other refuge waits for me
Oh aid me in my fallen state
And human will shall conquer Fate

CANTO LIX.

THE SONS OF VAŚISHTHA.

Then Kuśik's son, by pity warmed,
 Spoke sweetly to the king transformed .
 'Hail ! glory of Ikshvāku's line
 I know how bright thy virtues shine
 Dismiss thy fear, O noblest Chief,
 For I myself will bring relief
 The holiest saints will I invite
 To celebrate thy purposed rite
 So shall thy vow, O King succeed,
 And from thy cares shalt thou be freed
 Thou in the form which now thou hast,
 Transfigured by the curse they cast,
 Yea, in the body, King, shalt flee,
 Transported, where thou fain wouldst be.
 O Lord of men, I ween that thou
 Hast heaven within thy hand e'en now,
 For very wisely hast thou done,
 And refuge sought with Kuśik's son '

Thus having said, the sage addressed
 His sons, of men the holiest,
 And bade the prudent saints whate'er
 Was needed for the rite prepare
 The pupils he was wont to teach
 He summoned next, and spoke this speech :
 ' Go bid Vaśishtha's sons appear
 And all the saints be gathered here
 And what they one and all reply
 When summoned by this mandate high,

To me with faithful care report
Omit no word and none distort

The pupils heard and prompt obeyed
To every side then way they made
Then swift from every quarter sped
The sages in the Vedas read
Back to that saint the envoys came
Whose glory shone like burning flame
And told him in their faithful speech
The answer that they bore from each

Submissive to thy word O Seer
The holy men are gathering here
By all was meet obedience shown
Mahodaya¹ refused alone
And now O Chief of hermits hear
What answer chilling us with fear
Vāśishtha's hundred sons returned
Thick speaking as with rage they burned
How will the Gods and saints partake
The offerings that the prince would make—
And he a vile and outcast thing
His ministrant one born a king?
Can we great Brahmans eat his food
And think to win beatitude
By Viśvāmitra purified?

Thus sire and sons in scorn replied
And as these bitter words they said
Wild fury made their eyeballs red

Their answer when the arch hermit heard,
His tranquil eyes with rage were blurred,
Great fury in his bosom woke
And thus unto the youths he spoke

¹ This appellation occurring nowhere else in the poem except as the name of a city appears twice in this Canto as a name of Vāśishtha

‘Me, blameless me they dare to blame,
And disallow the righteous claim
My fierce austerities have earned .
To ashes be the sinners turned
Caught in the noose of Fate shall they
To Yama’s kingdom sink to-day
Seven hundred times shall they be born
To wear the clothes the dead have worn.
Diegs of the diegs, too vile to hate,
The flesh of dogs their maws shall sate.
In hideous form, in loathsome weed,
A sad existence each shall lead.
Mahodaya too, the fool who fain
My stainless life would try to stain,
Stained in the world with long disgrace
Shall sink into a fowler’s place
Rejoicing guiltless blood to spill,
No pity through his breast shall thrill.
Cursed by my wrath for many a day,
His wretched life for sin shall pay’

Thus, girt with hermit saint, and priest,
Great Viśvámitra spoke—and ceased.

CANTO LX

TRISANKU'S ASCENSION

So with ascetic might in ire
 He smote the children and the sire
 Then Viśvamitra far renowned
 Addressed the saints who gathered round
 See by my side Trisanku stand
 Ikshvāku's son of liberal hand
 Most virtuous and gentle he
 Seeks refuge in his woe with me
 Now holy men with me unite
 And order so his purposed rite
 That in the body he may rise
 And win a mansion in the skies

They heard his speech with ready ear
 And every bosom filled with fear
 Of Viśvamitra wise and great
 Spoke each to each in brief debate
 The breast of Kuśik's son we know
 With furious wrath is quick to glow
 Whatever the words he wills to say
 We must be very sure obey
 Fierce is our lord as fire and straight
 May curse us all infuriate
 So let us in these rites engage
 As ordered by the holy sage
 And with our best endeavour strive
 That King Ikshvāku's son alive
 In body to the skies may go
 By his great might who wills it so

Then was the rite begun with care .
 All requisites and means were there
 And glorious Viśvámitia lent
 His willing aid as president
 And all the sacred rites were done
 By rule and use, omitting none,
 By chaplain-priest, the hymns who knew,
 In decent form and order due
 Some time in sacrifice had past,
 And Viśvámitia made, at last,
 The solemn offering with the prayer
 That all the Gods might come and share.
 But the Immortals, one and all,
 Refused to hear the hermit's call

Then red with rage his eyeballs blazed :
 The sacred ladle high he raised,
 And cried to King Ikshváku's son -
 ' Behold my power, by penance won :
 Now by the might my merits lend,
 Ikshváku's child, to heaven ascend.
 In living flame the skies attain,
 Which mortals thus can scarcely gain.
 My vows austere, so long endured,
 Have as I ween, some fruit assured.
 Upon its virtue, King, rely,
 And in thy body reach the sky '

His speech had scarcely reached its close,
 When, as he stood, the sovereign rose,
 And mounted swiftly to the skies
 Before the wondering hermits' eyes

But India, when he saw the king
 His blissful regions entering,
 With all the army of the Blest
 Thus cried unto the unbidden guest :

'With thy best speed Trisanku flee
Here is no home prepared for thee
By thy great master's curse brought low
Go falling headlong earthward go

Thus by the Lord of Gods addressed
Trisanku fell from fancied rest
And screaming in his swift descent

O save me Hermit! down he went
And Visvāmitra heard his cry
And marked him falling from the sky
And giving all his passion sway
Cried out in fury Stay O stay!

By penance power and holy lore
Like Him who framed the worlds of yore
Seven other suns he fixed on high
To star with light the southern sky
Girt with his sages forth he went
And southward in the firmament
New wreathed stars prepared to set
In many a sparkling coronet
He threatened blind with rage and hate
Another Indra to create

O! from his throne the ruler hurled
All Indraless to leave the world
Yea borne away by passion's storm
The sage began new Gods to form
But then each Titan God and sun
Confused with terror sick and faint
To high souled Visvāmitra fled
And with soft words to soothe him tried

Lord of high destiny this king
To whom his master's curses cling
No heavenly home deserves to gain
Unpurged from curse and stain

The son of Kuśik, undeterred,
 The pleading of the Immortals heard,
 And thus in haughty words expressed
 The changeless purpose of his breast.
 'Content ye, Gods I soothly sware
 Triśanku to the skies to bear
 Clothed in his body, nor can I
 My promise cancel or deny
 Embodied let the king ascend
 To life in heaven that ne'er shall end.
 And let these new-made stars of mine
 Firm and secure for ever shine
 Let these, my work, remain secure
 Long as the earth and heaven endure
 This, all ye Gods, I crave do you
 Allow the boon for which I sue'
 Then all the Gods then answer made.
 'So be it, Saint, as thou hast played
 Beyond the sun's diurnal way
 Thy countless stars in heaven shall stay
 And 'mid them hung, as one divine,
 Head downward shall Triśanku shine
 And all thy stars shall ever fling
 Then rays attendant on the king'¹

The mighty saint, with glory crowned,
 With all the sages compassed round,
 Praised by the Gods, gave full assent,
 And Gods and sages homeward went

¹ 'The seven ancient *rishis* or saints, as has been said before, were the seven stars of Ursa Major. The seven other new saints which are here said to have been created by Viśvámitra, should be seven new southern stars, a sort of new Ursa. Von Schlegel thinks that this mythical fiction of new stars created by Viśvámitra may signify that these southern stars, unknown to the Indians as long as they remained in the neighbourhood of the Ganges, became known to them at a later date when they colonized the southern regions of India.' GORRESIO

CANTO LXI

ŚUNAHŚFPHA

Then Viśvámitra when the Blest
 Had sought their homes of heavenly rest
 Thus mighty Prince his counsel laid
 Before the dwellers of the shade

The southern land where now we are
 Offers this check our rites to bar¹
 To other regions let us speed
 And ply our tasks from trouble freed
 Now turn we to the distant west
 To Pushkar's² wood where hermits rest
 And there to rites austere apply
 For not a grove with that can vie

The saint in glory's light arrayed
 In Pushkar's wood his dwelling made
 And living there on roots and fruit
 Did penance stern and resolute

¹ This cannot refer to the events just related for Viśvámitra was successful in the sacrifice performed for Trisanku. And yet no other impediment is mentioned. Still his restless mind would not allow him to remain longer in the same spot. So the character of Viśvámitra is ingeniously and skillfully shadowed forth as he had been formerly a most warlike and loving battle and glory bold brave some times unjust and more frequently magnanimous such also he always shows himself in his character of anchorite and ascetic. SCHLEGEL

² Near the modern city of Ajmer. The place is sacred till and the name is preserved in the Hindu. Lassen however says that this Pushkala or Pushkara called by the Greek writers Πευκεῖς αἰρεῖς the best place of pilgrimage mentioned by name is not to be confounded with the modern Pushkara in Ajmer

The king who filled Ayodhyá's throne,
By Ambaísha's name far known,
At that same time, it chanced, began
A sacrificial rite to plan
But India took by force away
The charger that the king would slay
The victim lost, the Bráhmaṇ sped
To Ambaísha's side, and said
'Gone is the steed, O King, and this
Is due to thee, in care remiss
Such heedless faults will kings destroy
Who fail to guard what they enjoy
The flaw is desperate we need
The charger, or a man to bleed
Quick ! bring a man, if not the horse,
That so the rite may have its course'

The glory of Ikshváku's line
Made offer of a thousand kine,
And sought to buy at lordly price
A victim for the sacrifice
To many a distant land he drove,
To many a people, town, and grove,
And holy shades where hermits rest,
Pursuing still his eager quest
At length on Bhṛigu's sacred height
The saint Richíka met his sight
Sitting beneath the holy boughs,
His children near him, and his spouse

The mighty lord drew near, assayed
To win his grace, and reverence paid ,
And then the sainted king addressed
The Bráhmaṇ saint with this request
'Bought with a hundred thousand kine,

Give me O Sage a son of thine
To be a victim in the rite
And thanks the favour shall requite
For I have roamed all countries round
Nor sacrificial victim found
Then gentle Hermit deign to spare
One child amid the number there

Then to the monarch's speech replied
The hermit penance glorified
For countless kine for bulls of gold
Mine eldest son shall ne'er be sold
But when she heard the saint's reply
The children's mother standing nigh
Words such as these in answer said
To Ambarisha monarch dread

My lord the saint has spoken well
His eldest child he will not sell
And know great Monarch that above
The rest my youngest born I love
Tis ever thus the father's joy
Is centred in his eldest boy
The mother loves her darling best
Whom last she rocked upon her breast
My youngest I will ne'er forsake

As thus the sire and mother spake
Young Sunahsepha of the three
The midmost cried unurged and free
My sire withholds his eldest son
My mother keeps her youngest one
Then take me with thee King I ween
The son is sold who comes between
The king with joy his home resought
And took the prize his kine had bought

He bade the youth his car ascend,
And hastened back the rites to end¹

¹ 'Ambarisha is the twenty-ninth in descent from Ikshvaku, and is therefore separated by an immense space of time from Trisanku in whose story Visvámitra had played so important a part. Yet Richiśa, who is represented as having young sons while Ambarisha was yet reigning, being himself the son of Bhugu and to be numbered with the most ancient sages, is said to have married the younger sister of Visvámitra. But I need not again remark that there is a perpetual anachronism in Indian mythology.' SCHLEGEL

'In the mythical story related in this and the following Canto we may discover, I think, some indication of the epoch at which the immolation of lower animals was substituted for human sacrifice. So when Iphigenia was about to be sacrificed at Aulis, one legend tells us that a hind was substituted for the virgin.' GORRESIO

So the ram caught in the thicket took the place of Isaac or, as the Musalmáns say of Ishmael

CANTO LXII

AMBALĪSHAS SACRIFICE

As thus the king that youth conveyed
 His weary steeds at length he staved
 At height of noon their rest to take
 Upon the bank of Pushkar's lake
 There while the king enjoyed repose
 The captive Sumahāpha rose
 And hasting to the water's side
 His uncle Vāṣanitra spied
 With many a hermit beneath the trees
 Engaged in stern austerities.

Distracted with the toil and thirst
 With woeful mien away he burst
 Swift to the hermit's breast he flew
 And weeping thus began to sue
 No sire have I no mother dear
 No kith or kin my heart to cheer
 As justice bids O Hermit deign
 To save me from the threatened pain.
 O thou to whom the wretched flee
 And find a saviour Sūnt in thee
 Now let the king obtain his will
 And me my length of days fulfil
 That rites austere I too may share
 May rise to heaven and rest me there
 With tender soul and gentle brow
 Be guardian of the orphan thou
 And as a father pities so
 Preserve me from my fear and woe

When Viśvāmitra, glorious saint,
Had heard the boy's heartrending plaint,
He soothed his grief, his tears he dried,
Then called his sons to him, and cried .
'The time is come for you to show
The duty and the aid bestow
For which, regarding future life,
A man gives children to his wife
This hermit's son, whom here you see
A suppliant, refuge seeks with me
O sons, the friendless youth befriend,
And, pleasing me, his life defend
For holy works you all have wrought,
True to the virtuous life I taught
Go, and as victims doomed to bleed,
Die, and Lord Agni's hunger feed
So shall the rite completed end,
This orphan gain a saving friend,
Due offerings to the Gods be paid,
And your own father's voice obeyed'

Then Madhushyand and all the rest
Answered then sire with scorn and jest
'What! aid to others' sons afford,
And leave thine own to die, my lord!
To us it seems a horrid deed,
As 'twere on one's own flesh to feed'

The hermit heard his sons' reply,
And burning rage inflamed his eye
Then forth his words of fury burst
'Audacious speech, by virtue cursed!
It lifts on end each shuddering hair
My charge to scorn! my wrath to dare!
You, like Vasiṣṭha's evil brood,
Shall make the flesh of dogs your food

A thousand years in many a birth
And punished thus shall dwell on earth

Thus on his sons his curse he laid
Then calmed again that youth dismayed
And blessed him with his saving aid

When in the sacred fetters bound
And with a purple garland crowned
At Vishnu's post thou standest tied
With lauds be Agni glorified
And these two hymns of holy praise
Forget not Hermit son to raise
In the king's rite and thou shalt be
Lord of thy wish preserved and free

He learnt the hymns with mind intent
And from the hermit's presence went
To Ambarisha thus he spake

Let us our onward journey take
Haste to thy home O King nor stay
The lustral rite with slow delay

The boy's addressee the monarch cheered
And soon the sacred ground he neared
The convocation's high decree
Declared the youth from blemish free
Clothed in red raiment he was tied
A victim at the pillar's side
There bound the Fire God's hymn he raised
And Indra and Upendra praised
Thousand-eyed Vishnu pleased to hear
The mystic laud inclined his ear
And won by worship swift to save
Long life to Sunah'sephya gave
The king in bounteous measure gained
The fruit of sacrifice ordained
By grace of Him who rules the skies

Lord India of the thousand eyes.

And Viśvámitra evermore
Pursued his task on Pushkar's shore
Until a thousand years had past
In fierce austerity and fast

CANTO LXIII

MENAKA

A thousand years had thus flown by
 When all the Gods within the sky
 Lager that he the fruit might gain
 Of fervent rite and holy pun
 Approached the great ascetic now
 Bathed after toil and ended vow
 Then Brāhmā speaking for the rest
 With sweetest words the sage addressed
 Hail Sūnt ! This high and holy name
 Thy rites have won thy merits claim
 Thus spoke the Lord whom Gods revere
 And sought again his heavenly sphere
 But Viśvāmītra more intent
 His mind to sterner penance bent
 So many a season rolled away
 When Menaka fair nymph one day
 Came down from Paradise to lave
 Her perfect limbs in Pushkar's wave
 The glorious son of Kuśik saw
 That peerless shape without a flaw
 Flash through the flood's translucert shroud
 Like lightning gleaming through a cloud
 He saw her in that lone retreat
 Most beautiful from head to feet
 And by Kāṇḍarpa's¹ might subdued
 He thus addressed her as he viewed

¹ The Indian Cupid

'Welcome, sweet nymph ! O deign, I pray,
In these calm shades awhile to stay
To me some gracious favour show,
For love has set my breast aglow'

He spoke The fairest of the fair
Made for awhile her dwelling there,
While day by day the wild delight
Stayed now austere and fervent rite
There as the winsome charmer wove
Her spells around him in the grove,
And bound him in a golden chain,
Five sweet years fled and five again
Then Viśvámitra woke to shame,
And, fraught with anguish, memory came,
For quick he knew, with anger fired,
That all the Immortals had conspired
To lap his careless soul in ease,
And mar his long austerities
'Ten years have past, each day and night
Unheeded in delusive flight
So long my fervent rites were stayed,
While thus I lay by love betrayed
As thus long sighs the hermit heaved,
And, touched with deep repentance, grieved,
He saw the fair one standing nigh
With suppliant hands and trembling eye
With gentle words he bade her go,
Then sought the northern hills of snow
With firm resolve he vowed to beat
The might of Love beneath his feet
Still northward to the distant side
Of Kauśikí², the hermit hied,

² 'The same as she whose praises Viśvámitra has already sung in Canto XXXV, and whom the poet brings yet alive upon the scene in Canto LXI. Her proper name was *Satyavati* (Truthful), the patronym

And gave his life to penance there
 With rites austere most hard to bear
 A thousand years went by and still
 He laboured on the northern hill
 With pains so terrible and drear
 That all the Gods were chilled with fear
 And Gods and saints for swift advice
 Met in the halls of Paradise

Let Kusik's son they counselled be
 A Mighty saint by just decree
 His ear to hear their counsel lent
 The Sire of worlds omnipotent
 To him enriched by rites severe
 He spoke in accents sweet to hear
 Hail Mighty Saint! dear son all hail!
 Thy fervour wins thy toils prevail
 Won by thy vows and zeal intense
 I give this high preeminence
 He to the General Sire replied
 Not sad nor wholly satisfied

When thou O Brahman shalt declare
 The title great beyond compare
 Of Brahman saint my worthy meed
 Hard earned by many a holy deed
 Then may I deem in sooth I hold

mic Pāuṣā was preserved by the river into which she is said to have been changed and is still correct in the corrupted forms Iu and Ku. The river flows from the height of the Himālaya toward the Ganges bounding on the east the country of Vidhā (Behar). The name is no doubt half hidden in the Cosy of Pliny and the Kossos of Arrian. But each author has fallen into the same error in his enumeration of the rivers (Candochtem, Lannoboam, Cosoam, Sonum). The Eannobo (Haryāṇ) and the Sone are not different streams but well known names of the same river. Moreover the order is disturbed in which on the left and right they fall into the Ganges. To be consistent with geography it should be written Eran, naboam, aive Sonum, Candochtem (Cānālikā), Cosoagum. SCHLEGEL

Each sense of body well controlled '
Then Biahmá cried, 'Not yet, not yet
Toil on awhile O Anchoret '

Thus having said to heaven he went
The saint, upon his task intent,
Began his labours to renew,
Which sterner yet and fiercer grew
His arms upraised, without a rest,
With but one foot the earth he pressed ;
The an his food, the hermit stood
Still as a pillar hewn from wood
Around him in the summer days
Five mighty fires combined to blaze.
In floods of rain no veil was spread
Save clouds, to canopy his head
In the dank dews both night and day
Couched in the stream the hermit lay.
Thus, till a thousand years had fled,
He plied his task of penance dead
Then Vishnu and the Gods with awe
The labours of the hermit saw,
And Śakra, in his troubled breast,
Lord of the skies, his fear confessed,
And brooded on a plan to spoil
The merits of the hermit's toil
Encompassed by his Gods of Storm
He summoned Rambhá, fan of form,
And spoke a speech for woe and weal,
The saint to mai, the God to heal.

CANTO LXIV

RAMBHA

A great emprise O lovely maid
 To save the Gods awaits thine aid
 To bind the son of Kusil sure
 And take his soul with love's sweet lure
 Thus ordered by the Thousand eyed
 The suppliant nymph in fear replied
 O Lord of Gods this mighty sage
 Is very fierce and swift to rage
 I doubt not he so dread and stern
 On me his scorching wrath will turn
 Of this my lord am I afraid
 Have mercy on a timid maid
 Her suppliant hands began to shake
 When thus again Lord Indra spake
 O Rambha drive thy fears away
 And as I bid do thou obey
 In Kailas form who takes the heart
 When trees in spring to blossom start
 I with Kandarpa for my friend
 Close to thy side mine aid will lend
 Do thou thy beauteous splendour arm
 With every grace and winsome charm
 And from his awful rites seduce
 This Kusil's son the stern recluse
 Lord Indra ceased The nymph obeyed
 In all her loveliest charms arrayed
 With winning ways and witching smile
 She sought the hermit to beguile

The sweet note of that tuneful bud
The saint with ravished bosom heard,
And on his heart a rapture passed
As on the nymph a look he cast
But when he heard the bud prolong
His sweet incomparable song,
And saw the nymph with winning smile,
The hermit's heart perceived the wile
And straight he knew the Thousand-eyed
A plot against his peace had tried
Then Kuśik's son indignant laid
His curse upon the heavenly maid
'Because thou wouldst my soul engage
Who fight to conquer love and rage,
Stand, till ten thousand years have flown,
Ill-fated maid, transformed to stone
A Brāhman then, in glory strong,
Mighty through penance stern and long,
Shall free thee from thine altered shape,
Thou from my curse shalt then escape'
But when the saint had cursed her so,
His breast was bunt with fires of woe,
Grieved that long effort to restrain
His mighty wrath was all in vain
Cursed by the angry sage's power,
She stood in stone that selfsame hour.
Kandaipa heard the words he said,
And quickly from his presence fled
His fall beneath his passion's sway
Had left the hermit's meed away
Unconquered yet his secret foes,
The humbled saint refused repose
'No more shall rage my bosom fill,
Sealed be my lips, my tongue be still

My very breath henceforth I hold
Until a thousand years are told
Victorious o'er each erring sense
I'll dry my frame with abstinence
Until by penance duly done
A Brahman's rank be bought and won
For countless years as still as death
I taste no food I draw no breath
And as I toil my frame shall stand
Unharm'd by time's destroying hand

CANTO LXV.

VIŚVĀMITRA'S TRIUMPH

Then from Himālaya's heights of snow,
 The glorious saint prepared to go,
 And dwelling in the distant east
 His penance and his toil increased
 A thousand years his lips he held
 Closed by a vow unparalleled,
 And other marvels passing thought,
 Unrivalled in the world, he wrought
 In all the thousand years his fame
 Dry as a log of wood became
 By many a cross and check beset,
 Rage had not stormed his bosom yet
 With iron will that naught could bend
 He plied his labour till the end
 So when the weary years were o'er,
 Freed from his vow so stern and sore,
 The hermit, all his penance sped,
 Sate down to eat his meal of bread
 Then India, clad in Brāhman guise,
 Asked him for food with hungry eyes
 The mighty saint, with steadfast soul,
 To the false Brāhman gave the whole,
 And when no scrap for him remained,
 Fasting and faint, from speech refrained
 His silent vow he would not break
 No breath he heaved, no word he spake
 Then as he checked his breath, behold !
 Around his brow thick smoke-clouds rolled,

And the three worlds as if o'erspread
With ravening flames were filled with dread
Then God and saint and bard convened
And Naga lord and snake and fiend
Thus to the General Father cried
Distracted sad and terrified

Against the hermit sore assailed
Lure scathe and scorn have naught availed
Proof against rage and treacherous art
He keeps his vow with constant heart
Now if his toils assist him naught
To gain the boon his soul has sought
He through the worlds will ruin send
That fixt and moving things shall end
The regions now are dark with doom
No friendly ray relieves the gloom
Each ocean foams with maddened tide
The shrinking hills in fear subside
Trembles the earth with feverous throes
The wind in fitful tempest blows
No cure we see with troubled eyes
An atheist brood on earth may rise
The triple world is wild with care
Or spiritless in dull despair
Before that saint the sun is dim
His blessed light eclipsed by him
Now ere the saint resolve to bring
Destruction on each living thing
Let us appease while yet we may
Him bright as fire like fire to slay
Yea as the fiery flood of Fate
Lays all creation desolate
He o'er the conquered Gods may reign
O giant him what he longs to gain

Then all the Blest, by Brahmá led
Approached the saint and sweetly said
'Hail, Bráhmaṇ Saint' for such thy place
Thy vows austere have won our grace
A Bráhmaṇ's rank thy penance stern
And ceaseless labour richly earn
I with the Gods of Storm decree
Long life, O Bráhmaṇ Saint, to thee
May peace and joy thy soul possess
Go where thou wilt in happiness'

Thus by the General Sire addressed,
Joy and high triumph filled his breast
His head in adoration bowed,
Thus spoke he to the Immortal crowd
'If I, ye Gods, have gained at last
Both length of days and Bráhmaṇ caste,
Giant that the high mysterious name,
And holy Vedas, own my claim,
And that the formula to bless
The sacrifice, its lord confess
And let Vaśishtha, who excels
In Warriors' art and mystic spells,
In love of God without a peer,
Confirm the boon you promise here'

With Brahmá's son Vaśishtha, best
Of those who pray with voice repressed,
The Gods by earnest prayer prevailed,
And thus his new-made friend he hailed -
'Thy title now is sure and good
To rights of saintly Bráhmaṇhood'
Thus spake the sage The Gods, content,
Back to their heavenly mansions went
And Viśvámitra, pious-souled,
Among the Bráhmaṇ saints enrolled,

On reverend Vāsishtā pressed
 The honours due to holy guest
 Successful in his high pursuit
 The sage in penance resolute
 Walked in his pilgrim wandering o'er
 The whole broad land from shore to shore
 'Twas thus the saint O Rāghu's son
 His rank among the Brāhmans won
 Best of all hermits Prince is he
 In him incarnate Penance see
 Friend of the right who shrinks from ill
Heroic powers attend him still

The Brahman versed in ancient lore
 Thus closed his tale and said no more
 To Sātānanda Kūśik's son
 Cried in delight Well done ! well done !
 Then Janak at the tale amazed
 Spoke thus with suppliant hands upraised
 High fate is mine O Sage I deem
 And thanks I owe for bliss supreme
 That thou and Rāghu's children too
 Have come my sacrifice to view
 To look on thee with blessed eyes
 Exalts my soul and purifies
 Yea thus to see thee face to face
 Enriches me with store of grace
 Thy holy labours wrought of old
 And mighty penance fully told
 Rāma and I with great delight
 Have heard O glorious Anchorite
 Unrivalled thine ascetic deeds
 Thy might O Saint all might exceeds
 No thought my can no limit bound
 The virtues that in thee are found

The story of thy wondrous fate
My thirsty ears can never sate
The hour of evening rites is near :
The sun declines in swift career
At early dawn, O Hermit, deign
To let me see thy face again
Best of ascetics, part in bliss
Do thou thy servant now dismiss.'

The saint approved, and glad and kind
Dismissed the king with joyful mind.
Around the sage King Janak went
With priests and kinsmen reverent.
Then Viśvāmitra, honoured so,
By those high-minded, rose to go,
And with the princes took his way
To seek the lodging where they lay.

CANTO LXVI

JANAK'S SPEECH

With cloudless lustre rose the sun
 The king his morning worship done
 Ordered his heralds to invite
 The princes and the anchorite
 With honour as the laws decree
 The monarch entertained the three
 Then to the youths and saintly man
 Videha's lord this speech began
 O blameless Saint most welcome thou !
 If I may please thee tell me how
 Speak mighty lord whom all revere
 'Tis thine to order mine to hear

Thus he on mighty thoughts intent ,
 Then thus the sage most eloquent
 King Daśaratha's sons this pair
 Of warriors famous everywhere
 Are come that best of bows to see
 That lies a treasure stored by thee
 This mighty Janak deign to show
 That they may look upon the bow
 And then contented homeward go
 Then royal Janak spoke in turn
 O best of Saints the story learn
 Why this famed bow a noble prize,
 A treasure in my palace lies
 A monarch Devarāt by name,
 Who sixth from ancient Anshu man,
 Held it as ruler of the land

A pledge in his successive hand
 This bow the mighty Rudra bore
 At Daksha's¹ sacrifice of yore,
 When carnage of the Immortals stained
 The rite that Daksha had ordained
 Then as the Gods sore wounded fled,
 Victorious Rudra, mocking, said -
 'Because, O Gods, ye gave me naught
 When I my rightful portion sought,
 Your dearest parts I will not spare,
 But with my bow your flames will tear'

The Sons of Heaven, in wild alarm,
 Soft flatteries tried his rage to chain
 Then Bhava, Lord whom Gods adore,
 Grew kind and friendly as before,
 And every torn and mangled limb
 Was safe and sound restored by him
 Thenceforth this bow, the gem of bows,
 That freed the God of Gods from foes,
 Stored by our great forefathers lay
 A treasure and a pride for aye
 Once, as it chanced, I ploughed the ground,
 When sudden, 'neath the share was found
 An infant springing from the earth,
 Named Sítá from her secret birth²

¹ 'Daksha was one of the ancient Progenitors or Prajāpatis created by Brahmā. The sacrifice which is here spoken of and in which Śankar or Śiva (called also here Rudra and Bhava) smote the Gods because he had not been invited to share the sacred oblations with them, seems to refer to the origin of the worship of Śiva, to its increase and to the struggle it maintained with other older forms of worship'

² Sítá means a furrow

'Great Eleuthens swayed,
 That owed his nurture to the blue eyed mud,
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth'

In strength and grace the maiden grew
 My cherished daughter fair to view
 I vowed her of no mortal birth
 Meet prize for noblest heroes worth
 In strength and grace the maiden grew
 And many a monarch came to woo
 To all the princely suitors I
 Gave mighty Saut the same reply
 I give not thus my daughter she
 Prize of heroic worth shall be
 To Mithilā the suitors pressed
 Their power and might to manifest
 To all who came with hearts aglow
 I offered Sita wondrous bow
 Not one of all the royal band
 Could raise or take the bow in hand
 The suitors puny might I spurned
 And back the feeble princes turned
 Enraged thereat the warriors met
 With force combined my town beset
 Stung to the heart with scorn and shame
 With war and threats they madly came
 Besieged my peaceful walls and long
 To Mithilā did grievous wrong
 There wasting all a year they lay
 And brought my treasures to decay
 Filling my soul O Hermit chief
 With bitter woe and hopeless grief
 At last by long wrought penance I
 Won favour with the Gods on high
 Who with my labours well content
 A four fold host to aid me sent

The whole story of Sita as will be seen in the course of the poem has
 a great analogy with the ancient myth of Proserpine GORPESIO

Then swift the baffled heroes fled
To all the winds discomfited
Wiong-doeis, with then lords and host,
And all then valour's idle boast
This heavenly bow, exceeding bright,
These youths shall see, O Anchorite
Then if young Ráma's hand can sting
The bow that baffled lord and king,
To him I give, as I have sworn,
My Sítá, not of woman born'.

CANTO LXVII

THE BREAKING OF THE BOW

Then spole again the great recluse
 This mighty bow O King produce
 King Janak at the saint's request
 This order to his train addressed
 Let the great bow be hither borne
 Which flowery wreaths and cents adorn
 Soon as the monarch's words were said
 His servants to the city sped
 Five thousand youths in number all
 Of manly strength and stature tall
 The ponderous eight wheeled chest that held
 The heavenly bow with toil propelled
 At length they brought that iron chest
 And thus the godlike king addressed
 This best of bows O lord we bring
 Respected by each chief and king
 And place it for these youths to see
 If Sovereign such thy pleasure be
 With suppliant palm to palm applied
 King Janak to the strangers cried
 This gem of bows O Brahman Sage
 Our race has prized from age to age
 Too strong for those who yet have reigned
 Though great in might each nerve they strained
 Titan and fiend its strength defies
 God spirit minstrel of the skies
 And bard above and snail below
 Are baffled by this glorious bow

Then how may human prowess hope
With such a bow as this to cope?
What man with valour's choicest gift
This bow can draw, or sting, or lift?
Yet let the princes, holy Seer,
Behold it—it is present here'

Then spoke the hermit pious-souled
'Râma, dear son, the bow behold'
Then Râma at his word unclosed
The chest wherein its might reposed,
Thus crying, as he viewed it—'Lo'
I lay mine hand upon the bow
May happy luck my hope attend
Its heavenly strength to lift or bend'
'Good luck be thine', the hermit cried
'Assay the task!' the king replied
Then Raghu's son, as if in sport,
Before the thousands of the court,
The weapon by the middle raised
That all the crowd in wonder gazed
With steady arm the string he drew
Till burst the mighty bow in two
As snapped the bow, an awful clang,
Loud as the shriek of tempests, rang
The earth, affrighted, shook amain
As when a hill is rent in twain
Then, senseless at the fearful sound,
The people fell upon the ground
None save the king, the princely pair,
And the great saint, the shock could bear
When woke to sense the stricken train,
And Janak's soul was calm again,
With suppliant hands and reverent head,
These words, most eloquent, he said

O Saint Prince Rama stands alone
His peerless might he well has shown
A marvel has the hero wrought
Beyond belief surpassing thought
My child to royal Pāṇḍava
New glory on our line will shed
And true my promise will remain
That hero's worth the bride should gain
Dearer to me than light and life
My Sitā shall be Rama's wife
If thou O Brahman leave concede
My counsellors with eager speed
Borne in their flying cars to fur
Ayodhya's town the news shall bear
With courteous message to entreat
The king to grace my royal seat
Thus to the monarch shall they tell
The bride is his who won her well
And his two sons are resting here
Protected by the holy seer
So at his pleasure let them lead
The sovereign to my town with speed

The hermit to his prayer inclined
And Janak lord of virtuous mind
With charges to Ayodhya sent
His ministers and forth they went

CANTO LXVIII.

THE ENVOYS' SPEECH.

Three nights upon the road they passed
 To rest the steeds that bore them fast,
 And reached Ayodhyá's town at last.
 Then straight at Daśaratha's call
 They stood within the royal hall,
 Where, like a God, inspiring awe,
 The venerable king they saw
 With suppliant palm to palm applied,
 And all then terror laid aside,
 They spoke to him upon the throne
 With modest words, in gentle tone.
 'Janak, Videha's king, O Sire,
 Has sent us hither to inquire
 The health of thee his friend most dear,
 Of all thy priests and every peer
 Next Kuśik's son consenting, thus
 King Janak speaks, dread hege, by us :
 'I made a promise and decree
 That valour's prize my child should be
 Kings, worthless found in worth's assay,
 With mien dejected turned away.
 Thy sons, by Viśvámitra led,
 Ununged, my city visited,
 And peerless in their might have gained
 My daughter, as my vow ordained.
 Full in a vast assembly's view
 Thy hero Ráma broke in two
 The gem of bows, of monstrous size,

That came a treasure from the skies
 Ordained the prize of hero's might
 Sitá my child is his by right
 Fain would I keep my promise made
 If thou O King approve and aid
 Come to my town thy son to see
 Bring holy guide and priest with thee
 O lord of kings my suit allow
 And let me keep my promised vow
 So joying for thy children's sake
 Their triumph too shalt thou partake
 With Viśvámitra's high consent
 Such words with friendship eloquent
 Spoke Janak fair Videha's king
 By Satananda's counselling

The envoys thus the king addressed
 And mighty joy his heart possessed
 To Vamadeva quick he cried
 Vaśiṣṭha and his lords beside
 Lakshman and he my princely boy
 Who fills Kauśalyá's soul with joy
 By Viśvamitra guarded well
 Among the good Videhans dwell
 Their ruler Janak prompt to own
 The peerless might my child has shown,
 To him would knit in holy ties
 His daughter's valour's lovely prize
 If Janak's plan seem good to you
 Come speed we to his city too
 Nor let occasion idly by

He ceased There came a glad reply
 From priest and mighty saint and all
 The councillors who thronged the hall
 Then cried the king with joyous heart

‘To-morrow let us all depart’

That night the envoys entertained
With honour and all care remained

CANTO LXIX

DASAPATHAS VISIT

Soon as the shades of night had fled
 Thus to the wise Sumantra said
 The happy king while priest and peer,
 Each in his place were standing near

Let all my treasurers to-day
Set foremost in the long array
 With gold and precious gems supplied
 In bounteous store together ride
 And send you out a mighty force
 Foot chariot, elephant and horse
 Besides let many a car of state
 And noblest steeds my will await
 Vaśishtha Vamadeva sage
 And Markandeya's reverend age
 Javáli Kaśyapa's godlike seed
 And wise Katyáyana shall lead
 Thy care Sumantra let it be
 To yoke a chariot now for me,
 That so we part without delay
 These envoys hasten me away

So fared he forth That host with speed,
 Quadruple as the king decreed
 With priests to head the bright array
 Followed the monarch on his way
 Four day they travelled on the road,
 And eve Videha's kingdom showed
 Janak had left his royal seat
 The venerable king to greet

And, noblest, with these words addressed
That noblest lord, his happy guest :
‘ Hail, best of kings a blessed fate
Has led thee, Monarch, to my state.
Thy sons, supreme in high empire,
Will gladden now their father’s eyes.
And high my fate, that hither leads
Vasishtha, bright with holy deeds,
Gut with these sages far-renowned,
Like India with the Gods around
Joy ! joy ! for vanquished are my foes :
Joy ! for my house in glory grows,
With Raghu’s noblest sons allied,
Supreme in strength and valour’s pride
To-morrow with its early light
Will shine on my completed rite
Then, sanctioned by the saints and thee,
The marriage of thy Rāma see ’

Then Daśaratha, best of those
Whose speech in graceful order flows,
With gathered saints on every side,
Thus to the lord of earth replied :
‘ A truth is this I long have known,
A favour is the giver’s own.
What thou shalt bid, O good and true,
We, as our power permits, will do.’

That answer of the truthful lord,
With virtuous worth and honour stored,
Janak, Videha’s noble king,
Heard gladly, greatly marvelling.
With bosoms filled with pleasure met
Long-parted saint and anchorite,
And linked in friendship’s tie they spent
The peaceful night in great content.

Rama and Lakshman thither sped
By sainted Viśvámitra led
And bent in filial love to greet
Their father and embraced his feet
The aged king rejoiced to hear
And see again his children dear
Honoured by Janak's thoughtful care
With great enjoyment rested there
King Janak with attentive heed
Consulted first his daughters' need
And ordered all to speed the rite,
Then rested also for the night

CANTO LXX.

THE MAIDENS SOUGHT

Then with the morn's returning sun,
 King Janak, when his rites were done,
 Skilled all the charms of speech to know,
 Spoke to wise Śatánanda so
 ' My brother, lord of glorious fame,
 My younger, Kuśadhway by name,
 Whose virtuous life has won renown,
 Has settled in a lovely town,
 Sánkáśyá, decked with grace divine,
 Whose glories bright as Pushpak's shine,
 While Ikshumatí rolls her wave
 Her lofty rampart's foot to lave
 Him, holy priest, I long to see :
 The guardian of my rite is he
 That my dear brother may not miss
 A share of mine expected bliss '

Thus in the presence of the priest
 The royal Janak spoke, and ceased
 Then came his henchmen, prompt and brave,
 To whom his charge the monarch gave
 Soon as they heard his will, in haste
 With fleetest steeds away they raced,
 To lead with them that lord of kings,
 As India's call Lord Vishnu brings
 Sánkáśyá's walls they duly gained,
 And audience of the king obtained
 To him they told the news they brought
 Of marvels past and Janak's thought.

In every need, whate'er befall,
 The saint Vaśishtha speaks for all
 If Viśvāmitra so allow,
 And all the saints around me now,
 The sage will speak, at my desire,
 An order and the truth require'

Soon as the king his lips had stilled,
 Up rose Vaśishtha speaker skilled,
 And to Videha's lord began
 In flowing words that holy man
 'From viewless Nature Brahmā rose,
 No change, no end, no waste he knows
 A son had he Maríchi styled,
 And Kaśyap was Maríchi's child
 From him Virasvat sprang from him
 Manu whose fame shall ne'er be dim
 Manu, who life to mortals gave,
 Begot Ikshváku good and brave
 First of Ayodhyá's kings was he,
 Pride of her famous dynasty
 From him the glorious Kukshi sprang,
 Whose fame through all the regions rang
 Rival of Kukshi's ancient fame,
 His heir, the great Víkukshi, came.
 His son was Vána, lord of might,
 His Anaranya, strong to fight
 His son was Piṭhu, glorious name,
 From him the good Tisanku came.
 He left a son renowned afar,
 Known by the name of Dhundhumár.
 His son, who drove the mighty car,
 Was Yuvanáśva, feared in war
 He passed away Him followed then
 His son Mándhátá, king of men

HIS son was blest in high emprise,
Susandhi fortunate and wise
Two noble sons had he to wit
Dhruvasandhi and Prasenjit
Bharat was Dhruvasandhi's son
And glorious fame that monarch won
The warrior Asit he begot
Asit had warfare fierce and hot
With rival kings in many a spot
Hahrayas Tilaynghas styled
And Sasivindhya strong and wild
Long time he strove but forced to yield
Fled from his kingdom and the field
With his two wives away he fled
Where high Himalaya lifts his head
And all his wealth and glory past
He paid the dues of Fate at last
The wives he left had both conceived—
So is the ancient tale believed—
One of her rival's hopes afraid
Fell poison in her wounds laid
It chanced that Chyavan Bhrgu's child,
Had wandered to that pathless wild
And there Himalaya's lovely height
Detained him with a strange delight
There came the other widowed queen
With lotus eyes and beauteous mien
Longing a noble son to bear
And wooed the saint with earnest prayer
When thus Kalmishi¹ fairest dame
With reverent supplication came
To her the holy sage replied

¹ A different lady from the Goddess of the Jumna who bears the same name

'Born with the poison from thy side,
 O happy Queen, shall spring ere long
 An infant fortunate and strong
 Then weep no more, and check thy sighs,
 Sweet lady of the lotus eyes'
 The queen, who loved her perished lord,
 For meet reply, the saint adored,
 And, of her husband long bereaved,
 She bore a son by him conceived.
 Because her rival mixed the bane
 To render her conception vain,
 And fruit unripened to destroy,
 Sagar¹ she called her darling boy.
 To Sagar Asamanj was heir.
 Bright Anśumán his consort bare.
 Anśumán's son, Dilípa famed,
 Begot a son Bhagínath named
 From him the great Kakutstha rose.
 From him came Raghu, feared by foes.
 Of him sprang Purushádak bold,
 Fierce hero of gigantic mould
 Kalmáshapáda's name he bore,
 Because his feet were spotted o'er.²
 From him came Śankan, and from him
 Sudarśan, fair in face and limb
 From beautiful Sudarśan came
 Prince Agnivaina, bright as flame
 His son was Śíghriaga, for speed
 Unmatched, and Maru was his seed
 Praśuśiuka was Maru's child.
 His son was Ambaísha styled.

¹ This is another fanciful derivation, *Sa*—with, and *ga* *a*—poison

² *Purushádak* means a cannibal. First called *Kalmáshapáda* on account of his spotted feet he is said to have been turned into a cannibal for killing the son of Vāsishtha.

Nahush was Ambarisha's heir
The mighty lord of regions fair
Nahush begot Yayati, he
Nábhág of happy destiny
Son of Nábhag was Aja, his
The glorious Daśaraṭha is
Whose noble children boast to be
Rama and Lāshman, whom we see
Thus do those kings of purest race
Their lineage from Ikshvāku trace
Their hero lives the right maintained
Their lips with falsehood ne'er were stained
In Rama's and in Lakshman's name
Thy daughters as their wives I claim
So shall in equal bands be tied
Each peerless youth with peerless bride

CANTO LXXI.

JANAK'S PEDIGREE.

Then to the saint supremely wise
 King Janak spoke in suppliant guise :
 ' Deign, Hermit, with attentive ear,
 My race's origin to hear
 When kings a daughter's hand bestow,
 'Tis right their line and fame to show
 There was a king whose deeds and worth
 Spread wide his name through heaven and earth,
 Nimi, most virtuous e'en from youth,
 The best of all who love the truth.
 His son and heir was Mithi, and
 His Janak, first who ruled this land.
 He left a son Udávasu,
 Blest with all virtues, good and true.
 His son was Nandivaidhan, dear
 For pious heart and worth sincere.
 His son Suketu, hero brave,
 To Devarát existence gave
 King Devarát, a royal sage,
 For virtue, glory of the age,
 Begot Vihadiatha, and he
 Begot, his worthy heir to be,
 The splendid hero Mahabí
 Who long in glory governed here
 His son was Sudhriti, a youth
 Firm in his purpose, brave in sooth.
 His son was Dhristaketu, blest
 With pious will and holy breast

The fame of royal saint he won
 Haryaśva was his princely son.
 Haryaśva's son was Maru who
 Begot Pratindhak wise and true
 Next Kirtiratha held the throne
 His son for gentle virtues known
 Then followed Devamidha then
 Vibudh Mahandhak kings of men
 Mahandhak's son of boundless might
 Was Kuntirāt who loved the night
 He passed away a sainted king
 And Mahuoma following
 To Swarnaroma left the state
 Then Hrasvaroma good and great,
 Succeeded and to him a pair
 Of sons his royal consort bare
 Elder of the e I boast to be
 Brave Kuśadhway is next to me ¹
 Me then the elder of the twain
 My sire anointed here to reign
 He bade me tend my brother well
 Then to the forest went to dwell
 He sought the heavens and I sustained
 The burden as by law ordained
 And noble Kuśadhway the peer
 Of Gods I ever held most dear
 Then came Sanjāya's mighty lord
 Sudhanva threatening siege and sword
 And bade me swift on him bestow

¹ In the setting forth of these royal genealogies the Bengal recension varies but slightly from the Northern. The first six names of the genealogy of the Kings of Ayodhya are partly the oonical and partly cosmogonical the other names are no doubt in accordance with tradition and deserve the same amount of credence as the ancient traditional genealogies of other nations. GORRESIO

Śiva's incomparable bow,
 And Sītā of the lotus eyes
 But I refused each peerless prize
 Then, host to host, we met the foes,
 And fierce the din of battle rose
 Sudhanvá, foremost of his band,
 Fell smitten by my single hand.
 When thus Sánkáśyá's lord was slain,
 I sanctified, as laws ordain,
 My brother in his stead to reign
 Thus are we brothers, Saint most high,
 The younger he, the elder I
 Now, mighty Sage, my spirit joys
 To give these maidens to the boys
 Let Sītā be to Rāma tied,
 And Urmilā be Lakshman's bride
 First give, O King, the gift of cows,
 As dowry of each royal spouse,
 Due offerings to the spirits pay,
 And solemnize the wedding-day
 The moon to-night, O royal Sage,
 In Maghá's¹ House takes harbourage,
 On the third night his rays benign
 In second Phálguní² will shine
 Be that the day, with prosperous fate,
 The nuptial rites to celebrate '

¹ 'The tenth of the lunar asterisms, composed of five stars

² There are two lunar asterisms of this name, one following the other immediately, forming the eleventh and twelfth of the lunar mansions

CANTO LXXII

THE GIFT OF KINE

When royal Janak's words were done
 Joined with Vāsishtha Kuśik's son
 The mighty sage began his speech
 No mind may scan no thought can reach
 The glories of Ikshvaku's line
 Or great Videha's King of thine
 None in the whole wide world may vie
 With them in fame and honours high
 Well matched I ween in holy bands
 These peerless pairs will join their hands
 But hear me as I speak once more
 Thy brother skilled in duty's lore
 Has at his home a royal pair
 Of daughters most divinely fair
 I for the hands of these sweet two
 For Bharat and Satrugna sue
 Both princes of heroic mould
 Wise fair of form and lofty souled
 All Daśaratha's sons I ween
 Own each young grace of form and mien
 Brave as the Gods are they nor yield
 To the great Lords the worlds who shield
 By these good Prince of merits high
 Ikshvaku's house with thine ally

The suit the holy sage preferred
 With willing ear the monarch heard
 Vāsishtha's lips the counsel praised
 Then spake the King with hands upraised

'Now blest indeed my race I deem,
Which your high will, O Saints supreme,
With Daśaratha's house unites
In bonds of love and marriage rites.
So be it done My nieces twin
Let Bharat and Śatrughna gain,
And the four youths the selfsame day
Four maiden hands in thine shall lay
No day so lucky may compare,
For marriage so the wise declare
With the last day of Phālgunī
Ruled by the genial deity'
Then with raised hands in reverence due
To those arch-saints he spoke anew :
'I am your pupil, ever true
To me high favour have ye shown,
Come, sit ye on my royal throne,
For Daśaratha rules these towers
E'en as Ayodhyá now is ours
Do with your own what'er ye choose.
Your lordship here will none refuse'

He spoke, and to Videha's king
Thus Daśaratha, answering :
'Boundless your virtues, lords, whose sway
The realms of Mithilá obey
With honouring care you entertain
Both holy sage and royal train
Now to my house my steps I bend .
May blessings still on you attend
Due offerings to the shades to pay'
Thus spoke the king, and turned away :
To Janak first he bade adieu,
Then followed fast those holy two
The monarch reached his palace where

The rites were paid with solemn care
When the next sun began to shine
He rose and made his gift of line
A hundred thousand cows prepared
For each young prince the Brahmans shared
Each had her horns adorned with gold
And duly was the number told
Four hundred thousand perfect tale
Each brought a calf each filled a pail
And when that glorious task was o'er
The monarch with his children four
Showed like the Lord of Life divine
When the worlds guardians round him shine

CANTO LXXIII.

THE NUPTIALS

On that same day that saw the king
 His gift of kine distributing,
 The lord of Kekaya's son, by name
 Yudhájít, Bharat's uncle, came,
 Asked of the monarch's health, and then
 Addressed the reverend king of men
 'The lord of Kekaya's realm by me
 Sends greeting, noble King, to thee
 Asks if the friends thy prayers would bless
 Uninterrupted health possess
 Right anxious, mighty King, is he
 My sister's princely boy to see
 For this I sought Ayodhyá fair
 The message of my sue to bear
 There learning, O my liege, that thou
 With sons and noble kinsmen now
 Wast resting here, I sought the place
 Longing to see my nephew's face'
 The king with kind observance cheered
 His friend by tender ties endeared,
 And every choicest honour pressed
 Upon his honourable guest

That night with all his children spent,
 At morn King Daśaratha went,
 Behind Váśishtha and the rest,
 To the fan ground for rites addressed
 Then when the lucky hour was nigh
 Called Victory, of omen high,

Came Rāma after vow and prayer
 For nuptial bliss and fortune fair
 With the three youths in bright attire
 And stood beside his royal sire
 To Janak then Vāsishṭha sped
 And to Videha's monarch said
 O King Ayodhyā's ruler now
 Has breathed the prayer and vowed the vow
 And with his sons expecting stands
 The giver of the maidens' hands.
 The giver and the taker both
 Must ratify a mutual oath
 Perform the part for which we wait
 And rites of marriage celebrate

Skilled in the laws which Scriptures teach
 He answered thus Vāsishṭha's speech

O Saint what warder bars the gate?
 Whose bidding can the king await?
 In one's own house what doubt is shown?
 This kingdom Sage is all thine own
 E'en now the maidens may be found
 Within the sacrificial ground
 Each vow is vowed and prayed each prayer
 And they like fire are shining there
 Here by the shrine my place I took
 Expecting thee with eager look
 No bar the nuptial rites should stay
 What can we have for more delay?
 When Janak's speech the monarch heard,
 To sons and saints he gave the word
 And set them in the holy ring
 Then to Vāsishṭha spoke the king
 Of Mithilā O mighty Sage,
 Now let this task thy care engage

And lend thine aid and counsel wise
The nuptial rites to solemnize'

The saint Vaśiṣṭha gave assent,
And quickly to the task he went,
With Viśvāmitra, nothing loth,
And Śatānanda aiding both
Then, as the rules pre-scribe, they made
An altar in the midst, and laid
Fresh wreaths of fragrant flowers thereon.
The golden ladles round it shone,
And many a vase, which branches hid
Fixed in the perforated lid,
And sprays, and cups, and censers there
Stood filled with incense rich and rare.
Shell-bowls, and spoons, and salvers dressed
With gifts that greet the honoured guest,
Piles of parched rice some dishes bore,
Others with corn prepared ran o'er,
And holy grass was duly spread
In equal lengths, while prayers were said
Next, chief of saints, Vaśiṣṭha came
And laid the offering in the flame
Then by the hand King Janak drew
His Sītā, beautiful to view,
And placed her, bright in rich attire,
Rāma to face, before the fire,
Thus speaking to the royal boy
Who filled Kauśalyā's heart with joy.
'Here Sītā stands, my daughter fair,
The duties of thy life to share
Take from her father, take thy bride;
Join hand to hand, and bliss betide'
A faithful wife, most blest is she,
And as thy shade will follow thee'

Thus as he spoke the monarch threw
O'er her young limbs the holy dew
While Gods and saints were heard to swell
The joyous cry 'Tis well! 'Tis well!
His daughter Sitā thus bestowed
O'er whom the sacred drops had flowed
King Janak's heart with rapture glowed
Then to Prince Lakshman thus he cried
Take Urmīa thine offered bride
And clasp her hand within thine own
Ere yet the lucky hour be flown
Then to Prince Bharat thus cried he
Come take the hand of Mandavī
Then to Satrughna In thy grasp
The hand of Sītā-kīrtī clasp
Now Raghu's sons may all of you
Be gentle to your wives and true
Keep well the vows you make to day
Nor let occasion slip away

King Janak's word the youths obeyed
The maidens' hands in theirs they laid
Then with their brides the princes went
With ordered steps and reverent
Round both the fire and Janak round
The sages and the sacred ground

A flowery flood of lucid dyes
In rain descended from the skies
While with celestial voices blent
Sweet strains from many an instrument
And the nymphs danced in joyous throng
Responsive to the minstrel's song
Such signs of exultation they
Saw on the prince's wedding day
Still rang the heavenly music's sound

When Raghu's sons thrice circled round
The five, each one with reverent head,
And homeward then their brides they led
They to the sumptuous palace hied
That Janak's care had seen supplied
The monarch gait with saint and peer
Still fondly gazing followed near.

CANTO LXIV

RAMA WITH THE AXE¹

Soon as the night had reached its close
 The hermit Viśvāmītra rose
 To both the kings he bade adieu
 And to the northern hill withdrew
 Ayodhya's lord of high renown
 Received farewell and sought his town
 Then as each daughter left her bower
 King Janak gave a splendid dower
 Rugs precious silks and warrior force
 Cars elephants and foot and horse
 Divine to see and well arrayed
 And many a skilful tiring maid
 And many a young and trusty slave
 The father of the ladies gave
 Silver and coral gold and pearls
 He gave to his beloved girls
 These precious gifts the king bestowed
 And sped his guest upon his road
 The lord of Mithila's sweet town
 Rode to his court and lighted down
 Ayodhya's monarch glad and gay
 Led by the seers pursued his way
 With his dear sons of lofty mind
 The royal army marched behind

¹ This is another Rama son of Jamdagni called Paraurāma or Rama with the ax from the w upon which he came. He was while he lived the terror of the Warrior caste and his name is still long and fierce struggles between the sacred and military orders in which the latter suffered severely at the hands of their implacable enemy

As on he faired the voice he heard
Around of many a dismal bud,
And every beast in wild affright
Began to hurry to the night
The monarch to Vāsishtha cried .
' What do these evil signs betide ?
Why do the beasts in terror fly,
And birds of evil omen cry ?
What is it shakes my heart with dread ?
Why is my soul disquieted ?'

Soon as he heard, the mighty saint
Thus answered Daśaratha's plaint
In sweetest tone ' Now, Monarch, mark,
And learn from me the meaning dark
The voices of the birds of air
Great peril to the host declare .
The moving beasts the dread allay,
So drive thy whelming fear away '

As he and Daśaratha spoke
A tempest from the welkin broke,
That shook the spacious earth amain
And hurled high trees upon the plain
The sun grew dark with murky cloud,
And o'er the skies was cast a shroud,
While o'er the army, faint with dread,
A veil of dust and ashes spread
King, princes, saints then sense retained,
Fear-stupified the rest remained
At length, their wits returning, all
Beneath the gloom and ashy pall
Saw Jamadagni's son with dread,
His long hair twisted round his head,
Who, sprung from Bhṛigu, loved to beat
The proudest kings beneath his feet.

Firm as Kailāsa's hill he showed
Fierce as the fire of doom he glowed
His axe upon his shoulder lay
His bow was ready for the fray
With thirsty arrows wont to fly
Like lightnings from the angry sky
A long keen arrow forth he drew
Invincible like those which flew
From Śiva's ever conquering bow
And Tripura in death laid low

When his wild form that struck with awe
Fearful as ravening flame they saw
Vasiṣṭha and the saints whose care
Was sacrifice and muttered prayer
Drew close together each to each,
And questioned thus with bated speech

Indignant at his father's fate
Will he on warriors vent his hate
The slayers of his father slay
And sweep the loathed race away?
But when of old his fury raged
Seas of their blood his wrath assuaged
So doubtless now he has not planned
To slay all warriors in the land

Then with a gift the saints drew near
To Bhṛigu's son whose look was fear
And Rama! Rama! soft they cried
The gift he took no word replied
Then Bhṛigu's son his silence broke
And thus to Rama Rama spoke

And thy fierce axe was cast aside
 Thou turnedst to thy rites away
 Leaving the earth to Kaśyap's sway
 And wentest far a grove to seek
 Beneath Mahendra's¹ mountain peak
 Now mighty Hermit art thou here
 To slay us all with doom ere?
 For if alone my Ráma fall
 We share his fate and perish all

As thus the aged sire complained
 The mighty chief no answer deigned
 To Ráma only thus he cried

Two bows the Heavenly Artist's pride
 Celestial peerless vast and strong
 By all the worlds were honoured long
 One to the Three-eyed God was given
 By glory to the conflict driven
 Thus armed fierce Tripura he slew
 And then by thee 'twas burst in two
 The second bow which few may brave
 The highest Gods to Vishnu gave
 This bow I hold before it fall
 The foeman's fenced tower and wall
 Then prayed the Gods the Sire Most High
 By some unerring proof to try

¹ The author of the *Raghuvaṃśa* places the mountain Mahendra in the territory of the king of the Kalingas who at that place commanded a view of the ocean. It is well known that this country along the coast to the south of the mouths of the Ganges was the seat of this people. Hence it may be expected that this Mahendra is what Pliny calls promontorium Calingum. The modern name *Cape Palmyra* from the palmyras (*Boissus flabelliformis*) which abound there agrees remarkably with the description of the poet who speaks of the groves of these trees. *Raghuvaṃśa* VI 51

Were praise for might Lord Vishnu's due,
Or his whose Neck is stained with Blue¹
The mighty Sire their wishes knew,
And he whose lips are ever true
Caused the two Gods to meet as foes
Then fierce the rage of battle rose.
Bristled in dread each starting hair
As Śiva strove with Vishnu there
But Vishnu raised his voice again,
And Śiva's bowstring twanged in vain;
Its master of the Three bright Eyes
Stood fixt in fury and surprise.
Then all the dwellers in the sky,
Minstrel, and saint, and God drew nigh,
And prayed them that the strife might cease,
And the great rivals met in peace
'Twas seen how Śiva's bow had failed
Unnerved, when Vishnu's might assailed,
And Gods and heavenly sages thence
To Vishnu gave preeminence
Then glorious Śiva in his rage
Gave it to Devarát the sage
Who ruled Videha's fertile land,
To pass it down from hand to hand
But this my bow, whose shafts smite down
The foeman's fenced tower and town,
To great Richíka Vishnu lent
To be a pledge and ornament
Then Jamadagni, Bráhmaṇ dread,
My sire, the bow inherited
But Arjun stooped to treachery vile
And slew my noble sire by guile,
Whose penance awful strength had gained,

¹ Śiva, God of the Azure Neck.

Whose hand the God given bow retained
I heard indignant how he fell
By mournful fate too sad to tell
My vengeful fury since that time
Scourges all Warriors for the crime
As generations spring to life
I war them down in endless strife
All earth I brought beneath my sway
And gave it for his meed and pay
To holy Kaśyap when of yore
The rites performed by him were o'er
Then to Mahendra's hill I turned
Strong in the strength that penance earned,
And toiled upon his lofty head
By Gods immortal visited
The breaking of the bow I knew
From startled Gods conversing through
The airy regions of thy deed
And hither came with swiftest speed
Now for thy Warriors honour sake
This best of bows O Rama take
This owned by Vishnu's self of old
My sire and grandsire loved to hold
Drawn to its head upon the string
One town destroying arrow bring
If this thou can O hero I
In single fight thy strength will try

CANTO LXXVI

DEBARRED FROM HEAVEN

The haughty challenge, undeterred
 The son of Daś uatha heard,
 And cried, while reverence for his sire
 Checked the full torrent of his ire
 'Before this day have I been told
 The deed that stuned thy hands of old
 But pity bids my soul forget
 Thy father, murdered, clumed the debt
 My strength, O Chief, thou deemest slight,
 Too feeble for a Warrior's might
 Now will I show thy wondering eyes
 The prowess which they dare despise'

He hastened then with graceful ease
 That mighty bow and shaft to seize
 His hand the weapon strung and swayed
 The arrow on the string was laid
 Then Jamadagni's son he eyed,
 And thus in words of fury cried
 'Thou art a Bráhmaṇ, still to be
 Most highly honoured, Chief, by me
 For Viśvámitra's sake beside
 Shall reverence due be ne'er denied
 Though mine the power, I would not send
 A dart at thee thy life to end
 But thy great power to wander free
 Which penance-rites have won for thee,
 Or glorious worlds from thee to wrest,

Is the firm purpose of my breast
 And Vishnu's dart which now I strain
 Can ne'er be shot to fall in vain
 It strikes the mighty and it stuns
 The madness of the haughty ones

Then Gods and saints and heavenly choir
 Preceded by the General Sire
 Met in the air and gazed below
 On Rāma with that wondrous bow
 Nymph minstrel angel all were there
 Snake God and spirit of the air
 Giant and bard and gryphon met
 Their eyes upon the marvel set
 In senseless hush the world was chained
 While Rāma's hand the bow retuned
 And Jāmadagni's son amazed
 And powerless on the hero gazed
 Then when his swelling heart had shrunk
 And his proud strength in torpor sunk
 Scarce his voice ventured low and weak
 To Rāma lotus eyed to speak

When long ago I gave away
 The whole broad land to Kāśyapa's sway
 He charged me never to remain
 Within the limits of his reign
 Obedient to my guide's behest
 On earth by night I never rest
 My choice is made I will not dim
 Mine honour and be false to him
 So son of Raghu leave me still
 The power to wander where I will
 And swifter than the thought my flight
 Shall place me on Mahendra's height
 My mansions of eternal joy

By penance won, thou mayst destroy
My path to these thy shaft may stay.
Now to the work ! No more delay !
I know thee Lord of Gods , I know
Thy changeless might laid Madhu low.
All other hands would surely fail
To bend this bow All hail ! all hail !
See ! all the Gods have left the skies
To bend on thee their eager eyes,
With whose achievements none compete,
Whose arm in war no God can meet
No shame is mine, I ween, for thou,
Lord of the Worlds, hast dimmed my brow.
Now, pious Ráma, 'tis thy part
To shoot afar that glorious dart .
I, when the fatal shaft is shot,
Will seek that hill and tarry not '

He ceased The wondrous arrow flew,
And Jamadagni's offspring knew
Those glorious worlds to him were bared,
Once gained by penance long and hard.
Then straight the airy quarters cleared,
And the mid regions bright appeared,
While Gods and saints unnumbered praised
Ráma, the mighty bow who raised
And Jamadagni's son, o'erawed,
Extolled his name with highest laud,
With reverent steps around him strode,
Then hastened on his airy road
Far from the sight of all he fled,
And rested on Mahendia's head

CANTO LXXVII

BHAPAT S DEPARTURE

Then Rama with a cheerful mind
 The bow to Varun's hand resigned
 Due reverence to the saints he paid
 And thus addressed his sire dismayed

As Bhrigu's son is far from view
 Now let the host its march pursue
 And to Ayodhya's town proceed
 In four fold bands with thee to lead

King Daśaratha thus addressed
 His lips to Rama's forehead pressed
 And held him to his aged breast
 Rejoiced in sooth was he to know
 That Bhrigu's son had parted so
 And hailed a second life begun
 For him and his victorious son
 He urged the host to speed renewed
 And soon Ayodhya's gates he viewed
 High o'er the roofs gay pennons played
 Tabour and drum loud music made
 Fresh water cooled the royal road
 And flowers in bright profusion glowed
 Glad crowds with garlands thronged the ways
 Rejoicing on their king to gaze
 And all the town was bright and gay
 Exulting in the festive day
 People and Bráhmans flocked to meet
 Their monarch ere he gained the street
 The glorious king amid the throng

Rode with his glorious sons along,
And passed within his den abroad
That like Hîmālaya's mountain hovered
And there Kausalyâ, noble queen,
Sumitrâ with her lovely men,
Kaikeyî of the dainty waist,
And other dames her bowers who graced,
Stood in the palace side by side,
And welcomed home each youthful bride
Fair Sîtâ, lofty-fated dame,
Urmilâ of the glorious fame,
And Kusadhvaja's children fair,
With joyous greeting and with prayer,
As all in linen robes arrayed
With offerings at the altars prayed
Due reverence paid to God above
Each princess gave her soul to love,
And hidden in her inmost bower
Passed with her lord each blissful hour
The royal youths, of spirit high,
With whom in valour none could vie,
Lived each within his palace bounds
Bright as Kuberâ's pleasure-grounds,
With riches, troops of faithful friends,
And bliss that wedded life attends
Brave princes, trained in warlike skill,
And dutious to their father's will
At length the monarch called one morn
Prince Bharat, of Kaikeyî born,
And cried 'My son, within our gates
Lord Yudhâjit thine uncle waits
The son of Kekaya's king is he,
And came, my child, to summon thee'
Then Bharat for the road prepared,

And with Sātrughna forth he fared
First to his sire he bade adieu
Brave Rāma and his mothers too
Lord Yudhyat with joyful pride
Went forth the brothers by his side
And reached the city where he dwelt
And mighty joy his father felt

Rama and Lakshman honoured still
Their godlike sire with dutious will
Two constant guides for Rama stood
His father's wish the people's good
Attentive to the general weal
He thought and wrought to please and heal
His mothers too he strove to please
With love and sonly courtesies
At every time in every spot
His holy guides he ne'er forgot
So for his virtues kind and true
Dearer and dearer Rāma grew
To Daśaratha Brahmans all
In town and country great and small
And Rāma by his darlings side
Saw many a blissful season glide
Lodged in her soul each thought on her
Lover and friend and worshipper
He loved her for his father's voice
Had given her and approved the choice
He loved her for each charm she wore
And her sweet virtues more and more
So he her lord and second life
Dwelt in the bosom of his wife
In double form that e'en apart
Each heart could commune free with heart
Still grew that child of Janak's race

More goddess-fair in form and face,
The loveliest wife that e'er was seen,
In mortal mould sweet Beauty's Queen
Then shone the son Kauśalyā bore,
 With this bright dame allied,
Like Vishnu whom the Gods adore,
 With Lakshmi by his side

BOOK II

CANTO I

THE HEIR APPARENT

So Bharat to his grandsire went
 Obedient to the message sent
 And for his fond companion chose
 Satrugṇa slayer of his foes ¹
 There Bharat for a time remained
 With love and honour entertained
 King Aśvapati's constant care
 Beloved as a son and heir
 Yet ever as they lived at ease
 While all around combined to please
 The aged sire they left behind
 Was present to each hero's mind
 Nor could the king's fond memory stray
 From his brave children far away
 Dear Bharat and Satrugṇa dear
 Each Varun's match or Indra's peer

To all the princes young and brave
 His soul with fond affection gave
 Around his loving heart they clung
 Like arms from his own body sprung ²

¹ Śatrugṇa means slayer of foes and the word is repeated as an intensive epithet

² Alluding to the images of Vāṇu which have four arms the four princes being portions of the subistence of that God

But best and noblest of the four,
Good as the God whom all adore,
Lord of all virtues, undefiled,
His darling was his eldest child.
For he was beautiful and strong,
From envy free, the foe of wrong,
With all his father's virtues blest,
And peerless in the world confessed.
With placid soul he softly spoke
No harsh reply could taunts provoke.
He ever loved the good and sage
Revered for virtue and for age,
And when his martial tasks were o'er
Sate listening to their peaceful lore
Wise, modest, pure, he honoured eld,
His lips from lying tales withheld,
Due reverence to the Bráhmans gave,
And ruled each passion like a slave
Most tender, prompt at duty's call,
Loved by all men he loved them all.
Proud of the duties of his race,
With spirit meet for Warrior's place,
He strove to win by glorious deed,
Throned with the Gods, a priceless meed.
With him in speech and quick-reply
Vishaspati might hardly vie,
But never would his accents flow
For evil or for empty show
In art and science duly trained,
His student vow he well maintained,
He learnt the lore for princes fit,
The Vedas and then Holy Writ,
And with his well-drawn bow at last
His mighty father's fame surpassed

Of birth exalted truthful just
With vigorous hand with noble trust
Well taught by aged twice born men
Who gain and right could clearly ken
Full well the claims and bounds he knew
Of duty gain, and pleasure too
Of memory keen of ready tact
In civil business prompt to act
Reserved his features ne'er disclosed
What counsel in his heart reposed
All idle rage and mirth controlled
He knew the times to give and hold
Firm in his faith of steadfast will
He sought no wrong he spoke no ill
Not rashly swift not idly slow
His faults and others keen to know
Each merit, by his subtle sense
He matched with proper recompense
He knew the means that wealth provide
And with keen eye expense could guide
Wild elephants could he reclaim
And mettled steeds could mount and tame
No arm like his the bow could wield
Or drive the chariot to the field
Skilled to attack to deal the blow
Or lead a host against the foe
Yea even infuriate Gods would fear
To meet his arm in full career
As the great sun in noontide blaze
Is glorious with his world of rays
So Ráma with these virtues shone
Which all men loved to gaze upon

The aged monarch fain would rest
And said within his weary breast

‘Oh that I might, while living yet,
My Ráma o’er the kingdom set,
And see, before my course be run,
The hallowed drops anoint my son ,
See all this spacious land obey,
From side to side, my first-born’s sway,
And then, my life and joy complete,
Obtain in heaven a blissful seat !’
In him the monarch saw combined
The fairest form, the noblest mind,
And counselled how his son might share
The throne with him as Regent Heir
For fearful signs in earth and sky,
And weakness warned him death was nigh .
But Ráma to the world endeared
By every grace his bosom cheered,
The moon of every eye, whose ray
Drove all his grief and fear away
So duty urged that hour to seize,
Himself, his realm, to bless and please.

From town and country, far and near,
He summoned people, prince, and peer.
To each he gave a meet abode,
And honoured all and gifts bestowed
Then, splendid in his king’s attire,
He viewed them, as the general Sire,
In glory of a God arrayed,
Looks on the creatures he has made
But Kekaya’s king he called not then
For haste, nor Janak lord of men ,
For after to each royal friend
The joyful tidings he would send
Mid crowds from distant countries met
The king upon his throne was set ,

Then honoured by the people all
The rulers thronged into the hall
On thrones assigned each king in place
Looked silent on the monarch's face
 Then girt by lords of high renown
And throngs from hamlet and from town
 He showed in regal pride
As honoured by the radiant band
Of blessed Gods that round him stand
 Lord Indra Thousand eyed

CANTO II.

THE PEOPLE'S SPEECH.

Then to the full assembly bowed
 The monarch, and addressed the crowd
 With gracious speech, in accents loud
 As heavenly drum or thunder-cloud ·
 'Needs not to you who know declare
 How ever with paternal care
 My fathers of Ikshváku's line
 Have ruled the realm which now is mine.
 I too have taught my feet to tread
 The pathway of the mighty dead,
 And with fond care that never slept
 Have, as I could, my people kept
 So toiling still, and ne'er remiss
 For all my people's weal and bliss,
 Beneath the white umbrella's¹ shade,
 Old age is come and strength decayed
 Thousands of years have o'er me flown,
 And generations round me grown
 And passed away I crave at length
 Repose and ease for broken strength.
 Feeble and worn I scarce can bear
 The ruler's toil, the judge's care,
 With royal dignity, a weight
 That tries the young and temperate.
 I long to rest, my labour done,
 And in my place to set my son,
 If to the twice-born gathered here

¹ Chief of the insignia of imperial dignity.

My counsel wise and good appear
For greater gifts than mine adorn
Rama my son my eldest born
Like Indra brave before him fall
The foeman's cities tower and wall
Him prince of men for power and might
The best maintainer of the right
Fair as the moon when nothing bars
His glory close to Pushya's stars
Him with to-morrow's light I fain
Would throne the consort of my reign
A worthy lord for you I ween
Marked as her own by Fortune's Queen
The triple world itself would be
Well ruled by such a king as he
To such high bliss and happy fate
Will I the country dedicate
And my sad heart will cease to grieve
If he the precious charge receive
Thus is my careful plan matured
Thus for myself is rest secured
Liesges approve the words I say
Or point ye out some wiser way
Devise your prudent plan My mind
Is fondly to this thought inclined
But men by keen debating move
Some middle course which all approve
The monarch ceased In answer came
The joyous princes glad acclaim
So peacocks in the rain rejoice
And hail the cloud with lifted voice
Murmurs of joy from thousands round
Shook the high palace with the sound
Then when the gathered throng had learned

His will who right and gain discerned,
 Peasant and townsman, priest and chief,
 All met in consultation brief,
 And soon agreed with one accord
 Gave answer to their sovereign lord -
 'King of the land, we know thee old :
 Thousands of years have o'er thee rolled.
 Ráma thy son, we pray, anoint,
 And at thy side his place appoint
 Our gallant prince, so brave and strong,
 Riding in royal state along,
 Our eyes with joyful pride will see
 Screened by the shade that shelters thee'
 Then spoke the king again, as though
 Their hearts' true wish he sought to know :
 'These prayers for Ráma's rule suggest
 One question to my doubting breast
 This thing, I pray, with truth explain -
 Why would ye, while I justly reign,
 That he, mine eldest son, should bear
 His part with me as ruling heir ?'
 Then all the people made reply,
 Peasant and townsman, low and high :
 'Each noblest gift of form and mind,
 O Monarch, in thy son we find
 Do thou the godlike virtues hear
 Which Ráma to our hearts endear.
 So richly blest with graces, none
 In all the earth excels thy son
 Nay, who to match with him may claim
 In truth, in justice, and in fame ?
 'As to his promise, gentle, kind,
 And vious, of grateful mind,
 If to thee the law and firm of soul

He keeps each sense with strict control
With duteous care he loves to sit
By Brahmans skilled in Holy Writ
Hence brightest glory ne'er to end
And matchless fame his youth attend
Skilled in the use of spear and shield
And arms which heavenly warriors wield
Supreme in war unconquered yet
By man fiend God in battle met
Whene'er in pomp of war he goes
Guns't town or city of the foes
He ever comes with Lakshman back
Victorious from the fierce attack
Returning homeward from afar
Borne on his elephant or car
He ever to the townsmen bends
And greets them as beloved friends
Asks how each son each servant thrives
How fare our pupils offerings wives
And like a father bids us tell
Each for himself that all is well
If pain or grief the city tries
His heart is swift to sympathize
When festive scenes our thoughts employ
He like a father shares the joy
High is the fate O King that gave
Thy Rāma born to bless and save
With filial virtues fair and mild
Like Kaśyap old Marichu's child
Hence to the kingdom's distant ends
One general prayer for him ascends
Each man in town and country prays
For Rāma's strength health length of days
With hearts sincere their wish the same

The tender girl, the aged dame,
Subject and stranger, peasant, hind,
One thought impressed on every mind,
At evening and at dawning day
To all the Gods for Ráma pray
Do thou, O King, of grace comply,
And hear the people's longing cry,
And let us on the throne by thee
The lotus-tinted Ráma see

O thou who givest boons, attend ;
A gracious ear, O Monarch, lend
And for our weal install,
Consenting to our earnest prayer,
Thy godlike Ráma Regent Hen,
Who seeks the good of all '

CANTO III

DAŚARATHA S PRECEPTS

The monarch with the prayer complied
Of suppliant hands on every side
Uplifted like a lotus bed

And then these gracious words he said

Great joy and mighty fame are mine

Because your loving hearts incline

In full assembly clearly shown

To place my Rāma on the throne

Then to Vaśishtha standing near

And Vāmadeva loud and clear

The monarch spoke that all might hear

Tis pure and lovely Chaitra now

When flowers are sweet on every bough

All needful things with haste prepare

That Rāma be appointed heir

Then burst the people's rapture out

In loud acclaim and joyful shout

And when the tumult slowly ceased

The king addressed the holy priest

Give order Saint with watchful heed

For what the coming rite will need

This day let all things ready wait

Mine eldest son to consecrate

Best of all men of second birth

Vaśishtha heard the lord of earth

And gave commandment to the bands

Of servitors with lifted hands

Who waited on their master's eye

‘ Now by to-morrow’s dawn supply
Rich gold and herbs and gems of price
And offerings for the sacrifice,
Wreaths of white flowers and roasted rice,
And oil and honey, separate ,
New garments and a car of state,
An elephant with lucky signs,
A fourfold host in ordered lines,
The white umbrella, and a pair
Of chowries,¹ and a banner fair ;
A hundred vases, row on row,
To shine like fire in splendid glow,
A tiger’s mighty skin, a bull
With gilded horns most beautiful.
All these, at dawn of coming day,
Around the royal shrine array,
Where burns the fire’s undying ray
Each palace door, each city gate
With wreaths of sandal decorate,
And with the garlands’ fragrant scent
Let clouds of incense-smoke be blent
Let food of noble kind and taste
Be for a hundred thousand placed ,
Fresh curds with streams of milk bedewed
To feed the Bráhmaṇ multitude
With care be all their wants supplied,
And mid the twice-born chiefs divide
Rich largess, with the early morn,
And oil and curds and roasted corn.
Soon as the sun has shown his light
Pronounce the prayer to bless the rite,
And then be all the Bráhmans called
And in their ordered seats installed

¹ Whisks, usually made of the long tails of the Yak

Let all musicians skilled to play
And dancing girls in bright array
Stand ready in the second ring
Within the palace of the king
Each honoured tree each holy shrine
With leaves and flowery wreaths entwine
And here and there beneath the shade
Be food prepared and presents laid.
Then brightly clad in warlike guise
With long swords girt upon their thighs
Let soldiers of the nobler sort
March to the monarch's splendid court

Thus gave command the twice born pair
To active servants stationed there
Then hastened to the king and said
That all their task was duly sped
The king to wise Sumantra spake
Now quick my lord thy chariot take
And hither with thy swiftest speed
My son my noble Ráma lead

Sumantra ere the word was given
His chariot from the court had driven
And Ráma best of all who ride
In cars came sitting by his side
The lords of men had hastened forth
From east and west and south and north
Aryan and stranger, those who dwell
In the wild wood and on the fell
And as the Gods to Indra they
Showed honour to the king that day

Like Vāsav when his glorious form
Is circled by the Gods of storm
Girt in his hall by kings he saw
His car borne Ráma near him draw

Like him who rules the minstrel band
Of heaven¹, whose valour filled the land,
Of mighty arm and stately pride
Like a wild elephant in stride,
As fair in face as that fair stone
Dear to the moon, of moonbeams grown,²
With noble gifts and grace that took
The hearts of all, and chained each look,
World-cheering as the Lord of Rain
When floods relieve the parching plain.
The father, as the son came nigh,
Gazed with an ever-thruster eye.
Sumantra helped the prince alight
From the good chariot passing bright,
And as to meet his sire he went
Followed behind him reverent.
Then Ráma clomb, the king to seek,
That terrace like Kailása's peak,
And reached the presence of the king,
Sumantra closely following.
Before his father's face he came,
Raised suppliant hands and named his name,³
And bowing lowly as is meet
Paid reverence to the monarch's feet.
But soon as Daśaratha viewed
The prince in humble attitude,
He raised him by the hand in haste
And his beloved son embraced,
Then signed him to a glorious throne,
Gem-decked and golden, near his own

¹ Chitraratha, King of the Gaudhavas.

² The Chandrakánta or Moonstone, a sort of crystal supposed to be composed of congealed moonbeams

³ A customary mark of respect to a superior

Then Ráma best of Rághu's line
Made the fur-eat with lustre shine
As when the orient sun upsprings
And his pure beam on Meru flings
The glory flashed on roof and wall
And with strange sheen suffused the hall,
As when the moon's pure rays are sent
Through autumn's star-lit firmament
Then swelled his breast with joy and pride
As his dear son the father eyed
Even as himself more fair arrayed
In some clear mirror's face displayed
The aged monarch gazed awhile
Then thus addressed him with a smile
As Kaśyap whom the worlds revere
Speaks for the Lord of Gods to hear
O thou of all my sons most dear
In virtue best thy father's peer
Child of my consort first in place
Mine equal in her pride of race
Because the people's hearts are bound
To thee by graces in thee found
Be thou in Pushya's favouring hour
Made partner of my royal power
I know that thou by nature's bent
Both modest art and excellent
But though thy gifts no counsel need
My love suggests the friendly rede
Mine own dear son be modest still
And rule each sense with earnest will
Keep thou the evils far away
That spring from love and anger's sway
Thy noble course alike pursue
In secret as in open view

And every nerve, the love to gain
Of ministers and subjects, strain
The happy prince who sees with pride
His thriving people satisfied ,
Whose arsenals with arms are stored,
And treasury with golden hoard,
His friends rejoice as joyed the Blest
When Amrit crowned their eager quest
So well, my child, thy course maintain,
And from all ill thy soul refrain '

The friends of Ráma, gathered nigh,
Longing their lord to gratify,
Ran to Kauśalyá's bower to tell
The tidings that would please her well
She, best of dames, with many a gem,
And gold, and kine rewarded them

Then Ráma paid the reverence due,
Mounted the chariot, and withdrew,
And to his splendid dwelling drove
While crowds to show him honour strove
The people, when the monarch's speech
Then willing ears had heard,
Were wild with joy as though on each
Great gifts had been conferred
With meek and low salute each man
Turned to his home away,
And there with happy heart began
To all the Gods to pray.

CANTO IV

RAMA SUMMONED

The crowd dismissed to high debate
 The monarch called his peers of state
 And counsel from their lips obtained
 Firm in his will his will explained

To-morrow with auspicious ray
 The moon in Pushya's sign will stay
 Be that the time with happy fate
 Mine eldest son to consecrate
 And let my Rama lotus eyed
 As Regent o'er the state preside

He sought within his charioteer
 And cried Again bring Rama here
 To Ráma's home Sumantra hied
 Again to be the prince's guide
 His coming told to Ráma's ear
 Suggested anxious doubt and fear
 He bade the messenger be led
 That instant in and thus he said

Tell me the cause omitting naught
 Why thou again my house hast sought

The envoy answered Prince thy sire
 Has sent thy presence to require
 My sender known 'tis thine to say
 If thou wilt go or answer nay
 Then Rama when he heard his speech
 Made haste the royal court to reach
 Soon as the monarch was aware

His dearest son was waiting there,
Eager the pailey to begin
He bade them lead the prince within
Soon as he passed the chamber door
The hero bent him to the floor,
And at a distance from his seat
Raised his joined hands his sire to greet
The monarch raised him from the ground,
And loving arms about him wound,
Then pointed to a seat that shone
With gold for him to rest upon
'Aged am I,' he said, 'and worn ;
In life's best joys my share have borne ;
Rites to the Gods, in hundreds, paid,
With gifts of corn and largess made
I yearned for sons my life is blest
With them and thee of sons the best
No debt to saints or Bráhamans no,
Nor spirits, Gods, or self I owe
One duty now remains alone,
To set thee on thy father's throne
Now therefore, Rāma, hear my rede,
And mark my words with duteous heed .
This day the people's general voice
Elects thee king of love and choice,
And I, consenting to the prayer,
Will make thee, darling, Regent Heir.
Dread visions, each returning night,
With evil omens scare my sight
Red meteors with a fearful sound
Shoot wildly downward to the ground,
While tempests lash the troubled air ;
And they who read the stars declare
That, leagued against my natal sign,

Rahu¹ the Sun² and Mars combine
 When portents dire as these appear
 A monarch's death or woe is near
 Then while my senses yet are spared
 And thought and will are unimpair'd
 Be thou my son anointed king
 Men's fancy is a fickle thing
 To-day the moon in order due
 Entered the sign Punarvasu,³
 To-morrow as the wise foretell
 In Pu. hya's favouring stars will dwell
 Then on the throne shalt thou be placed
 My soul, prophetic counsels haste
 Thee O my son to-morrow I
 As Regent Heir will anctify
 So till the coming night be passed
 Do thou and Sita strictly fast
 From worldly thoughts thy soul refrain
 And couched on holy grass remain
 And let thy trusted lords attend
 In careful watch upon their friend
 For unexpected check and bar
 Our weightiest counsels often mar
 While Bharat too is far away
 Making with royal kin his stay
 I deem the fittest time of all
 Hence chosen Regent to install
 It may be Bharat still has stood

¹ Rahu the ascending node is in mythology a demon with the tail of a dragon whose head was severed from his body by Vishnu but being immortal the head and tail retained their separate existence and being transferred to the stellar sphere became the authors of eclipses the first especially by endeavouring to swallow the sun and moon

² In eclipse

³ The seventh of the lunar asterisms.

True to the counsels of the good,
Faithful to thee with tender trust,
With governed senses, pure and just
But human minds, too well I know,
Will sudden changes undergo,
And by their constant deeds alone
The virtue of the good is shown
Now, Ráma, go My son, good night !
Fest is to-morrow for the rite'

Then Ráma paid the reverence due,
And quickly to his home withdrew
He passed within, nor lingered there,
But sought his mother's mansion, where
The dame in linen robes arrayed
Devoutly in the chapel prayed
To Fortune's Queen, with utterance checked,
That she her Ráma would protect
There was Sumitrá too, and there
Was Lakshman led by loving care ,
And when the royal choice they knew
Sítá in haste was summoned too
Absorbed, with half-shut eyes, the queen
Attended by the three was seen
She knew that Pushya's lucky hour
Would raise her son to royal power,
So fixed with bated breath each thought
On God supreme, by all men sought
To her, as thus she knelt and prayed,
Ráma drew near, due reverence paid,
And then to swell his mother's joy,
Thus spoke her own beloved boy
'O mother dear, my sire's decree
Entrusts the people's weal to me
To-morrow I, for so his will,

Anointed king, the throne shall fill
The few last hours till night shall end
Sitā with me must fasting spend
For so my father has decreed
And holy priests with him agreed
What vows so ever thou mayst deem
My consecration's eve be eem
Do thou sweet mother for my sake
And for beloved Sitā's sake

When the glad news Kausalyā heard
So long desired so long deferred
While tear of joy her utterance broke
In an war to her son she spoke

Long be thy life my darling now
Thy prostrate feet before thee bow
Live long and with thy I might succeed
My friends and dear Sumitrā's bleed
Surely the stars were wondrous fair
When thee sweet son thy mother bare
That thy good gifts such love inspire
And win the favour of thy sire
With thee I travelled not in vain
Those lotus eyes reward my pain
And all the glory of the line
Of old Ikshvāku will be thine.

He smiled and on his brother gazed
Who sat with reverent hands upraised
And said My brother thou must be
Joint ruler of this land with me
My second self thou Lakshman art
And in my fortune bearest part
Be thine Sumitrā's son to I now
The joys from regal power that flow
My life itself the monarch's seat

For thy dear sake to me are sweet ’

Thus Ráma to his brother said
To both his mothers ¹ bowed his head,
And then with Sítá by his side
To his own house the hero hied

¹ Kausalya and Sumitrá

CANTO V

RAMA'S FAST

Then Saint Vāṣiṣṭha to the king
 Came ready at his summoning
 Now go exclaimed the monarch thou
 Enriched by fervent rite and vow
 For Rāma and his wife ordain
 The fast that joy may bless his reign

The best of those who Scripture know
 Said to the king My lord I go
 To Rāma's house Vāṣiṣṭha hied
 The hero's fast by rule to guide
 And skilled in sacred texts to tell
 Each step to him instructed well
 Straight to Prince Rama's high abode
 That like a cloud pale tinted showed
 Borne in his priestly car he rode
 Two courts he passed and in the third
 He stayed his car Then Rama heard
 The holy sage was come and flew
 To honour him with honour due
 He hastened to the car and lent
 His hand to aid the priest's descent
 Then spoke Vāṣiṣṭha words like these
 Pleased with his reverent courtesies
 With pleasant things his heart to cheer
 Who best deserved glad news to hear
 Prince thou hast won thy father's grace
 And thine will be the Regent's place

Now with thy Sítá, as is right,
In strictest fasting spend the night,
For when the morrow's dawn is fair
The king will consecrate his heir.
So Nahush,¹ as the wise relate,
Yayáti joyed to consecrate'

Thus having said, Vaśishtha next
Ordained the fast by rule and text,
For Rāma faithful to his vows
And the Videhan dame his sponse
Then from the prince's house he hied
With courteous honours gratified
Round Rāma gathered every friend
In pleasant talk a while to spend
He bade good night to all at last,
And to his inner chamber passed
Then Rāma's house shone bright and gay
With men and maids in glad array,
As in the morning some fan lake
When all her lotuses awake,
And every bird that loves the flood
Flits joyous round each opening bud

Forth from the house Vaśishtha drove,
That with the king's in splendour strove,
And all the royal street he viewed
Filled with a mighty multitude
The eager concourse blocked each square,
Each road and lane and thoroughfare,
And joyous shouts on every side
Rose like the roar of Ocean's tide,
As streams of men together came
With loud huzza and glad acclaim
The ways were watered, swept, and clean,

¹A king of the Lunar race, and father of Yayáti.

As I do led with flowers and garlands green
 And all Ave's fresh contrived
 With lances on their feet they played
 Men women too with eager eyes
 Expecting when the sun should rise
 Scolding and for the ball ray
 Of his nose - some to show
 To see a new race of joy to all
 The people here and festival

The priest advancing slowly through the
 The night even with the light in the
 Next to the moon the pale moon drew
 He sought the tower by the star
 Like a wheel of light in his hand
 The tower with light of men to see
 Who were up and at the door
 Thus will Veda's light be seen
 To meet the moon of the stars
 But when the moon was coming lower
 He felt the moon near him here
 Queen of the moon Veda's light
 That all his talk was done up
 The moon was at the door
 Veda's light was at the door
 Veda's light was at the door
 And all the people were at the door
 Then a new light was seen
 His car beneath the moon's light
 So to the chambers where he rode
 His consort's Dasya's stroke

Full through I were the delightful boys
 With women richly dressed
 And splendored as the radiant towers
 Where Indra loves to rest

Then brighter flashed a thousand eyes
 With the light his presence lent,
As, when the moon begins to rise,
 The star-thronged firmament

CANTO VI

THE CITY DECORATED

Then Rama bathed in order due
 His mind from worldly thoughts withdrew
 And with his large eyed wife besought
 Narayan as a votary ought
 Upon his head the brimming cup
 Of holy oil he lifted up
 Then placed within the kindled fire
 The offering to that heavenly Sire
 And as he sipped the remnant prayed
 To Him for blessing and for aid
 Then with still lip and tranquil mind
 With his Vidhva he reclined
 In Vishnu's chapel on a bed
 Where holy garlands were duly spread
 While till the prince's every thought
 The God supreme Narayan sought
 One watch remained the night to close
 When Rama from his couch arose
 And bade the men and maids adorn
 His palace for the solemn morn
 He heard the buds and heralds raise
 Auspicious strains of joy and praise
 And breathed devout with voice restrained
 The hymn for morning rites ordained
 Then with his head in reverence bowed
 Praised Madhus conquering foe aloud
 And in pure linen robes arrived

The priests to raise their voices prayed
Obedient to the summons they
Proclaimed to all the festal day
The Bráhmans' voices, deep and sweet,
Resounded through the crowded street,
And echoed through Ayodhyá went
By many a loud-toned instrument
Then all the people joyed to hear
That Ráma with his consort dear
Had fasted till the morning light
In preparation for the rite
Swiftly the joyful tidings through
Ayodhyá's crowded city flew,
And soon as dawn appeared, each man
To decorate the town began
In all the temples bright and fair
As white clouds towering in the air,
In streets, and where the cross-ways met,
Where holy fig-trees had been set,
In open square, in sacred shade,
Where merchants' shops their wealth displayed,
On all the mansions of the great,
And householders of wealth and state,
Where'er the people loved to meet,
Where'er a tree adorned the street,
Gay banners floated to the wind,
And ribands round the staves were twined
Then clear the singers' voices rang,
As, charming mind and ear, they sang
Here players shone in bright attire,
There dancing-women swelled the quire
Each with his friend had much to say
Of Ráma's consecration-day,
Yea, even children, as they played

At cottage doors beneath the shade
The royal street with flowers was strown
Which loving hands in heaps had thrown
And here and there rich incense lent
Its fragrance to the garland's scent
And all was fresh and fair and bright
In honour of the coming rite
With careful foresight to illumine
With borrowed blaze the midnight gloom
The crowds erected here and there
Trees in each street gay lamps to bear
The city thus from side to side
In festal guise was beautified
The people of the town who longed
To view the rite together thronged
And filling every court and square
Praised the good king in converse there
Our high souled king ! He throws a grace
On old Ikshvaku's royal race
He feels his years increasing weight
And makes his son associate
Great joy to us the choice will bring
Of Rama for our lord and king
The good and bad to him are known
And long will he protect his own
No pride his prudent breast may swell
Most just he loves his brothers well
And to us all that love extends
Cherished as brothers and as friends
Long may our lord in life remain
Good Dasaratha free from stain
By whose most gracious favour we
Rama anointed king shall see

Such were the words the townsmen spoke

Heard by the gathering countryfolk,
Who from the south, north, east, and west,
Stirred by the joyful tidings, pressed
For by their eager longing led
To Ráma's consecration sped
The villagers from every side,
And filled Ayodhyá's city wide
This way and that way strayed the crowd,
While rose a murmur long and loud,
As when the full moon floods the skies
And Ocean's waves with thunder rise
That town, like India's city fair,
While peasants thronged her ways,
Tumultuous roared like Ocean, where
Each flood-born monster plays

CANTO VII

MANTHARA'S LAMENT

It chanced a slave born handmaid bred
 With Queen Kaikeyi fancy led
 Mounted the stair and stood upon
 The terrace like the moon that shone
 Thence Manthara at ease surveyed
 Ayodhyá to her eyes displayed
 Where water cooled the royal street
 Where heaps of flowers were fresh and sweet
 And costly flags and pennons hung
 On roof and tower their shadow flung
 With covered ways prepared in haste
 And many an awning newly placed
 With sandal scented streams bedewed
 Thronged by a new bathed multitude
 Whose streets were full of Brahman bands
 With wreaths and sweetmeats in their hands
 Loud instruments their music raised
 And through the town where'er she gazed
 The doors of temples glittered white
 And the maid marvelled at the sight
 Of Ráma's nurse who standing by
 Gazed with a joy expanded eye
 In robes of purest white attired
 The wondering damsel thus inquired
 Does Rama's mother give away
 Rich largess to the crowds to day
 On some dear object fondly bent
 Or blest with measureless content ?

What mean these signs of rare delight
On every side that meet my sight ?
Say, will the king with joy elate
Some happy triumph celebrate ?

The nurse, with transport uncontrolled,
Her glad tale to the hump-back told
‘ Our lord the king to-morrow morn
Will consecrate his eldest-born,
And raise, in Pushya’s favouring hour,
Prince Ráma to the royal power ’
As thus the nurse her tidings spoke,
Rage in the hump-back’s breast awoke
Down from the terrace, like the head
Of high Kailása’s hill, she sped
Sin in her thoughts, her soul aflame,
Where Queen Kaikeyí slept, she came -
‘ Why sleepest thou ? ’ she cried, ‘ arise.
Peril is near, unclosethine eyes
Ah, heedless Queen, too blind to know
What floods of sin above thee flow !
Thy boasts of love and grace are o’er ;
Thine is the show and nothing more
His favour is an empty cheat,
A torrent dried by summer’s heat ’

Thus by the artful maid addressed
In cruel words from raging breast,
The queen, sore troubled, spoke in turn
‘ What evil news have I to learn ?
That mournful eye, that altered cheek
Of sudden woe or danger speak ’

Such were the words Kaikeyí said
Then Manthará, her eyeballs red
With fury, skilled with treacherous art
To grieve yet more her lady’s heart,

From Rama in her wicked hate
Kaikeyi's love to alienate
Upon her evil purpose bent
Began again most eloquent
Peril awaits thee swift and sure
And utter woe defying cure
King Daśaratha will create
Prince Rāma Heir Associate
Plunged in the depths of wild despair
My soul a prey to pain and care
As though the flames consumed me zeal
Has brought me for my lady's weal
Thy grief, my Queen is grief to me
Thy gain my greatest gain would be
Proud daughter of a princely line
The rights of consort queen are thine
How art thou born of royal race
Blind to the crimes that kings debase?
Thy lord is gracious to deceive
And flatters but thy soul to grieve
While thy pure heart that thinks no sin
Knows not the snares that hem thee in
Thy husband's lips on thee bestow
Soft soothing words an empty show
The wealth the substance and the power
This day will be Kaśalya's dower
With crafty soul thy child he sends
To dwell among thy distant friends
And every rival far from sight
To Rāma gives the power and might
Ah me! for thou unhappy dame
Deluded by a husband's name
With more than mother's love hast pressed
A serpent to thy heedless breast,

That might the younger two advance
Yes, Queen, 'tis Rāma that I dread,
Wise, prompt, in warlike science bled,
And oh, I tremble when I think
Of thy dear child on ruin's brink
Blest with a lofty fate is she,
Kauśalyā, for her son will be
Placed, when the moon and Pushva meet,
By Brāhmans on the royal seat
Thou as a slave in suppliant guise
Must wait upon Kauśalyā's eyes,
With all her wealth and bliss secured
And glorious from her foes assured
Her slave with us who serve thee, thou
Wilt see thy son to Rāma bow,
And Sītā's friends exult o'er all,
While Bharat's wife shares Bharat's fall'

As thus the maid in wrath complained,
Kaukeyī saw her heart was pained,
And answered eager in defence
Of Rāma's worth and excellence -
'Nay, Rāma born the monarch's heir,
By holy fathers trained with care,
Virtuous, grateful, pure, and true,
Claims royal sway as rightly due
He, like a sire, will long defend
Each brother, minister, and friend
Then why, O hump-back, art thou pained
To hear that he the throne has gained?
Be sure when Rāma's empire ends,
The kingdom to my son descends,
Who, when a hundred years are flown,
Shall sit upon his father's throne
Why is thine heart thus sad to see

The joy that is and long shall be
 This fortune by possession sure
 And hopes which we may count secure ?
 Dear is the darling son I bore
 Is Rāma yet, or even more
 Most dutious to Kausalyā he
 Is yet more dutiful to me
 What though he rule we need not fear
 His brethren to his soul are dear
 And if the throne Prince Rāma fill
 Bharat will share the empire still

She ceased The troubled damsel sighed
 Sighs long and hot and thus replied
 What madness has possessed thy mind
 To warnings deaf to dangers blind ?
 Canst thou not see the floods of sorrow
 That threaten o'er thine head to flow ?
 First Rāma will the throne acquire
 Then Rāma's son succeed his sire
 While Bharat will neglected pine
 Excluded from the royal line
 Not all his sons O lady fair
 The kingdom of a monarch share
 All ruling when a sovereign dies
 Wild tumult in the state would rise
 The eldest be he good or ill
 Is ruler by the father's will
 Know tender mother that thy son
 Without a friend and all undone
 Far from the joyous ease of home
 An alien from his race will roam
 I sped to thee for whom I feel
 But thy fond heart mistakes my zeal
 Thy hand a present would bestow

Because thy rival triumphs so
When Ráma once begins his sway
Without a foe his will to stay,
Thy darling Bharat he will drive
To distant lands if left alive
By thee the child was sent away
Beneath his grandfather's roof to stay
Even in stools and stones perforce
Will friendship spring from intercourse
The young Śatrughna too would go
With Bharat, for he loved him so
As Lakshman still to Ráma cleaves,
He his dear Bharat never leaves
There is an ancient tale they tell
A tree the foresters would fell
Was saved by reeds that round it stood,
For love that sprang of neighbourhood
So Lakshman Ráma will defend,
And each on each for aid depend
Such fame on earth then friendship wins
As that which binds the Heavenly Twins
And Ráma ne'er will purpose wrong
To Lakshman, for their love is strong
But Bharat, Oh, of this be sure,
Must evil at his hands endure
Come, Ráma from his home expel
An exile in the woods to dwell
The plan, O Queen, which I advise
Secures thy weal if thou be wise
So we and all thy kith and kin
Advantage from thy gain shall win.
Shall Bharat, meet for happier fate,
Born to endure his rival's hate,
With all his fortune ruined cower

And dread his brother's mightier power?
Up Queen to save thy son, arise
Prostrate at Rama's feet he lies
So the proud elephant who leads
His trooping consorts through the reeds
Falls in the forest shade beneath
The lion's spring and murderous teeth
Scorned by thee in thy bliss and pride
Kauśalyā was of old defied
And will she now forbear to show
The vengeful rancour of a foe?
O Queen thy darling is undone
When Rama's hand has once begun
Ayodhyā's realm to sway
Come win the kingdom for thy child
And drive the alien to the wild
In banishment to-day

CANTO IX.

THE PLOT

—

As fury lit Kaikeyí's eyes
 She spoke with long and burning sighs :
 'This day my son enthroned shall see,
 And Ráma to the woods shall flee.
 But tell me, damsel, if thou can,
 A certain way, a skilful plan
 That Bharat may the empire gain,
 And Ráma's hopes be nursed in vain.'

The lady ceased The wicked maid
 The mandate of her queen obeyed,
 And darkly plotting Ráma's fall
 Responded to Kaikeyí's call

'I will declare, do thou attend,
 How Bharat may his throne ascend.
 Dost thou forget what things befell ?
 Or dost thou feign, remembering well ?
 Or wouldst thou hear my tongue repeat
 A story for thy need so meet ?
 Gay lady, if thy will be so,
 Now hear the tale of long ago,
 And when my tongue has done its part
 Ponder the story in thine heart
 When Gods and demons fought of old,
 Thy lord, with royal saints enrolled,
 Sped to the war with thee to bring
 His might to aid the Immortals' King.
 Far to the southern land he sped

Where Dandak's mighty wilds are spread,
To Vajayanta's city swayed
By Sambara whose flag displayed
The hugest monster of the sea
Lord of a hundred wiles was he
With might which Gods could never blame
Against the King of Heaven he came
Then raged the battle wild and dread,
And mortal warriors fought and bled
The fiends by night with strength renewed
Charged slew the sleeping multitude.
Thy lord King Dasaratha long
Stood fighting with the demon throng
But long of arm unmatched in strength
Fell wounded by their darts at length
Thy husband senseless by thine aid
Was from the battle field conveyed
And wounded nigh to death thy lord
Was by thy care to health restored
Well pleased the grateful monarch sware
To grant thy first and second prayer
Thou for no favour then wouldst sue
The gifts reserved for season due
And he thy high souled lord agreed
To give the boons when thou shouldst need.
Myself I knew not what befell
But oft the tale have heard thee tell
And close to thee in friendship knit
Deep in my heart have treasured it.
Remind thy husband of his oath
Recall the boons and claim them both
That Bharat on the throne be placed
With rites of consecration graced
And Rama to the woods be sent

For twice seven years of banishment.
Go, Queen, the mourner's chamber¹ seek,
With angry eye and burning cheek;
And with disordered robes and hair
On the cold earth lie prostrate there.
When the king comes still mournful lie,
Speak not a word nor meet his eye,
But let thy tears in torrents flow,
And lie enamoured of thy woe
Well do I know thou long hast been,
And ever art, his darling queen
For thy dear sake, O well-loved dame,
The mighty king would brave the flame,
But ne'er would anger thee, or brook
To meet his favourite's wrathful look.
Thy loving lord would even die
Thy fancy, Queen, to gratify,
And never could he aim his breast
To answer nay to thy request
Listen and learn, O dull of sense,
Thine all-resistless influence
Gems he will offer, pearls, and gold
Refuse his gifts, be stern and cold
Those proffered boons at length recall,
And claim them till he grants thee all
And O my lady, high in bliss,
With heedful thought forget not this
When from the ground his queen he lifts
And grants again the promised gifts,
Bind him with oaths he cannot break
And thy demands, unflinching, make,

¹ Literally *the chamber of wrath*, a 'growling,' a small, dark, unfurnished room to which it seems, the wives and ladies of the king betook themselves when offended and sulky

That Rama travel to the wild
Five years and nine from home exiled
And Bharat best of all who reign
The empire of the land obtain
For when this term of years has fled
Over the banished Rama's head
Thy royal son to vigour grown
And rooted firm will stand alone
The king I know is well inclined
And this the hour to move his mind
Be bold the threatened rite prevent
And force the king from his intent

She ceased So counselled to her bane
Disguised beneath a show of gain
Kaikeyi in her joy and pride
To Manthara again replied
Thy sense I envy prudent maid
With sagest lore thy lips persuade
No hump back maid in all the earth
For wise resolve can match thy worth
Thou art alone with constant zeal
Devoted to thy lady's weal
Dear girl without thy faithful aid
I had not marked the plot he laid
Full of all guile and sin and spite
Misshappen hump backs shock the sight
But thou art fair and formed to please
Bent like a lily by the breeze
I look thee o'er with watchful eye
And in thy frame no fault can spy
The chest so deep the waist so trim
So round the lines of breast and limb¹

¹ In these four lines I do not translate faithfully and I do not venture to follow Kaikeyi farther in her eulogy of the hump-back's charms

Thy cheeks with moonlike beauty shine,
And the waim wealth of youth is thine
Thy legs, my gūl, are long and neat,
And somewhat long thy dainty feet,
While stepping out before my face
Thou seemest like a crane to pace
The thousand wiles are in thy breast
Which Śambara the fiend possessed,
And countless others all thine own,
O damsel sage, to thee are known.
Thy very hump becomes thee too,
O thou whose face is fair to view,
For there reside in endless store
Plots, wizard wiles, and warrior lore
A golden chain I'll round it fling
When Rāma's flight makes Bharat king.
Yea, polished links of finest gold,
When once the wished for prize I hold
With naught to fear and none to hate,
Thy hump, dear maid, shall decorate
A golden frontlet wrought with care,
And precious jewels shalt thou wear :
Two lovely robes around thee fold,
And walk a Goddess to behold,
Bidding the moon himself compare
His beauty with a face so fair
With scent of precious sandal sweet
Down to the nails upon thy feet,
First of the household thou shalt go
And pay with scorn each baffled foe'

Kakeyi's praise the damsel heard,
And thus again her lady starred,
Who lay upon her beauteous bed
Like fire upon the altar fed

Dear Queen they build the bridge in vain
When swollen streams are dry again
Arise thy glorious task complete
And draw the king to thy retreat

The large-eyed lady left her bower
Exulting in her pride of power
And with the hump-back sought the gloom
And silence of the mourner's room

The string of priceless pearls that hung
Around her neck to earth she flung
With all the wealth and lustre lent
By precious gem and ornament,

Then listening to her slave's advice
Lay like a nymph from Paradise
As on the ground her limbs she laid
Once more she cried unto the maid

Soon must thou to the monarch say
Kaiké's soul has past away
Or Ráma banished as we planned
My son made king shall rule the land
No more for gold and gems I care
I or brave attire or dainty fare
If Ráma should the throne ascend
That very hour my life will end

The royal lady wounded through
The bosom with the darts that flew

Launched from the hump-back's tongue
Pressed both her hands upon her side
And o'er and o'er again she cried

With wildering fury stung
'Yes it shall be thy task to tell
That I have hurried hence to dwell

In Yama's realms of woe
Or happy Bharat shall be king

And doomed to years of wandering
 Kauśalyá's son shall go
I heed not dainty viands now,
Fair wreaths of flowers to twine my brow.
 Soft balm or precious scent
My very life I count as naught,
Nothing on earth can claim my thought
 But Rāma's banishment'

She spoke these words of cruel me,
Then, stripping off her gay attire,
 The cold bare floor she pressed
So, falling from her home on high,
Some lovely daughter of the sky
 Upon the ground might rest
With darkened brow and furious mien,
Stripped of her gems and wreath, the queen
 In spotless beauty lay,
Like heaven obscured with gathering clouds,
When shades of midnight darkness shroud
 Each star's expiring ray

CANTO X

DAŚARATHA S SPEECH

As Queen Kaikeyī thus obeyed
 The sinful counsel of her maid
 She sank upon the chamber floor
 As sinks in anguish wounded sore
 An elephant beneath the smart
 Of the wild hunter's venom'd dart
 The lovely lady in her mind
 Revolved the plot her maid designed
 And prompt the gain and risk to scan
 She step by step approved the plan
 Misguided by the hump back's guile
 She pondered her resolve awhile
 As the fair path that bliss secured
 The miserable lady lured
 Devoted to her queen and swayed
 By hopes of gain and bliss the maid
 Rejoiced her lady's purpose known
 And deemed the prize she sought her own
 Then bent upon her purpose dire
 Kaikeyī with her soul on fire
 Upon the floor lay languid down
 Her brows contracted in a frown
 The bright hued wreath that bound her hair
 Chains, necklets jewels rich and rare
 Stripped off by her own fingers lay
 Spread on the ground in disarray
 And to the floor a lustre lent

As stars light up the firmament
 Thus prostrate in the mourner's cell,
 In garb of woe the lady fell,
 Her long hair in a single braid,
 Like some fair nymph of heaven dismayed.¹

The monarch, Rāma to install,
 With thoughtful care had ordered all,
 And now within his home withdrew,
 Dismissing first his retinue
 Now all the town has heard, thought he,
 What joyful site the morn will see,
 So turned he to her bower to cheer
 With the glad news his darling's ear
 Majestic, as the Lord of Night,
 When threatened by the Dragon's might,
 Bursts radiant on the evening sky
 Pale with the clouds that wander by,
 So Daśaratha, great in fame,
 To Queen Kaikeyī's palace came
 There parrots flew from tree to tree,
 And gorgeous peacocks wandered free,
 While ever and anon was heard
 The note of some glad water-bird
 Here loitered dwarf and hump-backed maid,
 There lute and lyre sweet music played
 Here, rich in blossom, creepers twined
 O'er grotts with wondrous art designed,
 There Champac and Aśoka flowers
 Hung glorious o'er the summer bowers,

¹ These verses are evidently an interpolation. They contain nothing that has not been already related: the words only are altered. As the whole poem could not be recited at once, the rhapsodists at the beginning of a fresh recitation would naturally remind their hearer of the events immediately preceding.

And mid the waving verdure rose
Gold silver ivory porticoes
Through all the months in ceaseless store
The trees both fruit and blossom bore
With many a lake the grounds were graced
Seats gold and silver here were placed ,
Here every viand wooed the taste
It was a garden meet to vie
Even with the home of Gods on high
Within the mansion rich and vast
The mighty Dasratha passed
Not there was his beloved queen
On her fair couch reclining seen
With love his eager pulses beat
For the dear wife he came to meet
And in his blissful hopes deceived
He sought his absent love and grieved
For never had she missed the hour
Of meeting in her sumptuous bower
And never had the king of men
Entered the empty room till then
Still urged by love and anxious thought
News of his favourite queen he sought
For never had his loving eyes
Found her or selfish or unwise
Then spoke at length the warder maid
With hands upraised and sore afraid
My Lord and King the queen has sought
The mourner's cell with rage distraught

The words the warder maiden said
He heard with soul disquieted
And thus as fiercer grief assailed
His troubled senses wellnigh failed
Consumed by torturing fires of grief

The king, the world's imperial chief,
His lady lying on the ground
In most unqueenly posture, found
The aged king, all pure within,
Saw the young queen resolved on sin,
Low on the ground, his own sweet wife,
To him far dearer than his life,
Like some fan creeping plant upturn,
Or like a maid of heaven forlorn,
A nymph of air or Goddess sent
From Swarga down in banishment.

As some wild elephant who tries
To soothe his consort as she lies
Struck by the hunter's venom'd dart,
So the great king, disturbed in heart,
Strove with soft hand and fond caress
To soothe his darling queen's distress,
And in his love addressed with sighs
The lady of the lotus eyes
'I know not, Queen, why thou shouldst be
Thus angered to the heart with me
Say, who has slighted thee, or whence
Has come the cause of such offence
That in the dust thou liest low,
And rendest my fond heart with woe,
As if some goblin of the night
Had struck thee with a deadly blight,
And cast foul influence on her
Whose spells my loving bosom stir?
I have physicians famed for skill,
Each trained to cure some special ill:
My sweetest lady, tell thy pain,
And they shall make thee well again
Whom, darling, wouldst thou punished see?

Or whom enriched with lordly fee?
 Weep not my lovely Queen and stay
 This grief that wears thy frame away
 Speak and the guilty shall be freed
 The guiltless be condemned to bleed
 The poor enriched the rich abused
 The low set high the proud disgraced
 My lords and I thy will obey
 All slaves who own thy sovereign sway
 And I can ne'er my heart incline
 To check in aught one wish of thine
 Now by my life I pray thee tell
 The thoughts that in thy bosom dwell
 The power and might thou knowest well
 Should from thy breast all doubt expel
 I swear by all my merit won
 Speak and thy pleasure shall be done
 Far as the world's wide bounds extend
 My glorious empire knows no end
 Mine are the tribes in eastern lands
 And those who dwell on Sindhu's sands
 Mine is Suráshtra far away
 Svára's realm admits my sway
My best the southern nations fear
 The Angas and the Vangas hear
 And as lord paramount I reign
 O'er Magadh and the Matsyas plain
 Kosál and Káśi's wide domain¹
 All rich in treasures of the mine
 In golden corn sheep goats and kine
 Choose what thou wilt Kaikeyi thence
 But tell me O my darling whence

¹ The *Śloka* or distich which I have been forced to expand into these nine lines is evidently spurious but is found in all the commented MSS which Schlegel consulted.

Arose thy grief, and it shall fly
Like hoar-frost when the sun is high '

She by his loving words consoled,
Longed her due purpose to unfold
And sought with sharper pangs to wing
The bosom of her lord the king

CANTO XI

THE QUEEN'S DEMAND

To him enthralled by love and blind
 Pierced by his darts who shakes the mind¹
 Ruken with remorseless heart
 Her cruel purpose thus expressed
 O King no insult or neglect
 Have I endured or disrespect
 One with I have and fain would see
 That long may grant'd lord by thee
 Now pledge thy word if thou incline
 To listen to this prayer of mine
 Then I with confidence will speak
 And thou shalt hear the boon I seek

For she had caused the monarch tell
 A victim to the lady's spell
 And to the deadly snare she set
 Sprang like a roebuck to the net
 Her lover raised her drooping head
 Smiled playing with her hair and said
 Hast thou not learnt wild dame till now
 That there is none so dear as thou
 To me thy loving husband save
 My Rama brave of the brave?
 By him my voice's high-souled heir
 By him whom none can match I wear
 Now speak the wish that on thee weighs
 For him whose right is length of days
 Whom if my fond paternal eye

¹ Manmatl—Mind disturbed—name of K. ma o. I ov

Saw not one hour I needs must die,
I swear by Ráma my dear son,
Speak, and thy bidding shall be done
Speak, darling, if thou choose, request
To have the heart from out my breast :
Regard my words, sweet love, and name
The wish thy mind thinks fit to frame
Nor let thy soul give way to doubt
My power should drive suspicion out
Yea, by my merits won I swear,
Speak, darling, I will grant thy prayer '

The queen, ambitious, overjoyed
To see him by her plot decoyed,
More eager still her aims to reach,
Spoke her abominable speech
' A boon thou grantest, nothing loth,
And swearest with repeated oath
Now let the thirty Gods and three
My witnesses, with India, be
Let sun and moon and planets hear,
Heaven, quarters, day and night, give ear
The mighty world, the earth outspread,
With bards of heaven and demons dread ,
The ghosts that walk in midnight shade,
And household Gods, our present aid,
And every being great and small
To hear and mark the oath I call '

When thus the acher king was bound
With treacherous arts and oaths enwound,
She to her bounteous lord subdued
By blinding love, her speech renewed
' Remember, King, that long-past day
Of Gods' and demons' battle fray,
And how thy foe in doubtful strife

Had nigh bereft thee of thy life
Remember it was only I
Preserved thee when about to die
And thou for watchful love and care
Wouldst grant my first and second prayer
Those offered boons pledged with thee then
I now demand O King of men
Of thee O Monarch good and just
Whose righteous soul observes each trust.
If thou refuse thy promise sworn
I die despised before the morn
These rites in Ráma's name begun—
Transfer them and enthrone my son
The time is come to claim at last
That double boon of days long past
When Gods and demons met in fight
And thou wouldst fain my care requite
Now forth to Dandak's forest drive
Thy Ráma for nine years and five
And let him dwell a hermit there
With deerskin coat and matted hair
Without a rival let my boy
The empire of the land enjoy
And let mine eyes ere morning see
Thy Ráma to the forest flee

CANTO XII.

DAŚARATHA'S LAMENT.

The monarch, as Kaikeyí pressed
 With cruel words her dire request,
 Stood for a time absorbed in thought
 While anguish in his bosom wrought
 'Does some wild dream my heart assail?
 Or do my troubled senses fail?
 Does some dire portent scare my view?
 Or frenzy's stroke my soul subdue?'
 Thus as he thought, his troubled mind
 In doubt and dread no rest could find,
 Distressed and trembling like a deer
 Who sees the dreaded tigress near
 On the bare ground his limbs he threw,
 And many a long deep sigh he drew,
 Like a wild snake, with fury blind,
 By charms within a ring confined
 Once as the monarch's fury woke,
 'Shame on thee!' from his bosom broke,
 And then in sense-bewildering pain
 He fainted on the ground again
 At length, when slowly strength returned,
 He answered as his eyeballs burned
 With the wild fury of his ire
 Consuming her, as 'twere, with fire
 'Fell traitress, thou whose thoughts design
 The utter ruin of my line,
 What wrong have I or Ráma done?
 Speak murderess, speak thou wicked one.

Seeks he not evermore to please
Thee with all sonlike courtesy ?
By what persuasion art thou led
To bring this ruin on his head ?
Ah me that fondly unaware
I brought thee home my life to snare
Called daughter of a king in truth
A serpent with a venom'd tooth !
What fault can I pretend to find
In Rama prais'd by all mankind
That I my darling should forsake ?
No take my life my glory take
Let either queen be from me torn
But not my well loved eldest born
Him but to see is highest bliss
And death itself his face to miss
The world may sunless stand the grain
May thrive without the genial rain
But if my Rama be not nigh
My spirit from its frame will fly
Enough thine impious plan forgo
O thou who plottest sin and woe
My head before thy feet I kneel
And pray thee some compassion feel
O wicked dame what can have led
Thy heart to dare a plot so dread ?
Perchance thy purpose is to sound
The grace thy son with me has found
Perchance the words that all these days
Thou still hast said in Rama's praise
Were only feigned designed to cheer
With flatteries a father's ear
Soon as thy grief my Queen I knew
My bosom felt the anguish too

In empty halls art thou possessed,
And subject to another's hest ?
Now on Ikshváku's ancient race
Falls foul disorder and disgrace,
If thou, O Queen, whose heart so long
Has loved the good should choose the wrong.
Not once, O large-eyed dame, hast thou
Been guilty of offence till now,
Nor said a word to make me grieve,
Nor will I now thy sin believe
With thee my Ráma used to hold
Like place with Bharat lofty-souled,
As thou so often, when the pair
Were children yet, wouldst fain declare
And can thy righteous soul endure
That Ráma glorious, pious, pure,
Should to the distant wilds be sent
For fourteen years of banishment ?
Yea, Ráma Bharat's self exceeds
In love to thee and sonlike deeds,
And, for deserving love of thee,
As Bharat, even so is he
Who better than that chieftain may
Obedience, love, and honour pay,
Thy dignity with care protect,
Thy slightest word and wish respect ?
Of all his countless followers none
Can breathe a word against my son,
Of many thousands not a dame
Can hint reproach or whisper blame
All creatures feel the sweet control
Of Ráma's pure and gentle soul
The pride of Manu's race, he binds
To him the people's grateful minds

He wins the subjects with his truth
The poor with gifts and gentle ruth
His teachers with his docile will
The foemen with his archer skill
Truth, purity religious zeal
The hand to give the heart to feel
The love that ne'er betrays a friend
The rectitude that naught can bend
Knowledge and meek obedience grace
My Rama pride of Raghu's race
Canst thou thine impious plot design
Gainst him in whom these virtues shine
Whose glory with the sages vies
Peer of the Gods who rule the skies?
From him no harsh or bitter word
To pain one creature have I heard
And how can I my son address
For thee with words of bitterness?
Have mercy Queen some pity show
To see my tears of anguish flow
And listen to my mournful cry
A poor old man who soon must die
Whatever this sea girt land can boast
Of rich and rare from coast to coast
To thee my Queen I give it all
But O thy deadly words recall
O see my suppliant hands entreat
Again my lips are on thy feet
Save Rama save my darling child
Nor kill me with this sin defiled
He grovelled on the ground and lay
To burning grief a senseless prey
And ever and anon assailed
By floods of woe he wept and wailed

Striving with eager speed to gain
The margent of his sea of pain

With fiercer words she fiercer yet
The hapless father's pleading met
'O Monarch, if thy soul repent
Thy promise and thy free consent,
How wilt thou in the world maintain
Thy fame for truth unsmirched with stain?
When gathered kings with thee converse,
And bid thee all the tale rehearse,
What wilt thou say, O truthful King,
In answer to their questioning?
'She to whose love my life I owe,
Who saved me smitten by the foe,
Kaikeyí, for her tender care,
Was cheated of the oath I sware'
Thus wilt thou answer, and forsworn
Wilt draw on thee the princes' scorn
Learn from that tale, the Hawk and Dove,¹
How strong for truth was Saivya's love
Pledged by his word the monarch gave
His flesh the suppliant bid to save
So King Alanka gave his eyes,
And gained a mansion in the skies
The Sea himself his promise keeps,
And ne'er beyond his limit sweeps
My deeds of old again recall,
Nor let thy bond dishonoured fall
The rights of truth thou wouldst forget,
Thy Ráma on the throne to set,
And let thy days in pleasure glide,
Fond King, Kauśalyá by thy side

¹ This story is told in the *Mahabharat*. A free version of it may be found in *Scenes from the Ramayan, Etc*

Now call it by what name thou wilt
 Justice injustice virtue guilt
 Thy word and oath remain the same
 And thou must yield what thus I claim
 If Rama be mounted I
 The very day will surely die
 Before thy face will poison drink
 And lifeless at thy feet will sink
 Yea better far to die than stay
 Alive to see one single day
 The crowd before him thus stand
 And hail her queen with reverent hand
 Now by my son myself I swear
 No gift no promise whatsoever
 My steadfast soul shall now content
 But only Rama's punishment

So far he spoke by rage impelled
 And then the queen deep silence held
 He heard her speech full fraught with ill
 But spoke no word bewildered still
 Gazed on his love once held so dear
 Who spoke unlovely words to hear
 Then he slowly pondered o'er
 The queen's resolve and oath she swore
 Once sighing forth Ah Rama he
 Fell prone & falls a smitten tree
 His senses lost like one insane
 Faint & a sick man weak with pain
 Or like a wounded snake dismayed
 So lay the king whom earth obeyed
 Long burning sighs he slowly heaved
 A conqueror by his woe he grieved
 And thus with tears and sob between
 His sad faint word addressed the queen

‘By whom, Kaikeyí, wast thou taught
This flattering hope with ruin fraught ?
Have goblins seized thy soul, O dame,
Who thus canst speak and feel no shame ?
Thy mind with sin is sicklied o’er,
From thy first youth ne’er seen before
A good and loving wife wast thou,
But all, alas ! is altered now
What terror can have seized thy breast
To make thee frame this dire request,
That Bharat o’er the land may reign,
And Ráma in the woods remain ?
Turn from thine evil ways, O turn,
And thy perfidious counsel spurn,
If thou would fain a favour do
To people, lord, and Bharat too.
O wicked traitress, fierce and vile,
Who lovest deeds of sin and guile,
What crime or grievance dost thou see,
What fault in Ráma or in me ?
Thy son will ne’er the throne accept
If Ráma from his rights be kept,
For Bharat’s heart more firmly yet
Than Ráma’s is on justice set
How shall I say, Go forth, and brook
Upon my Ráma’s face to look,
See his pale cheek and ashy lips
Dimmed like the moon in sad eclipse ?
How see the plan so well prepared
When prudent friends my counsels shared,
All ruined, like a host laid low
Beneath some foeman’s murderous blow ?
What will these gathered princes say,
From regions near and far away ?

O erlong endures the monarch's reign,
For now he is a child again
When many a good and holy sage
In Scripture versed revered for age
Shall ask for Ráma what shall I
Unhappy what shall I reply?

By Queen Kaikeyi long distressed
I drove him forth and dispossessed
Although herein the truth I speak
They all will hold me false and weak
What will Kauśalyá say when she
Demands her son exiled by me?
Alas! what answer shall I frame
Or how console the injured dame?
She like a slave on me attends
And with a sister's care she blends
A mother's love a wife's friends
In spite of all her tender care
Her noble son her face most fair
Another queen I could prefer
And for thy sake neglected her
But now O Queen my heart is grieved
For love and care by thee received
Een as the sickening wretch repents
His dainty meal and condiments
And how will Queen Sumitra trust
The husband whom she finds unjust
Seeing my Rama driven hence
Dishonoured and for no offence?
Ah! the Videhan bride will hear
A double woe a double fear
Two whelming sorrows at one breath
Her lord's disgrace his father's death
Mine aged bosom she will wring

And kill me with her sorrowing,
Sad as a fair nymph left to weep
Deserted on Himālaya's steep
For short will be my days, I ween,
When I with mournful eyes have seen
My Rāma wandering forth alone
And heard dear Sītā sob and moan
Ah me ' my fond belief I rue,
Vile traitress, loved as good and true,
As one who in his thirst has quaffed,
Deceived by looks, a deadly draught
Ah ' thou hast slain me, murderess, while
Soothing my soul with words of guile,
As the wild hunter kills the deer
Lured from the brake his song to hear.
Soon every honest tongue will fling
Reproach on the dishonest king ,
The people's scorn in every street
The seller of his child will meet,
And such dishonour will be mine
As whelms a Brāhman drunk with wine
Ah me, for my unhappy fate,
Compelled thy words to tolerate !
Such woe is sent to scourge a crime
Committed in some distant time
For many a day with sinful care
I cherished thee, thou sin and snare,
Kept thee, unwitting, like a cord
Destined to bind its hapless lord
Mine hours of ease I spent with thee,
Nor deemed my love my death would be
While like a heedless child I played,
On a black snake my hand I laid
A cry from every mouth will burst

And all the world will hold me curst
Because I saw my high souled son
Unkinged, unfathered and undone
The king by power of love beguiled
Is weaker than a foolish child
His own beloved son to make
An exile for a woman's sake
By chaste and holy vows restrained
By reverend teachers duly trained
When he his virtues fruit should taste
He falls by sin and woe disgraced
Two words will all his answer be
When I pronounce the stern decree
Hence Ram to the woods away
All he will say is I obey
O if he would my will withstand
When banished from his home and land
This were a comfort in my woe
But he will ne'er do this I know
My Rama to the forest fled
And curses thick upon my head
Grim Death will bear me hence away
His world abominated prey
When I am gone and Rama too
How wilt thou thou I love pursue?
What vengeful sin will be designed
Against the queens I leave behind?
When thou hast slain her son and me
Kausalya soon will follow she
Will sink beneath her sorrows weight
And die like me disconsolate
Exult Kaikeyi in thy pride
And let thy heart be gratified
When thou my queens and me hast hurled

And children, to the under world
Soon wilt thou rule as empress o'er
My noble house unvext before,
But then to wild confusion left,
Of Ráma and of me bereft
If Bharat to thy plan consent
And long for Ráma's banishment,
Ne'er let his hands presume to pay
The funeral honours to my clay
Vile foe, thou cause of all mine ill
Obtain at last thy cursed will
A widow soon shalt thou enjoy
The sweets of empire with thy boy
O Princess, sure some evil fate
First brought thee here to devastate,
In whom the night of ruin lies
Veiled in a consort's fair disguise
The scorn of all and deepest shame
Will long pursue my hated name
And due disgrace on me will press,
Misled by thee to wickedness
How shall my Ráma, whom, before,
His elephant or chariot bore,
Now with his feet, a wanderer, tread
The forest wilds around him spread ?
How shall my son, to please whose taste,
The deftest cooks, with earrings graced
With rivalry and jealous care
The dainty meal and cates prepare
How shall he now his life sustain
With acid fruit and woodland grain ?
He spends his time unvext by cares
And robes of precious texture wears,
How shall he, with one garment round

His limbs recline upon the ground?
 Whose was this plan this cruel thought
 Unheard till now with ruin fraught
 To make thy son Ayodhya's king
 And send my Rama wandering?
 Shame shame on women! Vile untrue
 Their selfish ends they still pursue
 Not all of womankind I mean
 But more than all this wicked queen
 O worthless cruel selfish dame
 I brought thee home my plague and woe
 What fault in me hast thou to blame
 Or in my son who loves thee so?
 Fond wives may from their husbands flee
 And fathers may their sons desert
 But all the world would have to see
 My Rama touched with deadly hurt
 I joy his very step to hear
 As though his godlike form I viewed
 And when I see my Rama near
 I feel my youth again renewed
 There might be life without the sun
 Yea even if Indra sent no rain
 But were my Rama banished none
 Would so I think alive remain
 A foe that long my life to take
 I brought thee here my death to be
 Cursed thee long a venomed snake
 And through my folly die Ah me
 Rama and me and Lakshman slay
 And then with Bharat rule the state
 So bring the kingdom to decay
 And fawn on those thy lord who hate
 Plotter of woe for evil bred

For such a speech why do not all
Thy teeth from out thy wicked head
Split in a thousand pieces fall ?
My Ráma's words are ever kind,
He knows not how to speak in ire .
Then how canst thou presume to find
A fault in him whom all admire ?
Yield to despair, go mad, or die,
Or sink within the rifted earth ,
Thy fell request will I deny,
Thou slayer of thy royal birth
Thy longer life I scarce can bear
Thou ruin of my home and race,
Who wouldst my heart and heartstrings tear,
Keen as a razor, false and base.
My life is gone, why speak of joy ?
For what, without my son, were sweet ?
Spare, lady, him thou canst destroy ;
I pray thee as I touch thy feet '
He fell and wept with wild complaint,
Heart-struck by her presumptuous speech,
But could not touch, so weak and faint,
The cruel feet he strove to reach.

APPENDIX A

CAPUT XXXVII

UMAE MAGNANIMITAS

Vix finito istius sermone ambo juvenes fortes Raghuides et Laxmanus narrationem cum plausu excipientes vatū principem compellarunt Narrata nobis est a te Brachmana sanctissima rerum divinarum memoria, nunc exponere velis de filia montium regis natu maiore quam ob causam mundi lustratrix illa tres tramites fluctibus proluat? Quaenam opera vir sancte eadem in tribus mundis perfecit? Talia dicente Cacutsthide Visvāmitras religiosissimus in anachoretarum coetu totam narrationem a principio explicuit. Olm mi Rama inquit post nuptias factas sanctus Caerulicervicus et Uma dea aemulatione mutua ad concubitum se converterunt Dum sollers Caerulicervicus numen potentissimum in Deae sinu delectabatur centum anni divini elapsi sunt In tali cupidinis certamine neuter conjugum vinci semet passus est nec vero etiam diva progeniem inde concepit O Rama hostium domitor Tunc Superi turbati Magno Parente duce *secum reputabant* Quae hic generatur proles quis eam sustinere poterit? Omnes igitur adierunt deum qui juvenum in vexillo gestat et humiliter adorantes magnanimum Caerulicervicum his verbis allocuti sunt Divūm Dive fauste qui omnium animalium salute gaudes! Superūm supplicationi propitium esse te decet Non tolerare poterunt mundi sibi minis tui progeniem Caelitum praestantissime sanctis votis ad

strictus cum conjuge tua Diva castimonias exerce Tri-
 plicis mundi servandi studio motus, vigorem masculum
 tuum ipso vigore cohibe Sospita hancce animantium
 universitatem, noli naturae vastitatem efficere Audito
 Superum sermone potentissimus mundi dominus, hac
 voce Fiat! prolata, is annuit, ac porro ita loqui ordi-
 tur Cohibebo equidem conjunctum cum Uma vigorem
 meum masculum ipso vigore Tum Caelites, tum terra,
 placida quiete fiantur. Sed dicant mihi Superum pri-
 mores, semen meum, vigoris plenissimum, quod e sede
 sua excitatum est, quis hoc sustinebit? Ita interrogati
 Superi responderunt deo juvenum in vexillo gestanti.
 Quod semen hodie tibi excitatum est, id tellus sustinebit.
 His dictis admonitus Caelitum princeps vigorem suum
 masculum in terrae solum effudit, quo tellus cum mon-
 tibus silvisque plane penetrata est Tunc Superi denuo
 hunc in modum Ignem adhortari Aggredere tu cum
 Aere consociatus munificum Rudii semen *Ambobus*
haec deum rursus alacriter exsequentibus, id ab Igne
 rursus penetratum est, inde exstitit mons Candidus,
 nec non divina silva arundinea, flammae solisque rubi
 referens, ubi natus est strenuissimus Canticus, ex igne
 ortus Deinde Superi pariterque Sapientum coetus tum
 Umam tum Sivam magnopere venerati sunt summo
 gaudio affecti At montis nata Caelites intuens, oculos
 prae ira rubore suffusa, indignabunda diuas omnibus
 imprecari Quoniam ego, prohs desiderio congressa cum
 marito, impedita sum a vobis, vestrae quoque uxores ab
 hoc inde die steriles sunt His dictis quum superos omnes
 obiurgasset, tellurem quoque detestata est “O Terra,
 tu varias conditiones patieris, multorumque uxor es,
 ac mea indignatione contaminata laetitiam filiorum par-
 tu non es adeptura, maligna, quae mihi prolem mas-
 culam invidisti Tunc deorum princeps (*Sivus*) quum

Superos pudore confusos videret accinxit se ad proficiscendum versus plagam coeli a Varuno custoditam Ibi dominus potentissimus consociatus cum Diva ad latus septentrionale montis in excelso Himavantis vertice rastimonius sese dicavit Ita tibi exposui narrationem de dea Montigena O Rama nunc tu cum Laxmano Gangae originem quoque a me traditam accipe

CAPUT XXXVIII.

CARTICEII GENERATIO.

Dum deorum princeps Tioculus castimonias exercebat, Caelites, exercitus sui ducem desiderantes, Magnum Parentem adierunt, et supplicum habitu, uno ore, cum ducibus suis, Indra atque Igne, alium rerum Parentem faustis hisce verbis affati sunt Qui nostri exercitus dux olim a te, venerande, nobis datus fuerat, is ad eximias castimonias exercendas cum Uma secessit Quid interim faciendum sit salutis animantium gratia, moderare tu, utpote moderaminis gnarus. tu ultimum nobis es perfugium Intellecto deorum sermone Magnus mundi universi Parens, placidis dictis consolatus Caelites, haec respondit Quod a dea Montigena dictum est, vos ex uxoribus vestris prolem non esse generaturos, id effatum fatale, ne dubitetis, initum fieri nequit Sed adest, ecce! Ganga aethera perambulans, ex qua Ignis, qui sacris vescitur, generabit exercitus deorum ducem, hostium domitorem Natu maiori montium regis filia hunc filium fovebit, neque dubitandum est, hoc magnopere ab Uma probatum esse Quo sermone audito Superi, optati compotes, venerabundi Magnum Parentem adoraverunt Cuncti igitur profecti ad Montem Carlâsum metallis gemmatum, Igni mandarunt, ut filium generandum curaret "Tu, qui sacris vesci soles, hocce deorum negotium perficiendum suscipe Emitte semen potentissimum in montis filiam Gangam" Ignis Superis opem suam pollicitus, Gangam adiit, et, Concipe foetum ex me, Diva! inquit, quandoquidem Superis ita placet Quibus dictis auditis illa formam aethericam assumpsit *et undarum aestu-*

antium ambagibus eius impetum elusit Ignis autem visa nymphe superbia quoquo versus sese dilatavit et undique eam irroravit. Quum omnes Gangae torrentes ab eo oppleti essent divinorum sacrorum antistitem (*Ignem*) ei protinus affatur. Non sufficio. Dives tolerando vigori tuo masculo nimis vehementi, uxor flammis hisce et plene animi angor. Tunc Ignis qui omnium deorum sacris vescitur Gangae respondit. Hic ad Himavantis radices hucce foetus deponatur. Illa, Ignis dicto intellecto foetum splendidissimum semen mirabile torrentibus suis effudit. Quod ex illa effluerat purum micans sicut arena Jambūnadi fluvii¹ quum primum terram contigit in aurum mutatum est. Ex acritudine porro acs ac metillum ferrugineum nascebatur quae hucce sordes inerant eae in stannum et plumbum convertebantur. Vix autem electo foetu radius eius illuminatum totum istud nemus monte cinctum aureum est factum. Aurum purum pulcro colore effulsit ex Ignis vigore natum quasi corporea Ignis forma JATARUPA ab eo inde tempore dictum. O Raghu. Deinde puerum conspiciat Ventorum greges Indra duce ut lac ei suppedarent. CRITTICAS accessivere nutrices eius *futurus*. Hic consilio cepto postquam egregiam sibi conditionem pepigerant ut ipsarum in commune filius diceretur vix nato lac praebuere. Di universi illis assentientes. Ne dubitetis! inquit, puer hic per triplicem mundum CAPTILFIJ nomine celebrabitur quasi CRITTICARUM filius. Quorum sermone audito nutrices foetum abortu ex utero elapsum abluerunt summa cum venustate ignis instar radiantem. Superi vero quoniam abortu ex utero elapsus fuerat Cicutstinde SCANDUM quoque dixerunt Carticeum validis lacertis praeditum.

¹ Est fluvius aurifer ex mont. Mēru quem fabulabantur scaturiens unde unum et multis auri in manibus deducitur.

flammaeque similem Praesto deinde fuit lac praestantissimum sex Critticarum, quem laticem ex mammis enatum pueri sex oia gerens imbibit Quo lacte hausto is uno die iuveniliter protinus adolevit, et bellica fortitudine sua Ditidarum agmina devicit Hunc splendidissimum Immortales universi, Igne duce congregati, coelestis exercitus imperatorem aqua lustrali inauguraunt Sic tibi, mi Râma, nymphae Gangae propaginem declaravi, nec non felicem sanctamque Cumâi originem'

¹ Haud difficilis est ad divinandum allegoria quae haec fabula subest Deus Martius Sivae filius fertur, numinis potentissimi, a cuius nutu hominum fata alternaeque vitae et mortis vices pendent Idem tamen ignis ope in lucem prodit, quia acerrimo tum animorum, tum corporum impetu bella geruntur Simul cum eo gignuntur metalli aes, ferrum, reliqua, e quibus similiter ignis ope fusis et excocis tela et arma, loricae, scuta, galeae, prociduntur Gangis nympha deponit haec metalla in montium sinu, quia in eis plerumque eorum venae reperiuntur Sex *Critticae* sunt totidem Pleridum stellae, septimam enim Indi non curant Pingitur autem hoc sidus apud eosdem sub specie novaculae (Sanscrite *Krittika*), et inter domos lunares tertium locum occupat Cf AS RES II, p 293 Critticae significant igitur tela varii generis, ad pungendum aut secandum apta sagittas, gladios, venices, jacula, hastas, secures Lac, quod hae nutrices puero martio praebent, est sanguis e vulneribus effusus, quo bellum magis magisque crudescit Similis est fabula de Hercule, cui Iuno, ignara quis pueri pater esset, mammam praebuerat, unde is subito ex infante in adolescentem excrevit, quam fabulam paterae Tuscae elegantissime incisam vidimus

CAPUT XLVI

FOETUS DITIDIS DIFFISSUS

SLOKA 16

Haec effata diva sole circa medium coelum versante,
 somno abrepta est atque inter dormiendum pedes in
 statione capitis posuit Quam quum ita pollutam
 videret Indras pedibus in capitis statione positos capillos
 contingentem in risum gaudiumque effusus est Pene
 travit itaque urbium eversor sollertia eminens, per cor-
 poris foramen in eius uterum foetumque septies discidit
 At foetus dum centuplici fulminis acie diffindebatur
 clara voce eiulavit quo facto Ditis expergefata est
 Indras vero Noli eiulare! inquit foetum increpans ac
 viribus pollens quamvis eiulantem diffidit Ditis contra
 Parce huic! parce obsecro! clamabat Tunc Indras
 venerandae matris vocem reformidans exsiluit manibus
 que quibus fulmen tenebat suppliciter protensis hunc
 in modum Ditum compellavit Contaminata obdormivisti
 O Diva pedibus capillos contingens hanc occasionem
 nactus septies discidi istum qui Indrae interfector futu-
 us erat cuius facinoris te mihi veniam dare aequum est

CAPUT XLIX.

AIHALYAE LIBERATIO A DIRIS.

At Sacrus spado factus deos Igne duce congregatos, tum agmen Sapientum, coelitumque Praecones, oculis prae pavoris deiectis ita alloquitur. Equidem, dum Gaultami magnanimi sanctimoniam impedire studeo, iram eius concitando vestrum re vera, Superi, negotium peregi. Spado factus sum ab irato, illa quoque (*uxor eius*) est deformata; attamen ei ipse castimoniarum fructum vehementi, quam effudit, dirarum imprecatione Quamobrem aequum est ut vos omnes, Superum principes, cum Sapientum agmine Praeconibusque, me vestri commodi gratia emasculatum denuo masculum reddatis. Sermone dei Sacrifici audito Superi, Ignem ducem secuti, cum Ventorum cohorte PROGENITORES divinos adeuntes, uno ore talia protulere. Aliquando speculatus anachoretæ uxorem deus Sacrificus libidinis impotens eam vitiauit quapropter vatis diris illico spado est factus. Nunc divis ille succenset Coelitum princeps, urbium evensor. En! aries hicce coleatus est, Sacrus vero coleis privatus. Eleptos igitur arietis coleos Sacro sine mora tradite, quo facto aries castiatus in summis deliciis vobis erit, et quicumque homines vos recreandi gratia talem arietem vobis offerent, his vosmet praemia perennia ac praeclara concedetis. Audito Ignis sermone, Progenitores congressi arietis coleos comparatos deo mille oculis praedito accommodarunt. Ab eo inde tempore, Cacutsthide, Progenitores, quandocunque conveniunt, arietum castratorum carne vescuntur, quorum coleis

APPENDIX B.

RÁVAN DOOMED

SECTION XIII.

Afterwards Rishya-shringa said again to the King, "I will perform another sacrificial act to secure thee a son" Then the son of Vibhanduka, of subdued passions, seeking the happiness of the king, proceeded to perform the sacrifice for the accomplishment of his wishes. Hither were previously collected the gods, with the Gundhruvas, the Siddhas and the sages, for the sake of receiving their respective shares, Brihina too, the sovereign of the gods, with Sthanoo, and Nanayana, chief of beings and the four supporters of the universe, and the divine mothers of all the celestials, met together there. To the Ushwa-medha, the great sacrifice of the magnanimous monarch, came also India the glorious one, surrounded by the Munoots. Rishya-shringa then supplicated the gods assembled for their share of the sacrifice (saying), "This devout king Dusha-rutha, who, through the desire of offspring, confiding in you, has performed sacred austerities, and who has offered to you the sacrifice called Ushwa-medha is about to perform another sacrifice for the sake of obtaining sons. To him thus desirous of offspring be pleased to grant the blessing. I supplicate you all with joined hands. May he have four sons, renowned through the universe." The gods replied to the sage's son supplicating with joined hands, "Be it so thou, O brahman, art ever to be regarded by us as the king is

in a peculiar manner. The lord of men by this sacrifice shall obtain the great object of his desires. Having thus said the gods preceded by *Indra* disappeared.

They all then having seen that (sacrifice) performed by the great sage according to the ordinance went to *Prujaputi* the lord of mankind and with joined hands addressed *Bruhman* the giver of blessings. O *Bruhman* the *Rakshas* *Ravana* by name to whom a blessing was awarded by thee through pride troubleth all of us the gods and even the great sages who perpetually practise sacred austerities. We O glorious one regarding the promise formerly granted by thy kindness that he should be invulnerable to the gods the *Danuv*s and the *Yuksh*s have born (sic) all (his oppression) this lord of *Raksh*s therefore distresses the universe and inflated by this promise unjustly vexes the divine sages the *Yuksh*s and *Gundhur*s the *Usoor*s and men where *Ravana* remains there the sun loses his force the winds through fear of him do not blow the fire ceases to burn the rolling ocean seeing him ceases to move its waves. *Vishruvana* distressed by his power has abandoned *Lanka* and fled. O divine one save us from *Ravana* who fills the world with noise and tumult. O giver of desired things be pleased to contrive a way for his destruction.

Bruhman thus informed by the *dev*s reflecting replied Oh! I have devised the method for slaying this outrageous tyrant. Upon his requesting May I be invulnerable to the divine sages the *Gundhur*s the *Yuksh*s the *Raksh*ses and the serpents. I replied 'Be it so. This *Raksh*s through contempt said no thing respecting man therefore this wicked one shall be destroyed by man. The gods preceded by *Shukra* hearing these words spoken by *Bruhman* were filled with joy.

At this time *Vishnoo* the glorious, the lord of the world, arrayed in yellow, with hand ornaments of glowing gold, riding on *Vinuteya*, as the sun on a cloud, arrived with his conch, his discus, and his club in his hand. Being adored by the excellent celestials, and welcomed by *Bruhma*, he drew near and stood before him. All the gods then addressed *Vishnoo*, "O *Mudhoo-sooduna*, thou art able to abolish the distress of the distressed. We intreat thee, be our sanctuary, O *Uchyoota*." *Vishnoo* replied, "Say, what shall I do?" The celestials hearing these his words added further, "The virtuous, the encourager of excellence eminent for truth, the firm observer of his vows, being childless, is performing an *Ushwa-medha* for the purpose of obtaining offspring. For the sake of the good of the universe, we intreat thee, O *Vishnoo*, to become his son. Dividing thyself into four parts, in the wombs of his three consorts equal to *Huri*, *Shree*, and *Keertee*, assume the sonship of king *Dusha-rutha*, the lord of *Uyodhya*, eminent in the knowledge of duty, generous and illustrious, as the great sages. Thus becoming man, O *Vishnoo*, conquer in battle *Ravana*, the terror of the universe, who is invulnerable to the gods. This ignorant *Rakshus Ravana*, by the exertion of his power, afflicts the gods, the *Gundhurvas*, the *Siddhas*, and the most excellent sages, these sages, the *Gundhurvas*, and the *Upsaras*, sporting in the forest *Nunduna* have been destroyed by that furious one. We, with the sages, are come to thee seeking his destruction. The *Siddhas*, the *Gundhurvas*, and the *Yukshas* betake themselves to thee, thou art our only refuge, O *Deva*, afflicter of enemies, regard the world of men, and destroy the enemy of the gods."

Vishnoo, the sovereign of the gods, the chief of the

celestials adored by all beings being thus supplicated replied to all the assembled gods (standing) before Bruhma 'Abandon fear peace be with you, for your benefit having killed Ravuna the cruel destructively active the cause of fear to the divine sages together with all his posterity his courtiers and counsellors and his relations and friends protecting the earth I will remain incarnate among men for the space of eleven thousand years

HAVING given this promise to the gods the divine Vishnoo ardent in the work sought a birth place among men Dividing himself into four parts he whose eyes resemble the lotos and the pulasī the lotos petal eyed chose for his father Dusha ratha the sovereign of men The divine sages then with the Gundhuras the Roodra and the (different sorts of) Up-aras in the most excellent strains praised the destroyer of Mudhoo (saying) Root up Ravuna of fluid energy the devastator the enemy of Indra swollen with pride Destroy him who causes universal lamentation the annoyer of the holy ascetics terrible the terror of the devout Tapaswees Having destroyed Ravuna tremendously powerful who causes universal weeping together with his army and friends dismissing all sorrow return to heaven the place free from stain and sin and protected by the sovereign of the celestial powers

Thus far the Section containing the plan for the death of Ravuna

Carey and Marshman

CAPUT XIV.

RATIO NECANDI RAVANAE EXCOGITATA.

Prudens ille, voluminum sacrorum gnarus, responsum quod dederat aliquamdiu meditatus, mente ad se revocata regem denuo est effatus Parabo tibi aliud sacrum, gentile, prolis masculae adipiscendae gratia, cum carminibus in ATHARVANIS exordio expressis rite peragendum Tum coepit modestus Vibhândaci filius, regis commodis intentus, parare sacrum, quo eius desiderium expleiet Iam antea eo convenerant, ut suam quisque portionem acciperent, Dî cum fidicinum coelestium choris, Beatique cum Sapientibus, Brachman Superûm regnator, Sthânus, nec non augustus Nâiâyanus, Indiasque almus, coram visendus Ventorum cohorte circumdatus, in magno isto sacrificio equino regis magnanimi Ibidem vates ille deos, qui portiones suas accipiendi gratia advenerant, apprecatus, En' inquit, hicce rex Dasarathus filiorum desiderio castimonis adstrictus, fidei plenus, vestium numen adoravit sacrificio equino Nunc iterum accingit se ad aliud sacrum peragendum quamobrem aequum est, ut filios cupienti vos faveatis Ille ego, qui manus supplices tendo, vos universos pro eo apprecor : nascantur ei filii quatuor, fama per triplicem mundum clari Divi supplicem vatis filium invicem affari Fiat quod petis ! Tu nobis, vir sancte, imprimis es venerandus, nec minus rex ille ; compos fiet voti sui egregii hominum princeps Ita locuti Dî, India duce, ex oculis evanuerunt

Superi vero, legitime in concilio congregati, BRACH-

MANEM mundi creatorem his verbis compellarunt Tuo munere auctus O Brachman! gigas nomine Râvanas prae superbia nos omnes vexat praeiterque Sapientes castimonius gaudentes A te propitio olim ex voto ei hoc munus concessum fuit ut ne et dñs Danuidis Geniue necari posset Nos oraculum tuum reveriti facinora eius qualiacunque toleramus At ille gigantum tyrannus ternos mundos gravibus iniuriis vexat Deos Sapientes Genios Fidicines coelestes Titanes mortales denique exsuperat ille aegre cohibendus tuoque munere demens Non ibi calet sol neque Ventus prae timore spirat nec flagrat ignis ubi Râvanas versatur Ipse oceanus vagis fluctibus redimitus isto viso stat immotus, eiectus fuit e sede sua Cuius huius robore vexatus Ergo ingens nobis periculum imminet ab hoc gigante visu horribili tuum est alme Parens! auxilium parare quo hic deleatur Ita admonitus ille adus universis paulisper meditatus Ehem! inquit hancce inveni rationem nefarium istum necandi Petierat is a me ut et Gandharvis a Geniis a Divis Danuibz Gigantibusque necari non posset et me annuente voto suo potitus est Piae contemptu vero monstrum illud homines non commemoravit ideo ab homine est necandus nullum aliud exstat leti genus quod ei sit fatale Postquam audiverant gratum hunc sermonem BRACHMANIS ore prolatum Di cum duce suo Indra summopere gaudio erecti sunt Eodem temporis momento Vishnus istuc accessit splendore insignis concham discum et clavum manibus gestans croceo vestitu mundi dominus, vulturis Vinaten dorso sicuti sol nimbo vectus armillas ex auro candente gerens salutatus a Superum primoribus Quem laudibus celebratum reverenter Di universi compellarunt Tu animantium afflictorum es vindex Madhûs interfector! quamobrem nos afflicti

te apprecamur. Sis praesidio nobis numine tuo inconcusso Dicite, inquit Vishnus, quid pro nobis facere me oporteat. Audito eius sermone, Dî hunc in modum respondit. Rex quidam, nomine Dasarathus, austeris castimonis sese castigavit, litavit sacrificio equino, prolis cupidus et prole carens. Nostio hortatu tu, Vishnus, conditionem natorum eius subeas, ex tribus eius uxoribus, Pudicitiae, Venustatis et Famae similibus, nasci velis, temetipsum quadrifariam dividens. Ibi tu in humanam naturam conversus Râvanam, gravissimam mundi pestem, diis insuperabilem, O Vishnus! proelio caede Gigas ille vecors Râvanas Deos cum Fidicinum choris, Beatos et Sapientes praestantissimos vexat, audacia superbiens. Etenim ab hoc furioso Sapientes, Fidicines et nymphae, ludentes in Naudano viudatio, sunt proculcati. Tu es nostrum omnium summa salus, divine bellator! Ut deorum hostes extinguas, ad sortem humanam animum converte. Augustus ille Nârâyanus, diis hunc in modum corum hortantibus, eosdem apto hoc sermone compellavit. Quare, quaeso, hac in re negotium vestrum a me potissimum, corporea specie palam facto, est peragendum? aut unde tantus vobis terror fuit iniectus? His verbis a Vishnû interrogati Dî talia proferre. Terrior nobis instat, O Vishnus! a Râvana mundi dneptore, a quo nos viudicare, corpore humano assumpto, tuum est. Nemo alius coelicolarum praeter te hunc scelestum enecare potis est. Nimum ille, O hostium domitor! per diuturnum tempus sese excruciaverat severissima abstinentia, qua magnus hicce rerum Parens propitius ipsi redditus est. Itaque almi, votorum sponsoi olim ei concessit securitatem ab omnibus annuantibus, hominibus tamen exceptis. Hinc illum, voti compotem, non aliunde quam ab homine necis periculum urget tu ergo, humanitate as-

sumpta cum interfice Sic monitus Vishnus Superum princeps quem mundus universus adorat magnum Parentem ceterosque deos in concilio congregatos recti auctores affatur Mittite timorem bene vobis eveniat Vestre salutis gratia postquam praelio necavero Ravanam cum filis nepotibusque cum amicis minis cognatis sociis que crudellem et tum regre colubendum qui divinis Sapientibus terrorem incutit per decem milia annorum decem centem adlitis commoratur in mortalium sedibus orbem terrarum impati regem Iam hinc sapientes et Filieque conjuncti cum Rulris nympharumque choris celebrave Madhûs interfectorem hymni quales sedem aetheriam decent

‘ Ravanam illum insolentem acri impetu actum superbia elatum Superum hostem tumultuscientem bonorum piorumque pestem, humanitate assumpta persum dare tuum est

SCHLEGEL.

CAPITOLO XIV.

IL MEZZO STABILITO PER UCCIDERE RÁVANO.

Ma Rascyasíngo soggiunse poscia al re T' appiesterò io un altro rito santissimo, genitale, onde tu conseguisca la prole che tu brami. E in quel punto stesso il saggio figliuolo di Vibhândaco, intento alla prosperità del re, pose mano al sacro rito per condurlo ad effetto il suo desiderio. Già erano prima, per ricevere ciascuno la sua parte, quì convenuti al gran sacrificio del re magnanimo l'Asvamedha, i Devî coi Gandharvî, i Siddhî e i Munî, Brahma Signor dei Sunî, Sthânu e l' Augusto Nâîâyana, i quattro custodi dell' universo e le Madri degli Iddî, i Yacsi insieme cogli Dei, e il sovrano, venerando India, visibile, circondato dalla schiera dei Marutî. Quivi così parlò Rascyasíngo agli Dei venuti a partecipare del sacrificio. Questo è il re Dasaratha, che per desiderio di progenie già s' astringe ad osservanze austere, e testè pieno di fede ha a voi, O eccelsi, sacrificato con un Asvamedha. Ora egli, sollecito d' aver figli, si dispone ad adempiere un nuovo rito, vogliate essere favorevole a lui che sospira progenie. Io alzo a voi supplici le mani, e voi tutti per lui imploro nascano a lui quattro figli degni d'essere celebrati per tre mondi. Risposero gli Dei al supplichevole figliuolo del Risci. Sia fatto ciò che chiedi, a te ed al re parimente si debbe da noi, O Brahmano, sommo pregio, conseguirà il re per questo sacro rito il suo supremo desiderio. Ciò detto disparvero i Numi preceduti da India.

Poichè videro gli Dei compiersi debitamente dal gran Risci l'oblazione, venuti al cospetto di Brahma facitor

del mondo signor delle creature così parlarono reverenti a lui dator di grazie O Brahma un Racso per nome Ravano cui tu fosti largo del tuo favore e per superbia infeso a noi tutti e ai grandi Saggi penitenti Un dì O Nume augusto tu propizio a lui gli accordasti il favore ch' egli bramava di non poter e seie ucciso dagli Dei dai Danavi nè dai Yaci noi venerando i tuoi oracoli ogni cosa sopportiamo da costui Quindi il signor dei Racsi infesta con perpetue offese i tue mondi i Dei i Risci i Yaci ed i Gandharvi gli Asuri e gli uomini tutti egli opprime indegnamente inorgoglito pel tuo dono Colà dove si trova Ravano più non isfavilla per timore il sole più non spira il vento più non fiammeggia il fuoco l'oceano stesso cui fan corona i vasti flutti veggendo costui tutto si turba e si commuove Stretto dalla forza di costui e ridotto allo stremo dovette Vaisravano abbandonare Lanca Da questo Ravano terror del mondo tu ne proteggi O almo Nume degna O dator d'ogni bene trovar modo ad estirpar costui Fatto di queste cose conscio dei Dei stette alquanto meditando poi rispose Brahma Orsù! e stabilito il modo onde distruggere questo iniquo Egli a me chiese ed io gl'el concessi di non poter essere ucciso dai Dei dai Risci dai Gandharvi dai Yaci dai Racsi nè dai Serpenti, ma per disprezzo non fece menzione degli uomini quel Racso or bene, sarà quell'empio ucciso da un uomo Udite le fauste parole profferte da Brahma furono per ogni parte lieti gli Iddi col loro duce Indra In questo mezzo quì sopravvenne raggianti d'immensa luce il venerando Visnu pensato da Brahma nell'immortal sua mente siccome atto ad estirpar colui Allora Brahma colla schiera de' Celesti così parlò a Visnu Tu sei il conforto delle gente oppresse O distruttor di Madhu noi quindi a te supplichiamo afflitti io tu nostro

sostegno, O Acuto Dite, loro rispose Visnu, quale cosa io debba far per voi ; e gli Dei, udite queste parole, così soggiunsero Un re per nome Dasaratha, giusto, virtuoso, vendico e pio, non ha progenie e la desidera. ei già s' impose durissime penitenze, ed ora ha sacrificato con un Asvamedha tu, per nostro consiglio, O Visnu, consenti a divenir suo figlio fatte di te quattro parti, ti manifesta, O invocato dalle genti, nel seno delle quattro sue consorti, simili alla venusta Dea Così esortato dagli Dei quivi presenti, l'augusto Nârâyana loro rispose queste opportune parole: Quale opera s'ha da me, fatto visibile nel mondo, a compiere per voi, O Devi? e d'onde in voi cotal terrore? Intese le parole di Visnu, così risposero gli Dei. Il nostro terrore, O Visnu, nasce da un Racsaso per nome Râvano, spavento dell' universo. Vestendo umano corpo, tu debbi esterminali costui Nessuno fra i Celesti, fuorchè tu solo, è valevole ad uccidere quell' iniquo Egli, O domator de' tuoi nemici, sostenne per lungo tempo acerbissime macerazioni per esse fu di lui contento l'augusto sommo Genitore, e un dì gli accordò propizio la sicurezza da tutti gli esseri, eccettuatine gli uomini Per questo favore a lui concesso non ha egli a temere offesa da alcuna parte, fuorchè dall' uomo, perciò, assumendo la natura umana, costui tu uccidi Egli, il peggior di tutti i Racsasi, insano per la forza che gli infonde il dono avuto, da travaglio ai Devi ed ai Gandharvi, ai Risci, ai Muni ed ai mortali Egli, sicuro da morte pel favore ottenuto, è turbatore dei sacrificj, nemico ed uccisor dei Brahami, divoratore degli uomini, peste del mondo Da lui furono assaliti re coi loro carri ed elefanti, altri percossi e fuggati si dispersero per ogni dove Da lui furono divorati Risci ed Apsarase egli insomma oltracotato continuamente e quasi per ischezzo tutti travaglia i sette mondi Perciò,

O terribile ai nemici è stabilita la morte di costui per
opra d'un uomo poich' egli un dì per superbia del dono
tutti sprezzò gli uomini Tu O supremo fra i Numi
dei umaudoti estirpare questo tremendo superbo
Ràvano oltiacotato a noi nemico terrore e flagello dei
penitenti.

GORRESIO [✓] [✓]

XIV.

De nouveau Rishyaçingha tint ce langage au Monarque "Je vais célébrer un autre sacrifice, afin que le ciel accorde à tes vœux les enfants que tu souhaites" Cela dit, cherchant le bonheur du roi et pour l'accomplissement de son désir, le fils puissant de Vibhândaka se mit à célébrer ce nouveau sacrifice

Là, auparavant, étaient venus déjà recevoir une part de l'offrande les Dieux, accompagnés des Gandharvas, et les Siddhas avec les Mounis divins, Brahma, le monarque des Souas, l'immuable Śiva, et l'auguste Nârâyana, et les quatre gardiens vigilants du monde, et les frères des Immortels, et tous les Dieux, escortés des Yakshas, et le maître éminent du ciel, Indra, qui se manifestait aux yeux, environné par l'essaim des Maroutes. Alors ce jeune anachorète avait supplié tous les Dieux, que le désir d'une part dans l'offrande avait conduits à l'açwamédha, cette grande cérémonie de ce roi magnanime, *et, dans ce moment, l'époux de Sântâ les conjurant ainsi pour la seconde fois* "Cet homme en prières, c'est le roi Daçaratha, qui est privé de fils. Il est rempli d'une foi vive, il s'est infligé de pénibles austérités, il vous a déjà servi, divinités augustes, le sacrifice d'un açwa-médha, et maintenant il s'étudie encore à vous plaire avec ce nouveau sacrifice dans l'espérance que vous lui donnerez les fils, où tendent ses désirs. Versez donc sur lui votre bienveillance et daignez soumettre à son vœu pour des fils. C'est pour lui que moi ici, les mains jointes, je vous adresse à tous mes

supplications envoyez lui quatre fils qui soient vantes dans les trois mondes !

Où ! répondent les Dieux au fils suppliant du rishi tu mérites que nous t'écoutions avec faveur toi brahme saint et même en premier lieu ce roi Comme récompense de ces différents sacrifices le monarque obtendra cet objet le plus cher de ses désirs !

Ayant aussi parlé et vu que le grand saint avait mis fin suivant les rites à son pieux sacrifice les Dieux Indra à leur tête s'évanouissent dans le vide des airs et se rendent vers l'architecte des mondes le souverain des créatures le donateur des biens vers Brahma enfin auquel tous les mains jointes ils adressent les paroles suivantes O Brahma un rakshasi nommé Ravana tourne au mal les grâces qu'il a reçues de toi Dans son orgueil il nous opprime tous il opprime avec nous les grands anachorètes qui se font un bonheur des macérations car jadis ayant su te plaire O Bhagavat il a reçu de toi ce don incomparable Oui as-tu dit exauçant le vœu du mauvais Génie Dieu Yaksha ou Démon ne pourra jamais causer ta mort ! Et nous par qui ta parole est respectée nous avons tout supporté de ce roi des rajasas qui écrase de sa tyrannie les trois mondes où il promène à l'insu impunément Enorgueilli de ce don victorieux il opprime indignement les Dieux les rishis les Yaksas les Gandharvas les Asouras et les enfants de Manou Là où se tient Ravana la peur empêche le soleil d'échauffer le vent craindre de souffler et le feu n'ose flamboyer A son aspect la guirlande même des grands flots tremble au sein de la mer Accablé par sa vigueur indomptable Kouvéra défait lui a cédé Lanka Sauve nous donc o toi qui reposes dans le bonheur absolu Sauve nous de Ravana le fléau des mondes Digne o toi qui souris

aux vœux du suppliant, daigne imaginer un expédient pour ôter la vie à ce cruel Démon" Les Dieux ayant ainsi dénoncé leurs maux à Brahma, il réfléchit un instant et leur tint ce langage : "Bien, voici que j'ai découvert un moyen pour tuer ce Géme scélérat. Que ni les Dieux, a-t-il dit, ni les *rishis*, ni les *Gandharvas*, ni les *Yakshas*, ni les *rakshasas*, ni les *Nagas* même ne puissent me donner la mort ! Soit ! lui ai-je répondu. Mais, par dédain pour la force humaine, les hommes n'ont pas été compris dans sa demande. C'est donc par la main d'un homme, qu'il faut immoler ce méchant ! Ainsi tombée de la bouche du créateur, cette parole salutaire satisfait pleinement le roi des habitants du ciel et tous les Dieux avec lui. Là, dans ce même instant, suivint le fortuné Vishnou, revêtu d'une splendeur infinie, car c'était à lui, que Brahma avait pensé dans son âme pour la mort du tyran. Celui-ci donc avec l'essaim des Immortels adresse à Vishnou ces paroles : "Meurtier de Madhou, comme tu aimes à tuer de l'affliction les êtres malheureux, nous te supplions, nous qui sommes plongés dans la tristesse, Divinité auguste, sois notre asyle !" "Dites ! reprit Vishnou ; que dois-je faire ?" Ayant ouï les paroles de l'ineffable, tous les Dieux répondirent : "Il est un roi nommé *Daçaratha*, il a embrassé une très-dure pénitence, il a célébré même le sacrifice d'un *açwa-medha*, parce qu'il n'a point de fils et qu'il veut en obtenir du ciel. Il est inébranlable dans sa piété, il est vanté pour ses vertus, la justice est son caractère, la vérité est sa parole. Acquiesce donc à notre demande, ô toi, Vishnou, et consens à naître comme son fils. Divisé en quatre portions de toi-même, daigne, ô toi, qui foules aux pieds tes ennemis, daigne t'incarner dans le sein de ses trois épouses, belles comme la déesse de la beauté"

Nārāyaṇ le maître non perceptible aux sens mais qui alors s'étant rendu visible Nārāyaṇa répondit cette parole salutaire aux Dieux qui l'invitaient à cet héroïque aratāra. Quelle chose une fois revêtu de cette incarnation faudra-t-il encore que je fasse pour vous et de quelle part vient la terreur qui vous trouble ainsi ? A ces mots du grand Viṣṇou C'est le démon Rāvaṇa reprirent les Dieux c'est lui Viṣṇou cette désolation des mondes qui nous inspire un tel effroi. Enveloppe-toi d'un corps humain et qu'il te plaise arracher du monde cette blessante épine ou nul autre que toi parmi les habitants du ciel n'est capable d'immoler ce pécheur. Sache que longtemps il s'est imposé la plus austère pénitence et qu'il se est rendu agréable au suprême ayeul de toutes les créatures. Aussi le di-tributeur ineffable des grâces lui a-t-il accordé ce don insigne d'être invulnérable à tous les êtres l'homme seul excepté. Puisque donc ainsi de cette faveur la mort terrible et sûre ne peut venir à lui de nulle autre part que de l'homme va dompteur puissant de ses ennemis va dans la condition humaine et tue-le. Car ce don auquel on ne peut résister élevant au plus haut point la violence de sa force le vil rakṣaṣa tourmente les Dieux les rishis les Gandharvas les hommes sanctifiés par la pénitence et quoique destructeur des sacrifices l'écarter des Saints Ecritures ennemi des brahmes dévorateur des hommes cette faveur impuissable sauve de la mort Rāvaṇa le triste fléau des mondes. Il ose attaquer les rois que défendent les chars de guerre que remparent les éléphants d'autres blessés et mis en fuite sont dissipés çà et là devant lui. Il a dévoré des saints il a dévoré même une foule d'apsaras. Sans cesse dans son délire il s'amuse à tourmenter les sept mondes. Comme on vient de nous ap-

prendre qu' il n' a point daigné parler d'eux, ce jour, que lui fut donnée cette faveur, dont il abuse, entie dans un corps humain, ô toi, qui peux briser tes ennemis, et jette sans vie à tes pieds, toi puissant des treize Dieux, ce Râvana superbe, d'une force épouvantable, d'un orgueil immense, l' ennemi de tous les ascètes, ce ver, qui les ronge, cette cause de leurs gémissements"

Ici, dans le premier tome du saint Râmâyana, Finit le quatorzième chapitre, nommé UN EXPÉDIENT POUR TUER RÂVANA.

Hippolyte Fauche

ADDITIONAL NOTES

QUEEN FORTUNE

A curious festival is celebrated in honour of this divinity (Lakshmi) on the fifth lunar day of the light half of the month Magha (February) when she is identified with Saraswati the consort of Brahma and the goddess of learning. In his treatise on festivals a great modern authority Raghunandana mentions on the faith of a work called *Samvatsara sandipa* that Lakshmi is to be worshipped in the forenoon of that day with flowers perfumes rice and water that due honour is to be paid to inkstand and writing reed and no writing to be done. Wilson in his essay on the *Religious Festivals of the Hindus* (works vol. II p. 189 ff) adds that on the morning of the 2nd February the whole of the pens and inkstands and the books if not too numerous and bulky are collected the pens or reeds cleaned the inkstands scoured and the books wrapped up in new cloth are arranged upon a platform or a sheet and strewn over with flowers and blades of young barley and that no flowers except white are to be offered. After performing the necessary rites

all the members of the family assemble and make their prostrations, the books the pens and ink having an entire holiday and should any emergency require a written communication on the day dedicated to the divinity of scholarship it is done with chalk or charcoal upon a black or white board.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA *Lakshmi*

INDRA

'The Hindu Jove or Jupiter Tonans chief of the secondary deities. He presides over swarga or paradise and is more

particularly the god of the atmosphere and winds. He is also regent of the east quarter of the sky. As chief of the deities he is called Devapati, Devadeva, Surapati, etc., as lord of the atmosphere, Divaspati, as lord of the eight Vasus or demigods, Fire, etc., Vāsava, as breaking cities into fragments, Purandara, Puranda, as lord of a hundred sacrifices (the performance of a hundred *Aśvamedhas* elevating the sacrificer to the rank of India) Śatakratu, Śatamakha, as having a thousand eyes, Sahasraksha, as husband of Śachí, Śachípati. His wife is called Śachí, Indráni, Śakráni, Maghoní, Indriśakti, Pulomajā and Paulomí. His son is Jayanta. His pleasure garden or elysium is Nandana, his city, Amarávatí, his palace, Vaijayanta, his horse, Uchchaiśravas, his elephant, Anávata, his charioteer, Mátaṇi.

PROFESSOR M. WILLIAMS'S English-Sanskrit Dictionary
Indra.

VISHNU

'The second person of the Hindu triad and the most celebrated and popular of all the Indian deities. He is the personification of the preserving power, and became incarnate in nine different forms, for the preservation of mankind in various emergencies. Before the creation of the universe, and after its temporary annihilation, he is supposed to sleep on the waters, floating on the serpent Śesha, and is then identified with Naráyana. Brahmá, the creator, is fabled to spring at that time from a lotus which grows from his navel, whilst thus asleep. His ten avatáris or incarnations are

1. The Matsya, or fish. In this avatári Vishnu descended in the form of a fish to save the pious king Satyavata, who with the seven Rishis and their wives had taken refuge in the ark to escape the deluge which then destroyed the earth.
2. The Kúrma, or Tortoise. In this he descended in the form

of a tortoise, for the purpose of restoring to man some of the comforts lost during the flood. To this end he stationed himself at the bottom of the ocean and allowed the point of the great mountain Mandara to be placed upon his back which served as a hard axis whereon the gods and demons with the serpent Vasuki twisted round the mountain for a rope churned the waters for the recovery of the amrita or nectar and fourteen other sacred things. 3 The Varaha or Boar. In this he descended in the form of a boar to rescue the earth from the power of a demon called 'golden eyed' Hanyaksha. This demon had seized on the earth and carried it with him into the depths of the ocean. Vishnu dived into the abyss and after a contest of a thousand years slew the monster. 4 The Narasimha or Man lion. In this monstrous shape of a creature half man half lion Vishnu delivered the earth from the tyranny of an insolent demon called Hiranyakasipu. 5 Vamana or Dwarf. This avatar happened in the second age of the Hindus or Tretayug. the four preceding are said to have occurred in the first or Satyayug. the object of this avatar was to trick Bali out of the dominion of the three worlds. Assuming the form of a wretched dwarf he appeared before the king and asked as a boon as much land as he could pace in three steps. This was granted and Vishnu immediately expanding himself till he filled the world deprived Bali at two steps of heaven and earth but in consideration of some merit left Patala still in his dominion. 6 Parasurama. 7 Ramchandra. 8 Krishna or according to some Balarama. 9 Buddha. In this avatar Vishnu descended in the form of a sage for the purpose of making some reform in the religion of the Brahmins and especially to reclaim them from their proneness to animal sacrifice. Many of the Hindus will not allow this to have been an incarnation of their favourite god. 10 Kalki or White Horse. This is yet to come. Vishnu mounted on a white horse with a drawn scimitar blazing like a comet.

will, according to prophecy, end this present age, viz the fourth or Kaliyug, by destroying the world, and then renovating creation by an age of purity'

WILLIAMS'S Dictionary, *Vishnu*

ŚIVA

'A celebrated Hindú God, the Destroyer of creation, and therefore the most formidable of the Hindú Triad. He also personifies reproduction, since the Hindú philosophy excludes the idea of total annihilation without subsequent regeneration. Hence he is sometimes confounded with Brahmá, the creator or first person of the Triad. He is the particular God of the Tántrikas, or followers of the books called Tánttras. His worshippers are termed Śaivas, and although not so numerous as the Vaishnavas, exalt their god to the highest place in the heavens, and combine in him many of the attributes which properly belong to the other deities. According to them Śiva is Time, Justice, Fire, Water, the Sun, the Destroyer and Creator. As presiding over generation, his type is the Linga, or Phallus, the origin probably of the Phallic emblem of Egypt and Greece. As the God of generation and justice, which latter character he shares with the god Yama, he is represented riding a white bull. His own colour, as well as that of the bull, is generally white, referring probably to the unsullied purity of Justice. His throat is dark-blue, his hair of a light reddish colour, and thickly matted together, and gathered above his head like the hair of an ascetic. He is sometimes seen with two hands, sometimes with four, eight, or ten, and with five faces. He has three eyes, one being in the centre of his forehead, pointing up and down. These are said to denote his view of the three divisions of time, past, present, and future. He holds a trident in his hand to denote, as some say, his relationship to water, or according to others, to show that the three great attributes of Creator, Destroyer,

and I generator are combined in him. His loins are enveloped in a tiger's skin. In his character of Time he not only presides over its extinction but also its astronomical regulation. A crescent or half moon on his forehead indicates the measure of time by the phases of the moon. A serpent forms one of his necklaces to denote the measure of time by years and a second necklace of human skulls marks the lapse and revolution of ages and the extinction and succession of the generations of mankind. He is often represented as entirely covered with serpents which are the emblems of immortality. They are bound in his hair round his neck, wrists, waist, arms and legs. They serve as rings for his fingers, and earrings for his ears and are his constant companions. Śiva has more than a thousand names which are detailed at length in the sixty ninth chapter of the Śiva Purāṇa.—WILLIAMS'S DICTIONARY ŚIVA

APSARASIS

Originally these deities seem to have been personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the sun and form into mist or clouds. Their character may be thus interpreted in the few hymns of the Rigveda where mention is made of them. At a subsequent period when the Gandharva of the Rigveda who personifies these especially the Fire of the Sun expanded into the Fire of Lightning the rays of the moon and other attributes of the elementary life of heaven as well as into pious acts referring to it the Apsaras become divinities which represent phenomena or objects both of a physical and ethereal kind closely associated with that life. Thus in the *Yajurveda* Sunbeams are called the Apsaras associated with the Gandharva who is the Sun. Plants are termed the Apsaras connected with the Gandharva Fire. Constellations are the Apsaras of the Gandharva Moon. Waters the Apsaras of the Gandharva Wind etc. etc. In the 1st Mythological epoch

when the Gandharvas have saved from their elementary nature merely so much as to be musicians in the paradise of India, the Apsarasas appear among other subordinate deities which share in the merry life of India's heaven, as the wives of the Gandharvas, but more especially as wives of a licentious sort, and they are promised therefore, too, as a reward to heroes fallen in battle when they are received in the paradise of India, and while, in the Rigveda, they assist Soma to pour down his floods, they descend in the epic literature on earth merely to shake the virtue of penitent Sages and to deprive them of the power they would otherwise have acquired through unbroken austerities'

GOLDSTÜCKER'S *Sanskrit Dictionary*.

VISHNU'S INCARNATION AS RÁMA

'Here is described one of the *avatárs*, descents or manifestations of Vishnu in a visible form. The word *avatár* signifies literally *descent*. The *avatár* which is here spoken of, that in which, according to Indian traditions, Vishnu descended and appeared upon earth in the corporeal form of Ráma, the hero of the Rámáyana, is the seventh in the series of Indian *avatárs*. Much has been said before now of these *avatárs*, and through deficient knowledge of the ideas and doctrines of India, they have been compared to the sublime dogma of the Christian Incarnation. This is one of the grossest errors that ignorance of the ideas and beliefs of a people has produced. Between the *avatárs* of India and the Christian Incarnation there is such an immensity of difference that it is impossible to find any reasonable analogy that can approximate them. The idea of the *avatárs* is intimately united with that of the *Trimúrti*, the bond of connection between these two ideas is an essential notion common to both, the notion of Vishnu. What is the *Trimúrti*? I have already said that it is composed of three Gods, Brahmá (masculine), Vishnu the God of *avatárs*, and Śiva. These

three Gods who when reduced to their primitive and most simple expression are but three cosmogonical personifications three powers or forces of nature these Gods I say are here found, according to Indian doctrines entirely external to the true God of India, or Brahma in the neuter gender Brahma is alone unchangeable in the midst of creation all emanates from him he comprehends all but he remains extraneous to all he is Being and the negation of beings Brahma is never worshipped the indeterminate Being is never invoked he is inaccessible to the prayers as the actions of man humanity as well as nature is extraneous to him External to Brahma rises the Trimurti that is to say Brahma (masculine) the power which creates Vishnu the power which preserves and Śiva the power which destroys theogony here commences at the same time with cosmogony The three divinities of the Trimurti govern the phenomena of the universe and influence all nature The real God of India is by himself without power real efficacious power is attributed only to the three divinities who exist externally to him Brahma Vishnu and Śiva possessed of qualities in part contradictory and attributes that are mutually exclusive have no other accord or harmony than that which results from the power of things itself and which is found external to their own thoughts Such is the Indian Trimurti What an immense difference between this Triad and the wonderful Trinity of Christianity! Here there is only one God who created all provides for all governs all He exists in three Persons equal to one another and intimately united in one only infinite and eternal substance The Father represents the eternal thought and the power which created the Son infinite love the Holy Spirit universal sanctification This one and triune God completes by omnipotent power the great work of creation which when it has come forth from His hands proceeds in obedience to the laws which He has given it governed with certain order by His infinite providence

The immense difference between the Trimúrti of India and the Christian Trinity is found again between the *avatárs* of Vishnu and the Incarnation of Christ. The *avatár* was effected altogether externally to the Being who is in India regarded as the true God. The manifestation of one essentially cosmogonical divinity wrought for the most part only material and cosmogonical prodigies. At one time it takes the form of the gigantic tortoise which sustains Mount Mandar from sinking in the ocean, at another of the fish which raises the lost Veda from the bottom of the sea, and saves mankind from the waters. When these *avatárs* are not cosmogonical they consist in some protection accorded to men or Gods, a protection which is neither universal nor permanent. The very manner in which the *avatár* is effected corresponds to its material nature, for instance the mysterious vase and the magic liquor by means of which the *avatár* here spoken of takes place. What are the forms which Vishnu takes in his descents? They are the simple forms of life, he becomes a tortoise, a boar, a fish, but he is not obliged to take the form of intelligence and liberty, that is to say, the form of man. In the *avatár* of Vishnu is discovered the impress of pantheistic ideas which have always more or less prevailed in India. Does the *avatár* produce a permanent and definitive result in the world? By no means. It is renewed at every catastrophe either of nature or man, and its effects are only transitory. To sum up then, the Indian *avatár* is effected externally to the true God of India, to Brahma, it has only a cosmogonical or historical mission which is neither lasting nor decisive, it is accomplished by means of strange prodigies and magic transformations, it may assume promiscuously all the forms of life, it may be repeated indefinitely. Now let the whole of this Indian idea taken from primitive tradition be compared with the Incarnation of Christ and it will be seen that there is between the two an irreconcilable difference. According to the doctrines of Christianity, the Everlasting Word, Infinite Love, the Son of

God and equal to Him assumed a human body and being born as a man accomplished by his divine act the great miracle of the spiritual redemption of man His coming had for its sole object to bring erring, and lost humanity back to Him this work being accomplished and the divine union of men with God being re-established, redemption is complete and remains eternal

The superficial study of India produced in the last century many erroneous ideas many imaginary and false parallels between Christianity and the Brahmanical religion *profounder knowledge of Indian civilization and religion* and philological studies enlarged and guided by more certain principles have dissipated one by one all these errors The attributes of the Christian God which by one of those intellectual errors which Vico attributes to the vanity of the learned had been transferred to Vishnu have by a better inspired philosophy been reclaimed for Christianity and the result of the two religions one immoveable and powerless the other diffusing itself with all its inherent force and energy has shown further that there is a difference a real opposition between the two principles

CORRESIO

KUSA AND LAVA Page 30

As the story of the banishment of Sita and the subsequent birth in Valmiki's hermitage of Kusa and Lava the rhapsodists of the Ramayan is intimately connected with the account in the introductory cantos of Valmiki's composition of the poem, I shall I trust be pardoned for extracting it from my rough translation of Kālidasa's *Raghuvans*, parts only of which have been offered to the public

Then day by day the husband's hope grew high,
Gazing with love on Sita's melting eye
With anxious care he saw her pallid cheek
And fondly bade her all her wishes speak

' Once more I fain would see,' the lady cried,
 ' The sacred groves that rise on Gangá's side,
 Where holy grass is ever fresh and green,
 And cattle feeding on the rice are seen
 There would I rest awhile, where once I strayed
 Linked in sweet friendship to each hermit maid '
 And Ráma smiled upon his wife, and swore,
 With many a tender oath, to grant her prayer
 It chanced, one evening, from a lofty seat
 He viewed Ayodhyá stretched before his feet
 He looked with pride upon the royal road
 Lined with gay shops then glittering stores that showed,
 He looked on Sarjú's silver waves, that bore
 The light barks flying with the sail and oar ,
 He saw the gardens near the town that lay,
 Filled with glad citizens and boys at play
 Then swelled the monarch's bosom with delight,
 And his heart triumphed at the happy sight
 He turned to Bhadra, standing by his side,—
 Upon whose secret news the king relied,
 And bade him say what people said and thought
 Of all the exploits that his arm had wrought
 The spy was silent, but, when questioned still,
 Thus spake, obedient to his master's will
 ' For all thy deeds in peace and battle done
 The people praise thee, King, except for one
 This only act of all thy life they blame,
 Thy welcome home of her, thy ravished dame '
 Like non yielding to the non's blow,
 Sank Ráma, smitten by those words of woe
 His breast, where love and fear for empire vied,
 Swayed, like a rapid swing, from side to side
 Shall he this rumour scorn, which blots his life,
 Or banish her, his dear and spotless wife ?
 But rigid Duty left no choice between
 His perilled honour and his darling queen

Called to his side his brothers wept to trace
 The marks of anguish in his altered face
 No longer bright and glorious as of old
 He thus addressed them when the tale was told
 Alas ! my brothers that my life should blot
 The fame of those the Sun hims If he got
 As from the labouring cloud the driven rain
 Leaves on the mirror's polished face a stain
 Even as an elephant who loathes the stake
 And the strong chain he has no power to break
 I cannot brook this cry on every side
 That spreads like oil upon the moving tide
 I leave the daughter of Videha's king
 And the fair bloom soon from her to spring
 As erst obedient to my sire's command
 I left the empire of the sea-girt land
 Good is my queen and spotless but the blame
 Is hard to bear the mockery and the shame
 Men blame the pure Moon for the darkened ray
 When the black shadow takes the light away
 And O my brothers if ye wish to see
 Rama live long from this reproach set free
 Let not your pity labour to control
 The firm sad purpose of his changeless soul

Thus I am spake The sorrowing brothers heard
 His stern resolve without an answering word
 For none among them dared his voice to raise
 That will to question — and they could not praise
 Beloved brother thus the monarch cried
 To his dear Lakshman, whom he called aside —
 Lakshman who knew no will save his alone
 Whose hero deeds through all the world were known —
 My queen has told me that she longs to rove
 Beneath the shade of Saint Valmiki's grove
 Now mount thy car, away my lady bear
 Tell all and leave her in the forest there

The car was brought, the gentle lady smiled,
As the glad news her trusting heart beguiled
She mounted up Sumantia held the reins,
And forth the couriers bounded o'er the plains
She saw green fields in all their beauty dressed,
And thanked her husband in her loving breast
Alas 'deluded queen' she little knew
How changed was he whom she believed so true;
How one she worshipped like the Heavenly Tree
Could, in a moment's time, so deadly be
Her right eye throbbed,—ill-omened sign, to tell
The endless loss of him she loved so well,
And to the lady's saddening heart revealed
The woe that Lakshman, in his love, concealed.
Pale grew the bloom of her sweet face,—as fade
The lotus blossoms,—by that sign dismayed
'Oh, may this omen,'—was her silent prayer,
'No grief to Rāma or his brothers bear!'

When Lakshman, faithful to his brother, stood
Prepared to leave her in the distant wood,
The holy Gangā, flowing by the way,
Raised all her hands of waves to bid him stay
At length with sobs and burning tears that rolled
Down his sad face, the king's command he told,
As when a monstrous cloud, in evil hour,
Rains from its labouring womb a stony shower
She heard, she swooned, she fell upon the earth,
Fell on that bosom whence she sprang to birth.
As, when the tempest in its fury flies,
Low in the dust the prostrate creeper lies,
So, struck with terror sank she on the ground,
And all her gems, like flowers, lay scattered round.
But Earth, her mother, closed her stony breast,
And, filled with doubt, demed her daughter rest
She would not think the Chief of Raghu's race
Would thus his own dear guiltless wife disgrace.

Stunned and unconscious long the lady lay
 And felt no grief her senses all astray
 But gentle Lakshman with a brother's care
 Brought back her sense and with her sense despair
 But not her wrongs her shame her grief could wing
 One angry word against her lord the King
 Upon herself alone the blame she laid
 For tears and sighs that would not yet be stayed
 To soothe her anguish Lakshman gently strove
 He showed the path to Saint Valmiki's grove
 And craved her pardon for the share of ill
 He wrought obedient to his brother's will
 'O long and happy dearest brother live'
 I have to praise she cried and not forget
 To do his will should be thy noblest praise,
 As Vishnu ever Indra's will obeys
 Return dear brother on each royal dame
 Bestow a blessing in poor Sita's name
 And bid them in their love kind pity take
 Upon her offspring for the father's sake
 And speak my message in the monarch's ear
 The last last words of mine that he shall hear
 Say, was it worthy of thy noble race
 Thy guiltless queen thus lightly to disgrace?
 For idle tales to spurn thy faithful bride
 Whose constant truth the searching fire had tried?
 Or may I hope thy soul refused consent
 And but thy voice decreed my banishment?
 Hope that no care could turn no love could stay
 The lightning stroke that falls on me to day?
 That sins committed in the life that's fled
 Have brought this evil on my guilty head?
 Think not I value now my widowed life
 Worthless to her who once was Rama's wife
 I only live because I hope to see
 The dear dear babe that will resemble thee

And then my task of penance shall be done,
 With eyes uplifted to the scorching sun,
 So shall the life that is to come restore
 Mine own dear husband, to be lost no more '
 And Lakshman swore her every word to tell,
 Then turned to go, and bade the queen farewell
 Alone with all her woes, her piteous cries
 Rose like a butchered lamb's that struggling dies
 The reverend sage who from his dwelling came
 For sacred grass and wood to feed the flame,
 Heard her loud shrieks that rent the echoing wood,
 And, quickly following, by the mourner stood
 Before the sage the lady bent her low,
 Dried her poor eyes, and strove to calm her woe
 With blessings on her hopes the blameless man
 In silver tones his soothing speech began .
 ' First of all faithful wives, O Queen, art thou ,
 And can I fail to mourn thy sorrows now ?
 Rest in this holy grove, nor harbour fear
 Where dwell in safety e'en the timid deer
 Here shall thine offspring safely see the light,
 And be partaker of each holy rite
 Here, near the hermits' dwellings, shalt thou lave
 Thy limbs in Tonse's sin-destroying wave,
 And on her 'isles, by prayer and worship, gain
 Sweet peace of mind, and rest from care and pain
 Each hermit-maiden, with her sweet soft voice,
 Shall soothe thy woe, and bid thy heart rejoice
 With fruit and early flowers thy lap shall fill,
 And offer grain that springs for us at will
 And here, with labour light, thy task shall be
 To water carefully each tender tree,
 And learn how sweet a nursing mother's joy,
 Ere on thy bosom rest thy darling boy '

That very night the banished Sítá bore

Two royal children, most divinely fair

The saint Valmiki with a friend's delight
 Graced Sita's offspring with each holy rite
 Kusa and Lava—such the names they bore—
 Learnt even in childhood all the Vedas lore
 And then the bard their minstrel souls to train
 Taught them to sing his own immortal strain
 And Rama's deeds her boys so sweetly sang
 That Sita's breast forgot her bitterest pang

Then Sita's children by the saint's command
 Sang the Ramayan wandering through the land
 How could the glorious poem fail to gain
 Each heart each ear that listened to the strain
 So sweet each minstrel's voice who sang the praise
 Of Rama deathless in Valmiki's lays
 Rama himself amid the wondering throng
 Marked their fair forms and loved the noble song
 While, still and weeping round the nobles stood
 As on a windless morn a dewy wood
 On the two minstrels all the people gazed
 Praised their fair looks and marvelled as they praised
 For every eye amid the throng could trace
 Rama's own image in each youthful face
 Then spoke the king himself and bade them say
 Who was their teacher, whose the wondrous lay
 Soon as Valmiki mighty saint he saw
 He bowed his head in reverential awe
 These are thy children cried the saint recall
 Thine own dear Sita pure and true through all
 O holy father thus the king replied
 The faithful lady by the fire was tried
 But the foul demon's too successful arts
 Raised light suspicions in my people's hearts

Giant that their breasts may doubt her faith no more,
And thus my Sítá and her sons restore'

Raghuvansa Cantos XIV, XV

PARAŚURÁMA, Page 316.

'He cleared the earth three seven times of the Kshatriya caste, and filled with their blood the five large lakes of Samanta, from which he offered libations to the race of Bhri-gu. Offering a solemn sacrifice to the King of the Gods Paraśuráma presented the earth to the ministering priests. Having given the earth to Kaśyapa, the hero of immeasurable prowess retired to the Mahendia mountain, where he still resides, and in this manner was there enmity between him and the race of the Kshatriyas, and thus was the whole earth conquered by Paraśuráma.' The destruction of the Kshatriyas by Paraśuráma had been provoked by the cruelty of the Kshatriyas. *Clips from a German Workshop, Vol II P 334*

The scene in which he appears is probably interpolated for the sake of making him declare Ráma to be Vishnu. 'Herr von Schlegel has often remarked to me, 'says Lassen, 'that without injuring the connexion of the story all the chapters [of the Rámáyan] might be omitted in which Rama is regarded as an incarnation of Vishnu. In fact, where the incarnation of Vishnu as the four sons of Daśaratha is described, the great sacrifice is already ended, and all the priests remunerated at the termination, when the new sacrifice begins at which the Gods appear, then withdraw, and then first propose the incarnation to Vishnu. If it had been an original circumstance of the story, the Gods would certainly have deliberated on the matter earlier, and the celebration of the sacrifice would have continued without interruption.' LASSÉN, *Indische Alterthumskunde, Vol I. P. 489.*

YAMA Page 241

Son of Vivasvat=Jama son of Vivasvat the Jamshed of the later Persians



FATE Page 241

The idea of fate was different in India from that which prevailed in Greece. In Greece fate was a mysterious inexorable power which governed men and human events and from which it was impossible to escape. In India Fate was rather an inevitable consequence of actions done in births antecedent to one's present state of existence and was therefore connected with the doctrine of metempsychosis. A misfortune was for the most part a punishment or expiation of ancient faults not yet entirely cancelled.

GORRESIO



VISVAMITRA Page 245

Though of royal extraction Visvamitra conquered for himself and his family the privileges of a Brahman. He became a Brahman and thus broke through all the rules of caste. The Brahmins cannot deny the fact because it forms one of the principal subjects of their legendary poems. But they have spared no pains to represent the exertions of Visvamitra in his struggle for Brahmanhood as so superhuman that no one would easily be tempted to follow his example. No mention is made of these monstrous penances in the Veda where the struggle between Visvamitra the leader of the Kshatriyas or Bharatas and the Brahman Vasishtha the leader of the white-robed Taittis is represented as the struggle of two rivals for the place of Priests or chief priest and minister at the court of King Sudas the son of Pijusha.

Chaps from a German Workshop Vol II I 336

HOUSEHOLD GODS, Page 374

‘No house is supposed to be without its tutelary divinity, but the notion attached to this character is now very far from precise. The deity who is the object of hereditary and family worship, the *Kuladevatá*, is always one of the leading personages of the Hindu mythology, as Śiva, Vishnu or Durgá, but the *Grihadevatá* rarely bears any distinct appellation. In Bengal, the domestic god is sometimes the *Sálagrám* stone, sometimes the *tulasí* plant, sometimes a basket with a little rice in it, and sometimes a water-jar—to either of which a brief adoration is daily addressed most usually by the females of the family. Occasionally small images of Lakshmí or Chandí fulfil the office, or should a snake appear, he is venerated as the guardian of the dwelling. In general, however, in former times, the household deities were regarded as the unseen spirits of ill, the ghosts and goblins who hovered about every spot, and claimed some particular sites as their own. Offerings were made to them in the open air, by scattering a little rice with a short formula at the close of all ceremonies to keep them in good humour.

The household gods correspond better with the *genii locorum* than with the *lares* or *penates* of antiquity.’

H H WILSON

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